

*Lamoni's*  
*Passing Parade*



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*Lamoni's Passing Parade*

JOSEPH H. ANTHONY







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*Lamoni's*  
PASSING PARADE

*Stories of Lamoni and Lamoni People*

*by*

Joseph H. Anthony



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Lamoni, Iowa

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To

MARGARET

the little girl I first met during those early days at the old West Side School, now a devoted wife and companion, this book is affectionately dedicated.



## PREFACE

In writing these stories of Lamoni and Lamoni people I have to some extent fulfilled a desire that has been with me over a long period of time. I have not in any measure attempted to give the life story of any individual or technical data pertaining to dates of historical significance, but just a brief glance as I have seen them as they came into view through my own personal contacts and experiences.

From the first I realized that it would be impossible to cover all the characters I had anticipated. The original list was gone over many times with much care in an attempt to give a representative cross section of those individuals and their activities that I have known during my fifty years as a continuous resident of Lamoni. In this selection the publisher of the series has given me absolute freedom in the choice of the characters used, and I personally assume all responsibility in this choice and for the authenticity of the incidents related. They are told simply as I remember them.

Realizing my limitations in this respect I know that many interesting stories and many outstanding characters of this period have not been included in this series; and my earnest wish is that others more capable may take up the thread of the story of Lamoni's Passing Parade and include incidents and people that I have failed to mention, that it may be preserved for the benefit of future generations.

Some may feel that the stories herein recorded lean too strongly to musical activities, which is probably true and quite natural when one realizes that the author has actively participated in the musical life of Lamoni for half a century. However, I think it was this type of activity which brought me in constant contact with all types of people: governors, senators, politicians, school men, the common man on the street, and best of all the hundreds of youngsters with whom during this period I was so closely associated, who are now scattered over the length and breadth of this great land of ours as well as many foreign countries.

Dead, indeed, would be the imagination of one who from this wealth of association could tell nothing of interest. Every living individual experiences his normal share of comedy, romance and tragedy, and upon this theory the world is filled with interesting stories which need only to be written to make untold numbers of volumes of reading material accessible to the readers of future generations.

I appreciate very much the enthusiastic reception given these stories when they appeared in the Lamoni Chronicle, and am also thankful to the publishers for the splendid cooperation and encouragement offered me in producing this volume. I hope it may prove of interest and value from the historical aspect of our community and be appreciated as such by those who assume a living interest in Lamoni's passing parade.

Very sincerely yours,

J. H. Anthony

## PREFACE

By Walter E. Hayer

To read the stories of the Passing Parade is to realize more fully the value of a hobby. For fortunate is the person whose hobbies bring not alone personal joy and happiness to himself but to members of his family and friends as well. Most favored is the community that possesses a man with a hobby that benefits it and gives its boys and girls an incentive for worth-while achievement—not reckoned in dollars and cents.

Such a man is the author of this volume. His interests and talents are so varied and his work in each field is so well done that it is difficult to evaluate each of his many accomplishments.

John Hougas, master carpenter, who built dozens of fine homes in Lamoni, often said "Let's do our very best; for our best is none too good!" This philosophy has been uppermost in the mind of Joseph Anthony in all of his activities as he exercised his varied talents. Starting at an early age as newsboy, he later worked as harness-maker for Herb Teale, and "Teale's Harness Is Still The Best." Then printer, linotype operator, photographer, cabinet maker and skilled craftsman, artist in wood inlaying and marquetry, composer, teacher of band and orchestral instruments, director of band and orchestra, author of poems, short stories and books are a few of the many titles to which he might lay claim in addition to those of good neighbor, public-spirited citizen and community builder.

What did he do in his spare moments, if and when? In the basement of his home, there is a well-equipped workshop with turning lathe, jig saw and many other tools accumulated through the years. His inlaid wood plaques and other creations are works of art. He and his talented companion have reared a fine family of boys and girls. And somehow, backward and under-privileged pupils had a way of receiving lessons and keeping up with the group; and refractory valves and broken bridges would find themselves repaired so the next practice went off as usual.

If you have followed the interesting stories connected with "The Passing Parade" you may recall that first mandolin owned by Joe Anthony. There is not one word, as I recall, about the evolution of a small group of boys playing mandolins and guitars into a larger group as a full-fledged orchestra with its many instruments, nor the band of wood-wind and brass instruments with a full complement of players. In this transition, he was the quiet, guiding force. And this modesty is typical of our neighbor, for he wears his honors lightly. In early photographs of music organizations in the town or in college, his picture is inconspicuous in the background. In the marching band, he was found invariably bringing up the rear.

Of the winning of honors in many music contests by his pupils, much might be said. However, to his everlasting credit, little is known.



that he took and developed the under-privileged along with the talented and made of them a prize winning group. Upon receiving congratulations and praise for the group, his usual remark was "O, well, they have worked hard; they did well, and I, too, am glad they won."

If he was convinced that a boy or girl really was interested in wanting to play some instrument, he contrived in some way to see that they had an opportunity and an instrument, if they could not afford one. The quality of his work as band and orchestra leader and instructor in the public schools and the college is reflected in the achievement and lives of many of his pupils who have gone on and made it their life's work. For example, some years ago at a state music contest held at Atlantic, Iowa, the leaders and conductors of seven competing groups of high school students were former pupils of his coaching in this community. For twenty-five years, he served capably in the public schools and the college as band and orchestra leader. Criticism was voiced by some few because the selections played by his groups were not always of the then prevalent popular type; he preferred the time-tested standard composition, and history has upheld his choice and decision.

Nor is his work confined to instruction and direction of bands and orchestras. He enjoys singing, and has written several songs and composed marches. If an instrument needed repair, he could do it; if the clarinet, first violin or double bass section needed assistance he could play the part and the rehearsal went on.

The beautiful pulpit desk in the Coliseum was built by him from pieces of wood salvaged from the ruins of the old Brick Church, after the fire; the metal plate was melted down from parts of the old church bell. This difficult feat was the result of another hobby, calling for precision work—cabinet making—in which he ranks high. And for a number of years that beehive of industry on the church "Reunion Grounds" was a tent where the boys and girls, in vacant periods, learned to make interesting gadgets of wood with Joe's tools and under his direction. Needless to ask about the interest of these active boys and girls.

Few people may know of his ability to write poetry. Yet his friends have always enjoyed some original verse, accompanied by excellent photography on the Christmas cards sent them. Yes; his photography too reveals expert craftsmanship—all taken, developed and printed by himself, in his home.

The parties in the Anthony home have always been hugely enjoyed because of their clever, unique originality. Ask any of the college students of former years about the good times enjoyed at Anthony's.

Joe has had perhaps more than his share of long hours, hard work, grief and adversity. But with each new obstacle surmounted, he comes out serene, hopeful and optimistic; instead of making him embittered and gloomy, it has deepened his sympathy and broadened his views and

understanding. He likes people and enjoys helping others over the humps and bumps of life's day.

Some communities are too prone to take things for granted and not show appreciation of the work done by many of its faithful servants. One wag has said "a teacher is not without honor save in his own home town." If a good roads meeting, visiting governor, congressman, or notable of any sort were expected, the committee on arrangements invariably decided to "call up Joe and have the band" as part of the entertaining feature. Many times the interval between invitation and the program was a matter of a few minutes with no possible rehearsal between. For years, an orchestra under his direction played two or more numbers in the Church School every Sunday, and no other group had a more perfect attendance.

This community will ever owe a debt of gratitude to this man for the work he has done for the young people; when not affording an instrument, he contrived a way for them and their lessons; when discouraged, he gave them hope and encouragement, and in and through it all, he did it in a sincere, humble, friendly manner without hope or expectation of any remuneration or public acclaim.

Some men leave a memorial in the form of a building, a business or an institution. This man leaves an intangible memorial in the lives and memories of hundreds of students scattered not alone in this community, but throughout the United States in their awakened interest and developed love for music and its expression.

Through his writings, there runs a vein of wholesome appreciation of his fellowmen that is refreshing. The stories are written in a language we all understand. And the fidelity in detail of this keen observer has delighted us all. His pen has lost none of its sparkle and wholesome humor, and we are happy that this hobby of writing has prompted him to give us these delightful and interesting stories of our friends and neighbors in *The Passing Parade*.

## PREFACE

### By the Publisher

In presenting "Lamoni's Passing Parade," the Blair Publishing Company does so with a deep sense of pride. We believe that the author, Joseph H. Anthony, has done a great service to this community.

Through his efforts he has rescued many incidents and people from oblivion, where the want of records would have consigned them. By using his memory for a mirror he has, we believe, written a history of Lamoni and her people that is pleasant to read and, we hope, valuable to own.

We feel that Lamoni is fortunate in having a resident who is not only talented enough, observant enough, and capable enough to write such a book, but one who is also willing to give his time and effort to such a project.

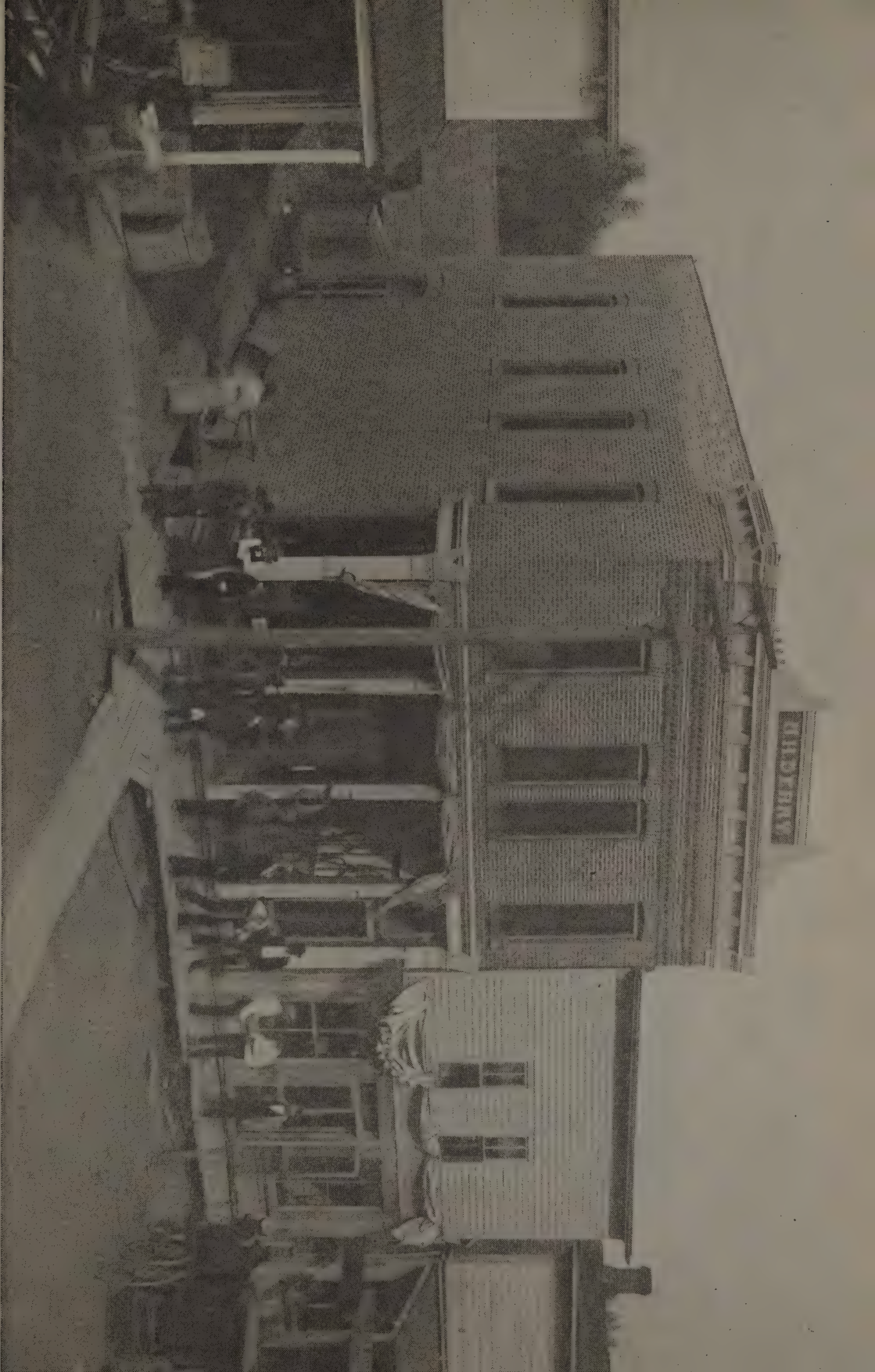
## EARLY LAMONI

The scene on the opposite page is typical of Lamoni of the 90's, with its board sidewalks and hitch racks which at that time lined the downtown streets. The design of the handle bars on the bicycle in the Derry window is suggestive of that period, and the large telephone pole, with its numerous wires helped constitute the vital life line of the newly installed telephone system.

The business houses shown in the picture are, from left to right: B. D. Fleet's general store, G. H. Derry's harness shop, Wells Johnson's second-hand store and Thomas Jeffries' city restaurant.

Identification of individuals shown is uncertain, but among the names suggested we mention: Barney Nelson, Fred Bailey, Reuben Elvin, Clarence Foreman, Loren Broliar, William Broliar, Frank Black and Wells Johnson.







## LAMONI, 1897

**I**N WRITING these stories of Lamoni and Lamoni people I have no desire to usurp any of the glory which rightly belongs to the old timers, and so far as I personally am concerned when it comes to my position as compared with these old timers, I feel very much a youngster; and yet, with the advent of Sunday, April 6, this year (1947), I have been a continuous resident of Lamoni 50 years. I can now say that I have resided in Lamoni a half century, and that fact should at least entitle me to adolescent rating so far as familiarity with the development of this community is concerned.

Some people say Lamoni has changed a great deal in the past 50 years, and occasionally one will say it has changed but very little. My observations of the town of 50 years ago probably will not be exactly the same as the observations of some natives of Lamoni, but if some of my observations seem to carry a tinge of sarcasm or to minimize the importance of certain conditions within the town at that time, kindly make the necessary allowance to which a 'teen-age youngster is entitled who was fresh from the city, where street cars and electric lights were the really big things in establishing city prestige. However, I have

no intention of belittling or underrating anything or anybody, and the following word picture of the Lamoni of that period is prompted and tempered by fifty years of association and citizenship.

### LDS Church Headquarters

Lamoni's chief bid for prominence in those days was the fact that it was the headquarters of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day



More than a church building—the center of community life.

Saints; and as many of the general conferences of the organization were held here then, it drew much attention from many parts of the world and of course the old Brick Church was the center of these and many other activities. The new college, too, was of great importance and was first in the minds of those who envisioned a greater Lamoni. Someone had suggested that the name of the town be changed to College City and it really seemed for a time that it might replace



the original name. We had the College City Chronicle, a College City barber shop, a College City cafe and several other institutions which endeavored to encourage the promotion of the new name, but in time this idea gradually faded into the background and was finally forgotten.

The original plot of Lamoni has been changed but very little in 50 years, the most noticeable change being in the improvements. In 1897 it was similar in appearance to many small Iowa towns—no paving and very little grading or other work being done on the roads. Many of the streets in town resembled the old-time cow paths with two strips worn bare by the shod feet of hitched teams passing over them and grass and weeds growing profusely between and on both sides of them, and at certain times of the year many of them were almost impassable. Even in the center of the business district it was not unusual to see horses plodding along, ankle or even knee deep in mud, and as horses offered the only method of local travel other than walking, hitch racks lined both sides of the streets throughout the entire business section. Every Lamoni merchant considered it essential that he have a hitch rack in front of his house of business, otherwise his customers would patronize the store that did offer this convenience. And when finally the city council decreed that the hitch racks be moved to the less conspicuous streets, the protests of many of the merchants disfavoring the idea were long and loud—it would ruin business and eventually the town.

### **Board Sidewalks**

The pedestrian of those days was the more favored traveler, as board sidewalks lined most of the principal streets of the town and enabled him to keep his shoes dry so long as his travel was confined to these certain streets, but the sidewalks had their drawbacks. A nail that had rusted through or a rotted or knotty board often proved dangerous to life and limb, especially when the companion you were walking with happened to step upon the loose end of the board, raising the other end in front of you to trip over. Board sidewalks were exasperating, too, when you happened to drop a coin or your pocketknife, as they always hit an open crack between the boards. Many a dignitary of those days often humbled himself and dropped to his knees in public to peek through cracks and prod around with a small stick or other instrument in an effort to regain some lost possession. Board sidewalks also offered an ideal hiding place for rabbits, rats and other rodents, and many a feminine scream disturbed the stillness of the quiet village when a timid female suddenly discovered that members of the mouse family, her most-feared enemies, were running rampant at her very feet. Or imagine the effect upon the "mood" when you and the girl friend happened to be sitting quietly upon the sidewalk enjoying the rapture of a summer evening, and a large, curious bullsnake crept silently from under the walk and immediately turned a companionable twosome into a panic-stricken threesome. The campaign to

eliminate the board sidewalks in Lamoni was started by Bert Derry when he installed the first concrete walk in front of his place of business, the building now occupied by the Nixon cleaning establishment. Once started, the concrete idea spread rapidly, and in a short time the old board sidewalk in Lamoni was only a memory.

### **The Old Town Pump**

It would require a volume to describe even a limited number of things which were characteristic of the Lamoni of 50 years ago, but let me enumerate briefly: The old town pump which stood in the center of the business district with its long, moss-covered horse trough and the rusted tin cup hanging upon a hook. Here the residents and the weary travelers refreshed themselves upon hot, sultry days and watered their tired animals; and it was said in those days that those who drank from this well, even though they might wander far and wide, would always endeavor to return for a draught of the water from this old well.



North side of Main Street.

The old red mill that stood on the corner now occupied by the Moon hatchery, operated by Grandfather Allen, was one of the landmarks, with its picturesque little mill pond where we youngsters used to fish. There was no Coliseum then. A small residence stood on that corner with a livery stable just north of it. What shows we had in those days—and they were very few—were held on the second floor of what is now the Jones Drug Company building. There the populace were entertained by traveling companies and home talent productions of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” “Ten Nights in a Barroom” and similar popular favorites of the ’90’s put on in true barnstormer fashion.

### **Bicycle Riding Popular Sport**

Yes, in many ways Lamoni of those days lacked many of the conveniences and necessities of today. There were no hard-surfaced roads of any kind, no electric lights or any other electric equipment. Women did their ironing with sadirons heated on the kitchen stove without the cooling breeze of an electric fan, and if they were occasionally treated to an ice-cold drink or dish of ice cream, these luxuries were made with ice that was taken from Foreman’s pond and stored in sawdust the winter before. There were no telephones, no bathtubs, no moving pictures, no automobiles, busses or trucks, no radios and but very few daily papers—those which filtered in to Lamoni readers were from one day to one week old by the time they arrived. Of course we had the telegraph, which people ordinarily used only in case of death in the family, and gasoline engines and phonographs were just beginning

to find their way on the market, but it was questionable at that time whether either would prove of real practical value. And too, we had bicycles, and what more could a youngster—or even an oldster—want than a bicycle? Those who were fortunate enough to own one were really the envy of their companions; and those who did not own



South side of Main Street.

their own could go down to Bert Derry's place of business and rent one for twenty-five cents an hour, and most any evening when the weather was favorable the old track at the north park (which, by the way, was only a treeless field at that time) was alive with boys and girls, men and women, all reveling in that invigorating sport—bicycle riding. If you were fortunate enough to get your bid in on the one tandem Bert had

for rent and could take your girl friend with you, you really had something on all the others. And where is the lad today who would not revel in a try at that much-sung-of, thrilling experience "on a bicycle built for two"?

All in all, there were many things worth while in those days—things which have stimulated the thinking and living of a lot of people. Good and improved equipment undoubtedly makes living conditions better, but that is not saying that a lot of people haven't done a pretty good job with limited equipment, and before the present or coming generations can effectively criticize the methods and equipment of the past, it is up to them to bring forth a better product. "By their works ye shall know them."

Many incidents stand out in memory relative to my first days in Lamoni. One of the most impressive, I think, was my first glimpse of the Graceland College tower as we came over on the train from what was then Bethany Junction. In our family Graceland College and its mission had been talked of as far back as I can remember and we had seen many pictures of it; but to actually see its classically designed tower silhouetted against the blue sky was the fulfillment of a dream that I had been taught meant much to many people. I am not surprised that today that tower is recognized in many parts of the world as emblematic of a better way of life.

Then too, there were the first acquaintances I made. Cliff and Roy Brolliar, cousins I had not previously seen, came over to the house to take me out to see some of the sights of the town. On the way we were joined by Roy and Lew Rew and later by two brothers by the name of Bennett, and we ended up on some of the pasture land surrounding the college, where the local boys gave me my first instruction in the art of drowning out and catching ground squirrels. Some months later



these same two Bennett brothers went swimming in a small pond on a neighboring farm, waded out beyond their depth and an hour or two later I with many onlookers saw their bodies brought from the water too late for resuscitation. The older one had tried to save his brother, who in death bore a smile on his lips which to me signified his tacit approval of his brother's action . . . Lamoni's first tragedy for me.

### First Day At School

Then there was that first day at school. My case was no different from any other boy's first day in a new school—naturally the boys all want to know what kind of a guy the new fellow is and the easiest way to find out is to taunt him a little, and at the morning recess I got my share. Sam Hooks, a member of Lamoni's only colored family, seemed to be the most aggressive, though several of the boys had quite a bit to say; and it looked for a time that I might be forced to resent



The old West Side School

some of the aggression or take to my heels, when a good-natured, brown-eyed fellow sauntered over to my side and started talking to me. He had a lot to talk about and at the same time he kidded the other fellows out of the notion of doing anything drastic, which made me feel a lot more at ease. "My name's Cliff Merritt," he said as he jerked his hat over on the side of his head. "Most of the fellows call me Crawlle and if you want

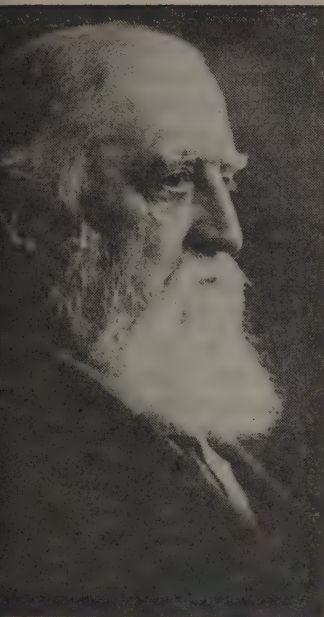
to call me that it will certainly be O. K. with me."

That was a mighty big lift to my morale and that afternoon during arithmetic I slipped Crawlle a big lump of maple sugar just as a slight gesture of appreciation. But in spite of Cliff's intervention there remained an issue that persisted in presenting itself as days went by and it seemed it could be settled only one way, which was finally taken care of when "Kid" McCoy and I met after school in the church park. He proved a little too tough for me but I left some marks on his face which bore evidence to the other fellows that I was not altogether a push-over; and from that moment everything was clear sailing, and I felt from that moment I was really a part of Lamoni and will always treasure these, my first observations of Lamoni's passing parade.



THE ORIGINAL HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Pictured, left to right: Asa Cochran, Elijah Spencer, W. W. Blair, John Scott, Annie Scott (Mrs. Daniel Anderson), Zadie Smith (Mrs. Richard Salyards), Carrie Smith (Mrs. Frank Weld), Joseph Smith, Will Crick, W. H. Deam and Joseph Silver.



## JOSEPH SMITH

**W**HEN I was a very small lad my parents lived in Salt Lake City. As my father was a missionary it was not uncommon that traveling representatives of the church who happened to be going to and from points in the West often made our home a stopping place, and it was at that time I had opportunity to meet many of the men whose names were familiar to the early history of the Reorganized Church.

Of these visitors at our home I remember especially Joseph Smith, for upon one occasion at least he remained a guest of my parents for a number of weeks. He and my father spent much of their time writing, but I think the thing which really made the deepest im-

pression upon my youthful mind was his friendly attitude and the interest he displayed in our childish activities. That he was a lover of children was obvious, for he showered us with little attentions which were especially appealing to us. His voice was soft and pleasing and his manner so fatherly and kind that I came to consider him very much one of the family. In fact I thought there was a striking resemblance between him and my father, but later I came to the conclusion that the similarity existed only because both were somewhat portly and both wore beards which at that time were becoming quite gray. That he was president of the church my father represented had but little bearing so far as I was concerned, but with my parents, and especially my father, it was quite different. Joseph Smith was his ideal and they were the closest of personal friends who had united their efforts for a common cause, and always there was on the part of my father visible evidence of loyalty and respect closely bordering upon reverence for the one whom he considered had been divinely chosen as the leader of the church.

Of course I was too young to realize it, but the territory of Utah was at that time of strategic importance so far as the newly Reorganized Church was concerned. Its only excuse for existence was the promulgation of certain points of doctrine it contended the Utah faction was teaching erroneously, and while this group claimed to be the true successor of the original church, yet it was from this faction the reorgan-



izers of the church felt their greatest increase in membership would come.

Another important point I failed to comprehend at the time but which I learned of later, was that this visit to Utah of the president of the Reorganized Church was made primarily for the purpose of investigating certain claims made by members of the Utah faction to the effect that a number of the wives of the original Joseph Smith were at that time living among them in Utah who had borne children who were sons and daughters of the prophet.

These claims were contrary to any evidence in possession of the leader of the Reorganized Church, for so far as he knew his father had but one wife. If, however, there was proof in Utah to the contrary, he wanted to know it; and it was for this reason he had made this trip for the express purpose of personally calling upon the women involved in the reports; and even though he carried out his intention fully he did not find a single one of them who definitely claimed to have been married to the prophet, nor a single boy or girl who claimed to be a half-brother or half-sister to the one investigating the case.

With this and much more first-hand knowledge at my command and such an acquaintance already formed with Joseph Smith, I arrived as a youngster in Lamoni realizing that he was very definitely an important figure of this community. It was to him that Lamoni owed and still owes credit for her existence, as it is very questionable if there would ever have been a Lamoni if he had not chosen to reside here.

When this community was chosen as the location for the church headquarters he had forthwith moved his family here, where he built a spacious home which he called Liberty Hall. That it was correctly named is verified by all residents of that period. The church at that time did not boast a large missionary force nor an adequate system of financing the number of missionaries it tried to maintain. Many of these men worked more or less voluntarily and traveled "without purse or script," and naturally when they had occasion to visit the church headquarters many of them made their home with their leader, where they found a haven of rest and inspiration.

The youth and the adults of the community came to recognize it as a center of activity and social life. In fact as its name signified it was a home where the welcome sign was always out, where even the stranger was never turned away and where all shared in the generous, wholehearted hospitality which abounded within its commodious walls.

Aside from his church interests Joseph Smith was definitely a community-minded man. He was a familiar figure at all types of community gatherings and there he participated in the activities which were of most interest to the community. Often at these gatherings it was a common thing to see him occupying a place upon the speakers'



stand or mingling with the crowd, enjoying the entertainment provided for the occasion or just leisurely visiting with his friends.

He was deeply interested in the work of the public schools and like other parents in Lamoni he at that time had boys and girls in attendance, but his interest extended beyond their immediate scholastic needs. He was interested personally in knowing that every child in the community was benefiting through the educational advantages offered. He often visited the different rooms in the schools and when he came he usually talked to us of those things he knew would be of immediate interest. The talks, always of the impromptu variety, given to suit the class and the occasion were always so clearly outlined and the facts so simply told, and his message so sincere and filled with reasonable logic that they proved of intense interest to the youngsters and were not easily forgotten.

Upon one occasion I remember he endeavored to impress us with the importance of retaining details of the things that we meet in our regular daily routine and of the value this could be to us.

"I remember well when I was a lad about the age of you boys and girls," he began by way of illustration, "when one day as I walked down the street I noticed a sign by an implement store which displayed the word 'separator.' It was a pretty big word for me then, but I was inquisitive enough to inquire of the implement man and I learned what a separator was; and then I learned to spell it. Some time later we were having a spelling match in our school, and of course as always we considered it a great honor to win one of these matches. I was quite fortunate on this particular day, for each time I was able to spell the word assigned me. Finally there were but two of us remaining in the contest—just one other boy and myself—and as the teacher pronounced the word for the other boy and he failed to spell it correctly, I knew I had won the spelling match; for the word was 'separator.'"

Thus by this simple illustration he made his point so impressive to us that I doubt if any of his listeners ever forgot it. And it was the same whether he was talking to children or adults. During conference sessions of the church where discussions often waxed warm, and where debated points were hotly discussed, often creating in personal relations yawning chasms which seemed impossible to bridge, he was equally efficient. Often as chairman of the assembly he would quietly rise and in a voice that was soft and free of sarcasm and censure he summed up the points of difference and analyzed the situation and offered a clear and simple solution which invariably cleared the way for amicable compromise. As I remember some of these instances I think of two issues upon which he took a very firm stand. He was definitely opposed to any type of regulation within the law which interfered with man's free agency or any attempt to high pressure or take legislative action

to force individuals to become righteous. In his opinion these were choices which rested entirely with the individual.

Many times he sauntered on to the playground when the youngsters were at their play. This seemed to hold a fascination for him, and he often interested himself in their activities. One time I especially remember he came out to the field where we were playing ball and after a few minutes of casual conversation with some of the boys he asked: "Can any of you boys throw a curve? Some of the older boys can do it but I have wondered if you younger boys had learned the trick."

He could not have asked a question that would have been more interesting to us. The art of pitching curves was pretty much in its infancy at that time, but we prided ourselves on the fact that we had two or three fellows on our school team whom we felt were quite adept at throwing curves. We gladly suspended our game while they demonstrated their ability along this line and he was genuinely interested. Then he talked to us a little of his own attempts to play ball and commended the boys who had furnished the demonstration.

"It takes a lot of skill and practice to handle a ball like that," he said finally in his philosophical way. "I can see that it is important to know how to handle the ball and maintain control of it, but it takes more than a pitcher who can throw curves to win a ball game. The real important thing is how nine fellows play the game."

And thus as a Lamoni citizen Joseph Smith made his contribution. In the home, schools, church, and wherever the activities of the community took him he went, teaching by precept and example. He was very much a family man but he also loved his neighbors and friends, and people generally loved and trusted him. Is it any wonder that in the circle of churchmen with whom he worked and associated he was known affectionately as "Brother Joseph" or "Joseph the Beloved"?

I once heard one of his neighbors, a man who had lived near him for many years, make this remark: "I do not belong to the Latter Day Saint Church and am in no way interested in Latter Day Saintism, but I do consider Joseph Smith a good friend and a good neighbor and anyone who disputes this fact in my presence is liable to find himself in an argument."

Joseph Smith played an important part in the founding of Lamoni, and the principles he stood for and the things he incorporated in its organization have made it unique among the towns and cities of the nation. While he was content to dwell among us and share the life of a small community, yet his influence was world-wide, and the organization he fostered has become more stabilized and important with the passing of the years. History will undoubtedly record him as a participant in many worth-while activities, and among them will be written the contribution he made as a resident of our community, but

we who knew him personally will always prize very highly the memories of his friendship and think of him as first among the citizens of this community and the undisputed leader of Lamoni's passing parade.



## S. V. BAILEY

IN those days when the railroad companies began to broaden their lines in southern Iowa there was the usual indecision and uncertainty which surrounds any new venture, especially where it involves acquiring and surveying new land for right-of-ways and the laying of steel tracks across the virgin prairie through those sections of the country, to enable them to serve the greatest number of people and at the same time bring the greatest amount of business to the company.

The new town of Lamoni was very much in its infancy when the C.B.&Q. Company extended a branch of its lines into this new section of country. But evidently the new town was not considered of sufficient importance to divert any of the previously laid plans, and work was already in progress in constructing a road bed, the right-of-way of which was laid out in a course taking a northwesternly direction, passing some two miles east of Lamoni toward the town of Mount Ayr.

It was while this work was in progress that a group of the railway officials who were on a tour of inspection of the new project were accosted by a resident of the new town who introduced himself as S. V. Bailey and who straightway endeavored to interest them in changing the course of the proposed line so that it might include Lamoni along with the other towns it proposed to serve. It is said the gentlemen representing the company were quite indifferent to his proposal and intimated that it would be impossible for the new community to provide the necessary inducements to interest them to make the change in their plans, and as the conversation continued they became positive of the uselessness of its consideration. But Samuel Bailey was not one to be discouraged easily and was just as positive that these requirements could be met; and he insisted they grant the opportunity to prove to them that he was right.

He was just one man against several during this discussion, but he stood his ground and met their arguments point for point until finally—probably as the easiest way out of the argument—they agreed to submit a proposition to the residents of the new town for their consideration. Once that decision was reached Samuel Bailey hastened back to town and passed the word around, and in a short time he had enlisted the aid of several residents of the locality, who secured a sufficient number of signers to contribute the necessary money and land to meet the requirements of the railroad company. Consequently the line to Mount Ayr by way of Lamoni was completed a short time later and in time this line was extended to Grant City, finally joining a branch line which in the meantime had been constructed through Albany and thus completed rail connections from Chariton to St. Joseph, Missouri.

As a monument to Samuel V. Bailey's persistence and sincerity of



purpose the old deserted railroad grade is still visible two miles east of town where work was abruptly halted that particular day in 1880, and through the efforts of one man the line took a new course which assured the new town a chance for development that it never would have had under the original plan; and to this man should go the credit for playing such a vital part in shaping the destiny of the community.

Knowing Samuel Bailey as I learned later to know him, I can more easily form a mental picture of the important part he played in this drama of the prairies. He was a man of forceful personality, with an inborn determination to carry to completion any undertaking he chose to sponsor, and this one related to a matter that was very close to his heart. He had come to this region because he was vitally interested in the fortune of the Reorganized Latter Day Saint movement, which had chosen this location and fostered the founding of the town of Lamoni in the hope of making it a center to which the scattered remnants of the original church might be drawn and formulated into a new working unit that would continue the development of the plans outlined by the original church under Joseph Smith. He had brought his family to this community that they might have a part in this development, and he was determined that his children, along with those of his brethren and others of the settlement, might share all the advantages the community could provide. He realized full well that before these advantages could be obtained the new town and community must be developed, and he possessed unlimited faith that this development would be forthcoming; therefore, he was determined to do all in his power to hasten its realization.

When I first became a visitor in the Bailey home it was in those days when Will and Clara were pretty much in the newlywed class; and Samuella and Vaughn were just youngsters in high school. Mrs. Bailey was a kind, motherly soul who instantly made one feel at home no matter when or how often one came, but my first impression of the head of the house was that he was hard as nails, yet before long I learned that there was a kindly side to his nature that was encouraging and inviting. With him there was no compromising between right and wrong. If a thing was right there was no question about it and to participate in it was upbuilding and inspirational, but if, on the other hand, any phase of it was questionable, then it was wrong and should not be tolerated. As a youngster it was difficult for me to understand the interpretation he gave to many of our youthful activities, but with the coming of mature years I realize that there was much wisdom in the advice he had to offer. I know now he was trying to help us learn some things which it seems come to us only the hard way.

He possessed an uncanny sense of perception and upon numerous occasions apprehended our participation in certain neighborhood pranks when we thought we had covered our tracks so completely that no one could possibly suspicion us. And when his son disregarded his:

wishes and participated in a hunting expedition on the Sabbath, during which he met with a minor accident, and he went to great length telling about the details of the incident and the fact that Vaughn and I were close friends, I could not help but feel that, in accordance with the old saying, he was chastising his son "over my shoulder."

"Christian people," he said, "are instructed to respect the Lord's day and keep it holy. And going hunting on Sunday is certainly not respecting that command. If a man in business respects the rules of that business he will be successful in it, but if he wantonly disregards those rules he is headed for speedy bankruptcy. The same is true in spiritual activities. They also are governed by definite regulations, and, while it may seem a very small offense to go hunting on Sunday, yet one infraction often leads to another, and if we finally disregard enough of these rules, the spiritual incentive which is the source of the best that is in us dies and from then on our efforts are shallow and purposeless—for then the light that we should receive from this source has burned out."

Of course, these were not his exact words, but they convey the thought as I remember it, and then he went on to name some individuals who in his opinion had allowed their "lights to go out," and the passing of the years has convinced me Uncle Sam's philosophy was not altogether a fallacy, and today I have a keen appreciation for his advice and the interest he displayed in my development. In many respects he was very much a father to me in those days following the loss of my own father, and the significance of his words has increased with the passing of the years. He had cast his lot with the reorganization of a sect that had suffered disintegration and almost complete annihilation. The mistakes and disappointments at Nauvoo were still fresh in the minds of those of his generation and he was determined that these same pitfalls must be avoided if the new organization was to succeed.

He was a man of indomitable courage in his stand for the ideals he felt to be worth while, a pioneer builder of the material Lamoni and a worker for the spiritual uplift and the development of character in those who were to be Lamoni citizens. Judged by present-day psychological standards his methods of child training would probably be considered rather severe, yet he knew the secret of winning the respect and confidence of all who came under his influence. A glance at the list of his descendants, noting the number of Samuels, Vaughns and Samuellas named in his honor, even to the fourth and fifth generations, gives indisputable proof of the high esteem and respect accorded him by those who knew him best. His years in this community were fruitful and exemplary, and the many favorable memories we have of him are conducive to the respect of all as we think of him as one of the substantial and reliable pioneers of Lamoni's passing parade.

## DR. BERTHA A. GREER

THERE is a theory that certain stars in the heavens represent individuals who have departed this earth; and the more worthy the life of the individual, the more brightly his star shines. If a condition of this kind exists, I am sure that no star representing a departed Lamoni citizen could shine more brightly than the one representing the life of Dr. Bertha A. Greer.

Many years ago she came to Lamoni to practice her profession and opened an office in the building which stood where the telephone office now stands. Later she built the large square house which stands on the corner to the northeast of this location, and which will probably always be known as the Greer property.

My first contact with her was shortly after she had opened her office here. I was a shy, backward youngster and had come through the darkness and a drenching rain only because my mother insisted that she was too ill to go through the night without the attention of a physician. The doctor eyed me critically as I stood hesitatingly just inside the door of her office, and in her abrupt manner she inquired why I had come. I tried clumsily to explain and felt pretty much crushed when, as I thought, she was inclined to scold me for not coming while it was still daylight. In my confusion I felt like making a dash for the door, until she forestalled such action and commanded me to sit down until she had time to see what arrangements could be made.

A short time later her carriage drew up at the door and after a few preliminary arrangements I was seated beside her, riding through the night and the storm more or less bewildered and wondering what she would command me to do next, but realizing, too, that whatever it was there would be no alternative but to obey.

After a ride of a few blocks we arrived at mother's home and the doctor set to work to make the patient comfortable and administered whatever attention she deemed was needed. There was no hasty examination and polite withdrawal, but a deliberate, painstaking investigation of every factor pertaining to the case, which lasted until well into the night and ended only when she felt assured she had accomplished the result she sought.

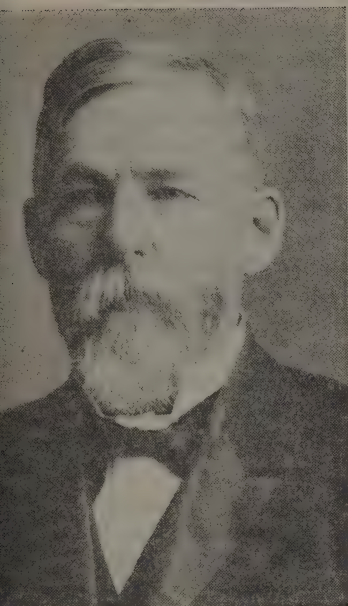
I cite this personal experience only because it was so typical of the service she rendered to the people of Lamoni. For many years she was a familiar figure in practically every home in Lamoni. Day or night, winter or summer, she visited home after home, lending every possible effort to alleviate pain and suffering. She ushered hundreds of little red-skinned, squalling Lamonites into this world, and then



struggled with every form of disease to keep them alive and healthy; and there are many of them living today who would not have been but for her excellent nursing, her efficient and untiring efforts, and her loyalty to the task to which she had consecrated her life.

To think of her merely as a dispenser of medicine or prescriptions would be little short of sacrilege. She was a woman of decisive action and one who gave loyal support to every organization in the community which stood for the uplift of the citizens. She was a woman of ability, who fortified that ability through her faith in prayer to the extent her problems were never undertaken alone. As a benefactor of mankind she holds a permanent place in the hearts of Lamoni citizens, who treasure the memory of her and her services as a precious asset and place her without question in the forefront of Lamoni's passing parade.





## E. L. KELLEY

**M**Y FIRST contacts with the subject of this sketch occurred when I was but a lad when upon several occasions I called at his office, which at that time was located in the west wing of the old Herald Office building. From the moment of that first meeting I felt I had met a friend. He spoke with a soft, evenly modulated voice and his manner was so kind and gracious it gave me the feeling that he was interested in me and my problems. I never knew him to be otherwise, always courteous and gentlemanly and he treated my visits there with the same consideration and concern as he would have done if I were a mature man and my business contacts of really great importance.

But because he was kind and soft-spoken was no indication that he did not possess determination and the will to fight for the things he knew to be right, and continued acquaintance with him proved this to be his make-up even though at times the odds against him seemed to be overwhelming. Such was the condition when the general conference of the church, in session at Kirtland, Ohio, voted to close Graceland College. People of Lamoni were greatly shocked by this news. Many of them had worked hard and faithfully to help get the struggling institution upon its feet and had built up a great hope that some day there would be a flourishing institution of learning upon the hill. But there were even some in Lamoni who did not feel that way. In fact, there were those who were free to criticize the men who had supported the school, and although it was quite generally conceded that if the doors of the college were once closed they would never be reopened, many of her critics felt under the existing circumstances it was the proper thing to do and they openly commended the action of the conference.

Quite naturally in this crisis all eyes turned toward E. L. Kelley, due to the fact that he was at the head of the financial interests of the church and also because he was generally conceded to be one of the strongest supporters of the college. For days the subject of the conference action was the main topic of conversation in the homes and on the streets of Lamoni. One evening, shortly after the adjournment of the conference, a small group of men stood upon what is now the

Lewis-Gamet store corner discussing this all-important question when E. L. Kelley walked leisurely past them and went into the store.

Immediately they followed him and when the moment seemed opportune one of the group addressed him and inquired as to his opinion of the effect of the conference decision. There was not the slightest change in his manner, and the tone of his voice was calm and perfectly controlled, such as it would have been had he been addressing the clerk regarding his recent purchase, as he replied: "I do not think the doors of Graceland College will ever be closed."

We all know that story. The doors did not close because E. L. Kelley was convinced that Graceland had a mission to fulfill and he was determined to see that she was not robbed of that opportunity. The storm of criticism which followed his action proved the type of man he really was, for no matter how severe the criticism nor how unjust the charges hurled at him, his purposes and intentions were never thrown off balance. Graceland's standing today definitely proves that point.

When the Lamoni Coliseum was built, its promotion and construction also brought forth a storm of criticism. The men who took the lead in promoting it faced insurmountable difficulties both from the financial angle as well as the moral problem involved. Some contended that such a building used for the purposes intended would not be in keeping with the standards that Lamoni should maintain.

When the building was finally completed, E. L. Kelley was chosen to make the dedicatory address. The reason for this choice was obvious. The promoters of the project felt it to be a worthy one and they knew that unless their case was properly presented their cause was lost. They also knew if any man among us was capable of uniting the opposing forces, E. L. Kelley was that man. The gentleman who introduced the speaker of the evening endeavored to be tactful and spent no little time in explaining certain phases of the construction which had been criticized and then presented the speaker.

Mr. Kelley stepped forward with his usual calmness. His voice bore the same calm note of assurance as he proceeded somewhat after this manner: "The speaker who preceded me sounded almost apologetic as he explained some of the features and advantages of this fine new building. Why apologize for a building which houses the possibilities this one does? If it proves a detriment to the development of Lamoni then you citizens are responsible—not the building. You have it within your power to make it one of the most valuable assets, and if you fail to make it such the failure is yours. See to it that its purpose is for the enlightenment and edification of the people of Lamoni and if you will do this, future generations will forget this present controversy and speak nothing but praise for it and for those who have worked so faithfully to build it."

Of course he said many other things that night, but the prophetic nature of those words is significant. You may draw your own conclusions. What would Lamoni do without her Coliseum today?

I think Lamoni is mighty proud to claim E. L. Kelley as one of her very own. He was a man of vision and purpose, with the determination to give momentum to every project which promised advancement to the community. He was a gentleman whose courteous, gracious manner was so much a part of him that even during his final illness it was a source of inspiration to all who knew him. A champion of every righteous cause, a true gentleman, a Lamoni citizen, a very important figure in Lamoni's passing parade.





## ROXANA ANDERSON

**S**HE was my first school teacher in Lamoni. I went to school that first day under protest, as there were only two months of the school year left and I thought it would be a good idea to wait and start out with the new year in the fall. However, my parents had other ideas, and consequently after a few preliminary arrangements I was escorted by some member of the family as far as the Gaylord home, as Miss Gaylord (this was before she became Mrs. David Anderson) had promised to see that I reached the schoolhouse safely and was properly enrolled.

I will always remember our first meeting and the short visit at the home (I did little of the talking) before leaving for the schoolhouse. She was young and good-looking—too good-looking, I thought, to be a school teacher, and her method of expression—her enunciation and pronunciation—was perfect. I listened as though I were in a dream world, answering her questions awkwardly and clumsily and was very conscious whenever I used the word “ain’t” or confusedly forgot a number of “ings.” She called me Joseph, and always did thereafter, the only person of my acquaintance, I think, who persisted in that practice.

During the time I was in her classes I found her to be the type of teacher who encouraged her pupils to think and installed in them a desire to achieve something more than just the ordinary; and a teacher who can accomplish those two things with youngsters from thirteen to sixteen years of age has really accomplished something worth while. She knew children and she knew how to make them respect her wishes, and in doing this won their respect for herself as well.

I do not remember hearing anything about child psychology in those days but I think she knew a lot of the answers to the questions the students of that subject might ask today. One day one of the other teachers in the system had occasion to punish one of the larger boys in her room. The boy had resisted and it turned out to be more than a commonplace chastisement. The youngster had apparently fainted during the fray and the teacher, breathless and white-faced, burst excitedly into our room and called upon Miss Gaylord for help.

Quite naturally this situation caused the occupants of our room to be greatly excited, and, though we were commanded by our teacher to remain in our seats as she hurriedly went to the assistance of her friend, some of us found opportunity to witness what went on out in the hall. Miss Gaylord approached the lad, who apparently lay unconscious upon the floor. She spoke calmly to him but received no audible answer, but evidently from some tell-tale movement or expression of



his face she detected the true situation, and turning to the other teacher she said sharply, "Give me that strap." Then again turning to the boy she commanded: "Now, Frank, you get up and go to your seat or I will give you a whipping you will not forget." Frank took her at her word, went to his seat, and the affair was ended.

During my last year under her (and she had become Mrs. Anderson in the meantime) an incident occurred which has stimulated a life-long appreciation of her. We were playing football at recess when one of my classmates and I had an argument. For a moment scathing words passed between us, which were only the forerunner of more violent action. In a frenzy I clenched my fists and drew back to strike, and then glancing beyond my antagonist I saw Mrs. Anderson rapidly approaching the scene, and a few minutes later she re-entered the building followed by two sullen lads who in their hearts were swearing vengeance upon each other after school. She calmly motioned us to our seats and after recess conducted the remaining classes of the day as though nothing unusual had happened. Then, when time came for the closing of school, she said: "Wilber and Joseph will remain—the balance of the class is dismissed."

I do not think either of us was surprised by this announcement, as we had both evidently spent the time since recess preparing ourselves for the tongue lashing we felt would be forthcoming; but instead of punishment she went quietly about her work as soon as the other pupils had left the room. She calmly rearranged some details of her desk and replaced some books upon the shelves of the bookcase. This completed to her satisfaction, she quietly stepped out of the room and closed the door.

For some time two sullen youngsters sat there stolidly and in their thoughts swearing vengeance at each other. Then as time passed and she did not return, each tried stealing sidelong glances at his antagonist, to see how he was reacting to this unexpected state of affairs. Still she failed to return . . . the stillness was becoming oppressive and time was dragging unmercifully. Did she intend to keep us there all night? Had she gone home? These and a dozen other similar questions raced through our minds, and finally we happened to glance in each other's direction at the same time. Each caught the other's eye and we both grinned two big, sheepish grins. That was about all there was to it. A few moments later she re-entered the room and with a few casual remarks about lessons or some other commonplace interests she dismissed us. We walked away from the schoolhouse together as good friends as ever, and a friendship that has lasted from that day to this was greatly enriched by this experience.

The youngsters and the schools today need teachers like Roxana Anderson, teachers who can instill in their pupils the lessons which help them to avoid the shamming and bluffing, thus incorporating in their lives those finer things and building stronger and truer friendships.

Her years of service did not end when she severed her connection with the Lamoni schools, but are still bearing fruit in the lives of youngsters who came under her influence. All honor to her and the important position she holds in Lamoni's passing parade.



## G. W. BLAIR

I HAD been a resident of Lamoni but a short time when one day one of my young friends and I were walking along one of the streets of downtown Lamoni, when suddenly we saw people running excitedly about, and then we heard the cry, "Mad dog!" A few minutes later we saw a disheveled canine with white froth dripping from its mouth emerge from an alley and pursue a course down Main street toward the very center of town.

While it seems that in those days the sight of a dog with rabies was more common than it is today, even then it was considered too serious a matter to be trifled with and my friend and I, along with many other persons upon the street, took time for just a fleeting

glance at that skulking, frothing canine and we immediately sought refuge within one of the business houses.

There from behind closed doors we could look through the window and see what was going on upon the street. A few men and boys displayed more courage than we, and they drove the animal along the street, where it tried to find concealment under the wagons and among the horses tied to the hitch racks that in those days lined the downtown streets. At this moment a young man emerged from a door on the opposite side of the street and we could see that he carried a revolver in his hand. He walked out to the edge of the board sidewalk just as the dog came past. He experienced considerable difficulty in spotting the animal among the horses and vehicles that lined the street, but finally when it did come into the open a shot rang out and the luckless canine was out of its misery.

This young man who shot the dog was G. W. Blair, and when a few moments later people swarmed to the spot to make sure the danger was over, he turned and faced them with a smile—the same calm, reassuring smile that so many Lamonians, over a period of many years, knew and loved. There was no display of egotism or arrogance; this was simply a job which for the good of the community needed to be done and he did it just as he did numberless other jobs for the community, with no thought of his own convenience or remuneration.

As I became more familiar with events in Lamoni I learned to



look for his appearance at almost every community activity or where there was need of concerted action. Whether it was something concerning the college, the schools or other civic affairs, it seemed that he was always in the vanguard to say the proper thing or do the proper thing at the proper time, and although his appearance in these instances was not always so dramatically enacted as during the mad-dog scare, yet in each case it was similarly effective.

He possessed a wholesome sense of humor which proved a valuable asset, as he often relieved the tenseness connected with the serious side

of discussions pertaining to community business with comments couched with pertinent wisdom concealed behind a barrage of clever wit. With his friends and co-workers who knew him so well, these barbed shafts of humor were readily anticipated and they in turn tried to counter with comments equally effective and which oftentimes were equally clever. Though this verbal cross-fire occasionally developed into conditions involving good-natured personalities, it was often in an atmosphere of this sort that many of the constructive projects for the development of Lamoni were born.



Mrs. G. W. Blair

In my early days in Lamoni G. W. Blair was postmaster, and at that time his sweet-faced wife stood at his elbow behind the barred window of the office to help him care for the postal

needs of the community. As his assistant she proved herself especially capable, and doubly so in my own personal opinion when upon one occasion she came to my rescue to help me with a letter I was endeavoring to write, and smiled encouragingly as she endeavored to teach me how to spell the word "Philadelphia." Upon another occasion she won my everlasting gratitude at a gathering of young people in their home when I was as awkward and bashful as a 'teen-age youth could be. Some of the girls found it amusing to take advantage of my bashfulness, but in this instance she again came to my rescue with that same sweet smile and a significant question or two which relieved my embarrassment and supplied a substantial brace for my sagging social knees. Aunt Jeanette, we called her, and a more charming and gracious

lady I have never known. To think of her or her husband is to think of both; for upon most occasions, in public or in their home, they were always together.

As mayor of Lamoni over a period, G. W. Blair was a tireless worker upon projects of civic interest. He was also Sunday school superintendent and counselor to young people over a long period of years, and it was in this capacity my most intimate associations with him began. He encouraged me to organize a Sunday school orchestra and he gave me every help and encouragement in the task; and to him is due a large portion of the credit for the work of that organization, which



It was from the door to the left that the young man emerged at the time of the mad dog scare. This building at that time housed the Blair Mercantile Company.

served over a period of many years. During the time we were thus associated I had opportunity to appreciate his friendship and his counsel and the worth-while things he did for me and numberless other young people.

Two gems of his logic stand out in memory among the many I remember in connection with these associations. One Saturday evening we experienced one of the heaviest rainfalls Lamoni ever had. The next morning at the Sunday School hour the assembled congregation which customarily numbered well into hundreds could have been easily totaled in two rather small figures. When the opening hour arrived he ascended the steps leading to the pulpit and looked reflectively over the small group assembled—the faithful few who had left flooded basements at home and trudged through the debris to get to church. In his characteristically droll yet serious way he philosophized: “My, I hope it doesn’t rain the day before we plan to prepare for heaven.”

At another time in addressing a group of young people upon whom

he was endeavoring to impress the importance of service, he explained that the rewards of that service, while often intangible, were really the most treasured. He told of a friend who had suffered severe financial reverses but who had the courage to smile and say: "I still have what I have given away."

What greater testimony could accompany this line of reasoning than the testimony demonstrated in the life of G. W. Blair? Always in the vanguard of any movement which stood for the good of his fellowmen, he demonstrated by deeds and practice the ideals he believed in. And the things he gave to this community have returned to his credit one hundred fold and have built for him a monument more lasting than bronze or stone. They have established his memory indelibly and permanently in the hearts and on the records of Lamoni's passing parade.



## LYMAN J. FRINK

WHEN it comes to the practical side of building Lamoni I think Lyman J. Frink probably played as definite a part as anyone of my acquaintance. He was one of the early carpenters here who took his hammer and saw and really went to work at the building-up process in a new community, constructing many buildings which are still serving the populace of Lamoni today.

As a workman he took great pride in his work, which probably accounts for the fact that he was chosen to officially lay the cornerstone of the Ad Building and in so doing started Lamoni's most ambitious program of expansion—the building of Graceland College. Numerous stories of his craftsmanship have been told by early residents. Upon one occasion he had contracted to build a barn for one of the near-by farmers, who, after the contract had been let, added this special inducement:

"If you can build me a barn without the use of a single dutchman, Lyman, I'll buy you the best hat in town."

[A dutchman is a wedge-shaped piece of wood that carpenters or other woodworkers sometimes use to close up a joint that has been improperly cut.]

"Then bid good-bye to the hat," returned Lyman with one of his characteristic smiles, "for that is the way your barn will be built."

And according to statements of those familiar with the incident, a thorough search of the completed barn failed to reveal the existence of a single dutchman in its construction, and Lyman won the hat.

In later years, when Lyman was advancing in age, he opened a woodworking shop in Lamoni where he gave up much of his activity as a builder and turned his attention to work that could be done within the shop, and it was here that I remember my first personal contacts with him. I think the first of these occurred one day when a boy friend accosted me on the street and asked me to make a visit to the little woodworking shop. "I am going down and have Lyman Frink charm away a wart for me," he said, and he held up his hand, exposing a large seed wart on one of his fingers.

This was a new sort of thing for me, but he won my interest immediately and I was filled with curiosity as we entered the shop. The proprietor of the shop was busy at his bench, planing the edges of some boards as we entered, but he looked up from his work and greeted us in a soft, pleasant voice which later associations taught me was one of his outstanding characteristics.

"Mr. Frink," began my friend, rather hesitatingly, "can you charm

away warts? One of our neighbors says you can do it and if you can, I wish you would charm mine."

There was an amused twinkle in Lyman's eye as he listened to the lad's request, and when he spoke it was with kindness and concern for the boy's problem. "Oh, I don't profess to be a wart charmer," he said, "but some people say I have charmed their warts away, but warts are funny things. Let me see your wart, sonny."

The boy extended his hand, and the man examined the large wart as he rubbed it lightly with his thumb and fingers.

"Warts are funny things," he repeated, and we both watched him intently as we experienced mingled feelings of awe and superstition, expecting to see a miracle performed before our very eyes. "Sometimes they stay for a long time and again they leave almost overnight. We don't know when they come and lots of times we don't know when they leave, so I guess if this one will not charm off we will have to leave it alone until it takes a notion to go of its own accord."

With that he turned again to his bench and resumed his planing, while we watched him, unable to conceal our feelings of disappointment. "Don't be discouraged," he said as we turned to depart. "You'll wake up some morning and it will be gone."

It was some weeks later that a group of boys were discussing warts and their peculiarities, and my friend undertook to display his wart, the same one he was so desirous of having charmed away. And though he was positive it was on his finger the night before, now to his amazement it was gone slick and clean—the miracle had happened.

At one time Lyman Frink, along with several other Lamoni craftsmen, became interested in making violins, and he had constructed several instruments, probably more for the pleasure derived from working with them than any idea of monetary returns that he might have derived from it. But during his activities in this field of craftsmanship made famous by Stradivarius, Guarnerius and other such celebrities, he had collected a choice assortment of violin wood, which he had carefully preserved in the dry for future use, so that it would be thoroughly seasoned when he planned to build the instrument which would prove to be his masterpiece.

Discovering that I was also interested in violins and their construction, he took great interest upon different occasions in showing me his collection of choice wood, and demonstrating the potential tonal value of each by suspending it by a heavy cord and tapping it with another block of wood to demonstrate its acoustic possibilities. To the person who has never experienced the pleasure of working with fine woods and who knows nothing of the thrill of discovering hidden beauties that often lie beneath a rough and gnarled exterior, our examination of the rough and dusty pieces of maple, spruce and pine would probably appear somewhat ridiculous, but it was here with Lyman Frink in his little shop that I gained a great deal of knowledge of woods and their

possibilities. Woods are like personalities: every piece is different, and those which are the most valuable require the most effort and labor to bring out the full richness of their character.

It was during these sessions, too, that I gained as a youngster some other lessons which have been of lasting value to me, for he displayed a definite interest in young people and their problems, and often talked to me about the problems of life and how we should try to meet them. He encouraged us to lead normal lives and, as we developed into manhood, to be clean and honest. He had no use for the goody-goody or sissy type of fellows, as he felt they could not be trusted and were too often guilty of violations of the laws of society, and his favorite expression concerning this type was—I have heard him repeat it many times—"It's the still pig that steals the swill."

Lyman Frink made no bid for prominence or fame; he was a plain, unpretentious citizen of Lamoni, who went about his business of living and raising his family in a way that they might be a credit to the community. By nature he was a builder, and he knew pretty well the cost of building and the effort necessary, whether the structure was built of lumber or human flesh and blood. He knew that to build a fine violin that would vibrate with life and melody in the hands of the performer, it required something more than ordinary materials and workmanship; and he knew that for boys to develop into men of character, it required something more than to idly drift in that direction. In his humble and simple way he tried to help many a youth of Lamoni realize that fact.

To some people Lyman Frink may have been just a carpenter or a cabinet maker—yes, perhaps a wart charmer. But to his friends and those who really knew him he was much more than all of these. My memory of him is of a friend who gave me much of value, and I respect him as I would any man who offers encouragement to young boys to develop into better men, and though his position in life may have been a humble one, he holds a definite place in Lamoni's passing parade.



## EVELYN GURLEY KANE

**A**MONG the early pioneers who settled the Colony which later became Lamoni was the family of Zenos H. Gurley. At that time the settlement was small and the institutions which played such a vital part in the development of a new country—the church and the school—as well as the social gatherings of the Colony, presented responsibilities which called for active support and participation, and none entered into these activities more enthusiastically than did the members of this particular family.

Zenos H. Gurley, as history records, was one of the outstanding leaders of the movement which brought so many of the early settlers to this locality, and being one of the motivating figures in all community activities it was but natural for him to encourage other members of his family to participate freely in these activities. One daughter was adept at playing the organ and served in this capacity whenever there was occasion for congregational or community singing. Another daughter, Evelyn, was especially good at “speaking pieces,” as they called it in those days, and few programs of that period were complete without her contributions in that line.

And while her listeners were thinking in terms of temporary pleasure or appreciation of her efforts, her thoughts and dreams were soaring far beyond the confines of that little pioneer village, and in fancy she envisioned the time when she would appear as reader and interpreter of dramatic roles in the large cities where she would appear with the celebrities of the country.

Notwithstanding these dreams and ambitions, romance came into her life and when she reached womanhood she became the wife of Frank Kane. Her marriage, however, apparently had no effect upon the plans she had made earlier in life, and she continued her course of study and preparation for the career she had chosen to follow.

My first acquaintance with her came when as a pal of her younger brother, I spent much time in the Gurley home. A few years later she was elected instructor of elocution and oratory at Graceland College and it was then I had opportunity to work with her and to appreciate her ability and the devotion and enthusiasm she displayed for her art.

In connection with her work at the college she directed the dramatics department of the institution and presented numerous plays which naturally were of great interest to the people of the college and community. She was very thorough in her preparation of these productions, and among other details she always insisted upon having inci-

dental music with each of them. At that time I had charge of the local mandolin club, which was the nearest thing to an orchestra Lamoni had at that time, and she depended upon me to see that the members of the club were there for each general rehearsal of the cast.

This was not always an easy thing to do, as there was no monetary consideration involved, and very often there were long pauses during the rehearsals, which periods of inactivity became very monotonous, and it was difficult to maintain interest and preserve control of the group. This condition existed with the musicians and members of the cast alike, and at one time, during such a pause while Mrs. Kane was concerned with some detail backstage, some of the musicians started playing one of the popular tunes of the day. This proved more of a temptation than inactive youth could stand and as there was no one present to restrain them, chairs were rapidly pushed back out of the way, and pairing into couples the idle members of the cast proceeded to join gayly in swinging the light fantastic over the floor of the college chapel.

A moment later Mrs. Kane appeared upon the scene and sensing the situation she commanded the dancers to desist immediately. Ordinarily it took but a word from her to obtain the discipline she desired but in this case it was something different. The youngsters, having obtained a taste of this type of forbidden fruit and finding it to their liking, were not inclined to be subdued by ordinary methods. By turns she scolded and pleaded with them, but failing in these efforts, she commanded me to stop the music only to find me to be as powerless as she. After a time, however, it became evident that her words were having some effect, as one by one couples began dropping out and before too long a time order was restored and the play practice resumed as though nothing unusual had occurred.

Even though her time was well taken up at the school, she often appeared as reader both upon local programs as well as programs in surrounding towns. In this line of endeavor she was really gifted and did not seem to be satisfied unless working at it. At one time she arranged a concert tour for our mandolin club to be presented under the auspices of certain churches in a number of towns surrounding Lamoni. On this tour she accompanied us as reader. This was before the days of automobiles, and transportation then was quite a problem, most of the towns being made by horse-drawn hack. As I remember it, this venture proved anything but successful financially, but it did offer some opportunity for artistic development, and so far as Mrs. Kane was concerned this seemed to be the all-important thing.

She was employed at Graceland but a short time, when she left Lamoni to enter the entertainment field professionally. At intervals she mailed me programs of her appearances upon the lyceum and Chautauqua platforms. At first her appearances were with rather unpretentious companies upon routine circuits, but each one seemed to

show improvement over previous ones until finally she was appearing as assisting artist with internationally famous concert performers, recognized as the best in their chosen fields. One of these I am sure must have given her as great a thrill as she knew it would give me—a program listing her on tour with Samuel Siegel, at that time recognized as the world's greatest mandolinist. The last one of these programs I remember receiving listed her as one of the assisting artists on tour of the principal cities of the United States with the U. S. Marine Band—the President's Own. She had reached the top rung of the ladder of her artistic ideals—indeed a far cry from barnstorming with a group of amateurs in the inland towns of southern Iowa.

Evelyn Gurley Kane, by dint of her own effort, had attained the goal she had set for herself in the days of those programs given in that little Sunday school in the Colony which later became Lamoni—an example which should offer a world of encouragement to young people of today, surrounded by numberless opportunities the like of which she knew nothing.

For many years Graceland College and Lamoni have felt justifiable pride in the dramatic efforts of the College Players, and without doubt there has existed upon the college hill a living interest in this activity which is unusual for a school and community this size. Many people have contributed to this development, and to many a great deal of credit is due. In this development, however, I think I can see the culmination of ideals and dreams implanted in the very roots of the institution and nurtured and cultivated by people like Evelyn Gurley Kane. She was a woman of forceful personality and unusual ability, a tireless worker who possessed initiative and drive which recognized only success . . . an outstanding character in Lamoni's passing parade.



## A. M. NEWBERRY

IT WAS sometime in the spring or early summer of 1897, shortly after we had moved to Lamoni, that my mother sent me upon an errand to purchase a bushel of corn for chicken feed. I went as she had instructed me, to the mill and the elevator without success and also made inquiry at one or two of the stores which occasionally carried certain varieties of feed, but it seemed that none of them had corn for sale. At each place, however, they offered the same solution to my problem:

"Why don't you see Newberry," each of them in turn suggested. "If you want to buy corn he should be able to help you out." This was no especial help to me, as I was just a youngster and had been in the town but a few weeks. The mention of the name Newberry had no significance so far as I was concerned, and why his name should always be mentioned in this connection became somewhat of a mystery. It was not to be so for long, however, for suddenly one of the men I had made inquiry of exclaimed: "There goes Newberry now," and in the same breath he shouted to the man who came driving a team of horses down the street. He reined his team and drew over to the sidewalk where we were standing. "This boy would like to buy a bushel of corn," my benefactor said by way of introduction and then turned and walked back into his store.

A. M. Newberry was a short, stocky man of middle age and no matter what other characteristics he might have possessed they were all at least temporarily hidden behind a luxuriant growth of red whiskers—I believe the most and the reddest whiskers I had ever seen, and he stroked them more or less caressingly as he peered curiously down at me from his wagon seat.

"Want to buy some corn, eh?" he queried, feigning the timeworn air of seriousness so many grown-ups assume when bargaining with a youngster. "Do you think you and I could agree on the price of a bushel of corn?"

I assured him that there would be no trouble on that score, and then, with a rather mischievous grin and another contemplative stroking of his whiskers, he said: "Well, climb up in the seat beside me and we'll go see if we can find a bushel of corn."

I did as he bade me, and he drove down Linden street, turning west when he reached the railroad track; and there he showed me numerous corn cribs he had built along the track, all of them full of corn—hundreds of bushels of corn. He drove on past this row of cribs and turned north on the next street, stopping when he had reached the lot where the Ford garage now stands. He climbed

down from the wagon and I followed him. Here was another group of corn cribs, all filled with corn.

He walked over to the one of them which seemed to be in rather a bad state of repair. Some of the boards had pulled loose and the corn had fallen out on the ground, giving evidence of deterioration from the effect of weather and rats. He pushed the damaged corn aside with his foot and then sorted out enough clean corn from the crib to fill my sack; then he tried to nail the loose boards back in place, using a heavy stone for a hammer. When I tried to pay him he gave vent to a good-natured chuckle and threw the sack into the wagon with the remark: "Jump in, and I'll take you home. The chickens are probably getting pretty hungry."

That was my introduction to A. M. Newberry, who was known at that time pretty generally as the corn king of Lamoni. He delivered the corn to our door and although he had invested practically all of his means in corn he would not let us pay him for the corn or for his trouble. He had started buying and cribbing corn during the financial depression which hit the country in the 90's, thinking that the price of 10 or 12 cents a bushel could not possibly last more than one or two seasons at most, and in that time he accumulated thousands of bushels of corn which he found almost impossible to dispose of at any price. This venture was a severe blow and practically ruined him financially, but in spite of his misfortune he did not lose his sense of humor and was always ready with a witty reply to even the casual comment. Upon one occasion he saw a dense cloud of smoke arising on one of his neighbor's premises and thinking one of his buildings was on fire he turned in the fire alarm. A few minutes later the fire bell (the same one which nowadays is used to call fire meetings) clanged vigorously and in a short time the firemen assembled and taking their places at the two-wheeled hose cart—the sole piece of fire-fighting equipment the town possessed in those days, and one that was drawn by manpower—they dashed at break-neck speed toward the scene of the fire, followed by the usual group of curious citizens.

Upon reaching the scene of the fire they found it to be only a pile of brush the neighbor happened to be burning down in the far corner of his lot, and when the firemen realized they had made the run for nothing they became indignant.

"Who turned in that alarm?" shouted the chief, panting for breath as he looked searchingly through the crowd.

"I did," replied A. M. Newberry rather sheepishly. "I thought it was the barn . . ."

"Can't you tell the difference between a barn and a brush pile?" the chief interrupted angrily.

"I think so," replied the accused one simply, "but you see, the wind was blowing and when it blows my whiskers in front of my eyes it seems to me the whole world is afire."

This was too much—even the chief laughed in spite of his anger and the onlookers howled with delight.

A. M. Newberry was typical of the early pioneers of Lamoni. He was a good citizen, he loved his home and his family and his community, and if the most critical thing that could be said of him is that he invested too heavily in a worthless commodity, then history has exonerated him completely, for we all know that corn is not a worthless commodity and we know today that it is worth more than ten cents a bushel. The story of A. M. Newberry should contain much of value to those of this agricultural community. Like many pioneers he was forced to be a martyr to a cause and to pay the price, that later generations might profit therefrom, and in this role he was an important figure in Lamoni's passing parade.





He was a congenial Santa-Claus type of man who loved to visit with his friends. Pictured, left to right: Daniel Howard, W. H. Spurrier and William Brantwait.

## W. H. SPURRIER

IN the early days of Lamoni there was no man who was better known than W. H. Spurrier. When the town was in its infancy he had purchased section nine—one of the finest pieces of land in this entire section of country—fenced it while it was virgin prairie with fences running a mile in each direction, then continued the development of it until it was generally considered one of the finest farms in this part of the country and he one of the most successful and prosperous tillers of the soil.

I had not lived in Lamoni long until I learned to recognize him as one of the familiar figures of the town. He always drove a spotted bay and white horse hitched to a single-seated phaeton, which made his identification one of extreme simplicity, but it was sometime later when I became an apprentice harness maker under his nephew that I really had opportunity to become intimately acquainted with him.

I thought of him then, and still do, as a typical Santa-Claus type of man, in fact I can think of no man of my acquaintance who seemed so naturally adapted to that role as he. He was short and rather heavy, and wore a full white beard. The clay pipe was never in evidence and I am not too sure of the bowl of jelly, although he definitely possessed the typical Santa-Claus twinkle in his eye and a hearty, contagious sort of laugh that not only made you feel you had nothing to dread but also invited your friendship. No one enjoyed a good story more than he, and while he was a good listener he also got the keenest enjoyment out of telling them, and his stock of stories seemed ample for all occasions.

His visits to the little harness shop were quite frequent and on cold winter days he would draw his chair close to the stove, that he might absorb its maximum amount of warmth. If others of his friends were present he enjoyed visiting with them, but when there were not so many visitors and the conversation lagged he would search around among the empty boxes or in the kindling pile for a nice, soft-pine stick. Then finding one which suited his fancy he would draw his knife from his pocket and edge over to the harness bench with the remark:

“Just touch it up a little on your stone. No place like a harness shop to get your knife good and sharp.”

Of course we would accommodate him and when we had finished sharpening it on the stone and had given it a few finishing strokes on a smooth strap of leather, he would run his fingers lightly over the edge and examine it carefully, then his eyes would twinkle in a manner that expressed his thanks more emphatically than words could have done.

Then seating himself comfortably on the chair close to the stove he would begin slicing off long, fine shavings from the soft pine stick. He loved to whittle just for the sake of whittling and when he would taper the stick down to a real sharp point he would sit meditatively, using it as a toothpick, or more for the sake of tasting the clean woody fragrance than because he especially wished to dislodge some particle from between his teeth. There is something in the taste of nice, clean, newly cut pine that is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and then to him whittling probably offered his main form of recreation.

It was while he was thus occupied that he would tell us of some of those incidents in his life which had been of most interest to him—about the rattlesnakes and how he had battled to exterminate them when he first took possession of section nine. The long grass of this open prairie had offered them seclusion and proved to be a favorable haunt, and they resented man's intrusion. They were numerous and vicious, and it required many months—even years—to dispose of them to the extent that man or beast was considered entirely safe to relax and feel free to roam the meadows without unconsciously listening for that startling rattle or seeing those long, lithe, spotted bodies coiled for the strike. It is difficult to imagine today as one views those fertile acres that probably from the beginning of time until people began thinking of founding a village here that this land had served chiefly as a hide-out and habitation for venomous snakes.

He might have told us, too, about his little red dog, Snyder, that in his declining years was his constant companion. How the master had removed his coat in the field and commanded Snyder to watch it, and then forgetting the incident wondered what had happened to the dog when he was not seen around the house for several days. Then one of the family happened to accidentally cross the same field and found Snyder, hungry and cold, faithfully protecting the coat as he had been commanded. Needless to say, after this incident, so far as Uncle Bill was concerned, Snyder became one of the most important members of the family.

Then there was the story about how he made a special trip to Pennsylvania so he could personally make the last payment upon the farm; and the one about George, the spotted pony, tipping him over in the snow drift, and many, many others, some humorous, some serious, that would make interesting reading. And speaking of reading, had one desired to write a book using early Iowa farm life as a setting, I know of no place where a more perfect background could have been found than upon the farm home of W. H. Spurrier—an ideal pioneer Iowa farm. And characters, plenty of them—there was Polie, the independent, happy-go-lucky son who could not content himself until he was upon his own; Frank, of more serious turn with inclinations toward the ministry; two attractive and charming young daughters, besieged with attentions—some from Lamoni's most promising young



men; and Richard, the youngest, one of the finest characters it has been my pleasure to know—a man about whom a volume could be written.

Yes, the background and characters were there, and properly portrayed, section nine might have become just as interesting and inspirational as certain sections of the Ozarks or the prairies of the West which have become famous through verse and story, but lacking this glamorizing procedure its romance and glory will remain treasured only in the hearts of those who knew it intimately and there learned to live and love.

W. H. Spurrier was not attracted to this locality by the church interest which attracted so many of the early residents of Lamoni. But nevertheless he was a Christian man who believed and taught his family that the incorporation of Christian principles in their lives was a necessity, and Lamoni can be proud that men of his calibre chose to settle here and help build a community founded on the principles which dominate our great country.

W. H. Spurrier was a great pioneer who followed the teaching of the Golden Rule. He took a justifiable pride in his achievements, he was a good neighbor, sincere, sympathetic, and his word was as good as his bond; and among those who knew him best there is no question as to the importance of the part he played as a participant in Lamoni's passing parade.

## JAP SMITH

**A**S all families are more or less allergic to the traditional skeleton within the family closet, so it is with communities, and Lamoni or any other city or town cannot boast of an unbroken line of exemplary citizens. And yet some of those who have left records that are not altogether above question have nevertheless proven to be interesting characters.

Such a one was Jap Smith, one of the ne'er-do-wells of Lamoni a few decades back. Where he came from or whither he went I know not. He did odd jobs about town and on surrounding farms over quite a period of time but he never stayed with any type of work for any length of time. He was undoubtedly one person of my acquaintance whose plan in life proceeded no further than the next step. One day he might be shoveling coal, the next day distributing sale bills for some farmer, the next day just loafing about town on the lookout for any type of adventure that might happen along. This tendency of following the course of least resistance often led him into paths that resulted in more or less serious consequences. He was no stranger to the bottle and on numerous occasions following sessions of dissipation he collided with the law, which brought forth penalties ranging in seriousness from a few hours' detention in the town brig to those demanding periods at hard labor, even involving the crushing of rock with a heavy hammer while chained to the town pump in the public square.

All of these penalties, however, had little effect upon Jap, for sitting upon the well curb with hammer in hand or behind the gates of detention he laughed and joked with his friends as though he had not a worry in all the world. Under any and all conditions he was a hale fellow, well met, and he permitted no circumstances, no matter how excruciating, to prevent his being sociable and friendly.

He had traveled with a circus, where he performed roustabout work. He had herded sheep upon the plains of the West and the tales he told of these adventures were interesting and filled with a crude sort of humor that was characteristically fitted only to his type of personality. He had a line of logic that was more or less reasonable, though it was often necessary to follow his thread of thought through a mass of mire to capture the meager prize that dangled so precariously at the end. For instance, of his sheep-herding experience he said: "One thing a sheep herder must learn, and that is to be sociable and to get along with himself. If he does not he will be in mighty bad company

and if he can't be congenial and carry on a pleasant conversation with himself his existence will be plenty dreary all the weeks and months that he is miles away from any other living person."

He told of many experiences relating to riding bucking bronchos and claimed to be quite an expert at breaking wild and balky horses. Upon one occasion he was working for a farmer who entrusted him with the care of a team of balky mules. "There's only one way to cure a balky mule," he said. "You have to whip him hard enough that it changes his mind completely and forces him to forget that he ever had the notion to balk." According to this theory he administered this type of remedy the first time the mules attempted to balk, using a log chain as the instrument of chastisement, and it apparently proved quite effective. "One round with that log chain was enough," he exclaimed exultantly. "I never had to use it again. I kept it handy, though, and if they ever looked as though that old balky idea was coming back into their minds I just gave the chain a little shake or kicked it with my foot and that was all they wanted. The rattle of that chain sure put fire in their feet."

He gave vent to a satisfied chuckle as he finished telling of this experience and it was very evident that he experienced a deep sense of satisfaction over the success of this experience. However, the sequel to this story was told in actions rather than words sometime later when Jap and a companion drove out into the farmer's feed lot to load a large feed bunk which they intended to move to a new location. The helper lifted one end of the bunk and Jap backed the wagon under it. Then as he held tightly to the lines and controlled the mules he endeavored to help with the loading while his companion lifted the other end of the bunk from the ground. The plan was working out splendidly and the loading was about complete when Jap committed a slight but tragic error. He accidentally kicked the log chain, which was lying in its accustomed place upon the floor of the wagon box. The mules had not forgotten the lesson they had learned in connection with the rattle of a log chain. To them that sound meant to go, and go they did. With the first lunge Jap lost his balance and his hold on the lines. The feed bunk and Jap flew through the air, out of the wagon and landed on top of the surprised and unfortunate helper, while with "fire flashing from four pairs of feet" the mules proceeded to demonstrate how quickly and efficiently they could demolish a wagon and a set of harness. Jap lost his job as a result of this affair, which in no way affected his confidence in the efficiency of his method—he still felt that he knew the only successful remedy for balky mules.

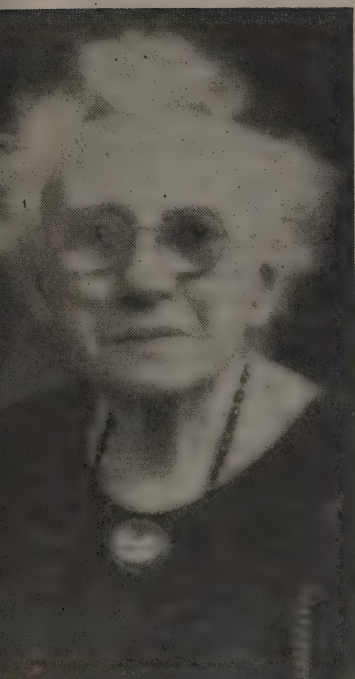
At another time while he was doing odd jobs about town he hauled a load of cobs from the elevator to the home of a Lamoni resident. When he loaded the cobs, the bin was almost empty, and there was more than a normal portion of shucks among the cobs. He feared the customer would protest this condition and all the way to the man's



house he worried on account of what he feared the customer would say when he saw the load of shucks. He hoped he might get unloaded and away unseen, but in this he was disappointed, for the purchaser of the cobs stood in the driveway as he pulled into the yard, waiting to inspect the load. Imagine the driver's surprise when after a thorough inspection he commented: "Just the way I like my cobs—enough shucks so I won't have to use coal oil to start a fire."

Jap was so overcome with surprise that for the time he was speechless; but later to his friends he philosophized: "It don't do any good to worry. What you think is best for the other fellow never suits him and the thing you think he should not have suits him to a tee. A fellow never knows what is really best for him and he often cries over the thing that proves the most beneficial. So why worry? Take life as it comes and if you feel like crying, just laugh it off—it'll work out all right in the end."

After this fashion Jap Smith tried to follow his own philosophy. He never allowed difficulties or the perplexities of life to worry him. He has probably laughed off enough trouble to kill an ordinary man, and if his line of reasoning could only be taken in reasonable quantities it would definitely be a benefit to mankind. So with appreciation for such of his philosophy as we can use with benefit, and forgiveness in our hearts for his slight infringements upon our social regulations, we must accept Jap Smith as an interesting and unusual figure in Lamoni's passing parade.



## FANNY JONES

IT is interesting to note the many different characteristics which go to make up personalities. Quite often we discover in certain people, probably friends we have known for years, some hidden trait of character we did not realize they possessed; and then with others, who are probably more impulsive or spontaneous by nature, whose every action is so much in the open, it seems we sense instinctively and instantly just what their reaction will be, even under the most unusual circumstances.

A character similar to the one last mentioned was typical of Fanny Jones, who will undoubtedly be well remembered by most of the older residents of Lamoni. She was one of the impulsive kind, who wasted no time in getting into action whenever she considered the occasion demanded. She was the wife of Daniel Jones and the mother of a family of four children, and though the responsibilities of the home demanded no little amount of her time and energy, she still found time to assume many additional responsibilities which were of benefit to the community as a whole.

Perhaps it was the case of a little girl in the community who had suddenly become orphaned, that gave so many people cause for concern; and while others hesitated and debated the proper method of procedure, Fanny Jones appeared upon the scene and without further delay took the child home with her, where she gave her a home for several months; and had not relatives of the child later arranged for her care she probably would have been provided a permanent home in the Jones household. Perhaps it was in the home of a widow, the mother of several small children, who became suddenly ill, and when neighbors came into the home they found the children hungry and the family larder empty. In no time Fanny Jones was at the head of a relief party, which in a remarkably short time had an adequate supply of provisions as well as a doctor and a nurse on the job. Perhaps it was in the home of a neighbor whose home had been visited by the angel of death; and here, again, was Fanny Jones, giving, working—performing any task that seemed necessary, even though its performance demanded activity from

cellar to garret. And serving in any capacity, from doing the family washing to arranging details for the funeral service, wherever she saw an opportunity for service she gave freely and to the best of her ability.

While I can personally vouch for the authenticity of the incidents numerated above, and many, many more of a similar nature resulting to the credit of this good woman, one of the most cherished recollections of her is of my own personal experience, and one that will always remain very near to my heart.

My mother was a widow, who endeavored to care for her family on an allowance entirely inadequate to provide the extras that are often desired beyond a bare living. At that time several of the boys about my age were taking up the study of musical instruments, and of course I was desirous of joining this activity—desired it, I thought, more than anything in the world. I had picked around on the instruments belonging to some of my friends until I had developed a haphazard sort of technique which enabled me to produce some semblance of a tune, and one day Mrs. Jones heard me strumming away on the instrument belonging to her son.

"You should have an instrument of your own," she suggested, after she had complimented me upon my accomplishment. "Then you could practice whenever you cared to, and perhaps someday you might become a musician."

The reply I gave her was probably an evasive one, for it seemed to me that the possibility of really owning an instrument of my own was entirely out of the realm of possibility.

"You have a paper route," she suggested, "perhaps you could pay a little out of your proceeds from it toward an instrument."

"I think I could," I replied, gaining encouragement from her apparent interest and intention to help me. "But I am not sure that I could pay more than ten cents a week."

"Then we will see that you get the instrument," she said conclusively, and the bargain was completed without further adieu.

The instrument came in due time, and for me there opened a new world of activity; and I paid her ten cents a week until I had paid the entire amount—five dollars and forty cents. I have owned many musical instruments since that day, some very fine ones, but no one of them brought the thrill that came with the little gourd-shaped mandolin, the thought of which will always bring a flood of precious memories, including visions of a white-haired lady—a friend who really proved to be a real friend throughout life.

With Fanny Jones, neatness of dress was not a matter of prime importance. If the occasion demanded she could put on her dress-up clothes and mingle at ease among those who considered fashion an essential element; and in her time she did no little amount of entertaining, but it was not in this environment that she appeared at her best. I like to think of her on some of her missions of mercy or on



some of her friendly calls about the neighborhood, probably wearing one of her husband's old coats for added warmth and one of his old felt hats, which probably covered her snow-white hair, though its position bore evidence of anything but precise adjustment. To see her dressed in this fashion was not at all uncommon in our neighborhood, and it gave one the impression she had hastily snatched up any article of clothing that came handy in order to reach her objective with as little delay as possible.

My mother often expressed it thus: "Fanny is never satisfied unless she can be where the pot boils the thickest." And this expression seemed to fit her exactly. She was a woman of action, who let no obstacle deter her from her desired objective. She assumed a leading part in many projects of a civic nature, and her support in the interest of any project was assurance of its success. The portable bandstand, which has served at all forms of celebrations over a long period of years, is one of the remaining evidences of her energy, as she headed the committee which raised the funds and supervised the building of it.

Her interests were always with the youth of the community and their development, and it was this interest which prompted her to present to Graceland College the Franklin D. Jones memorial scholarship in honor of her son. The purpose of this scholarship was to assist young people of Lamoni to obtain a college education, who themselves were not in a position to meet the financial obligations involved. This award was the beginning of Graceland's scholarship fund, which has grown with the years, and as the loans are repaid eventually by the students, it has become a perpetual revolving source of benefit to many hundreds of students, who without its aid would have been unable to attend college. And while many individuals have assisted in this worthy cause to build the fund to where it is today, yet to Fanny Jones goes the credit of being the first to establish a definite fund for this specific purpose, and who started the ball rolling which has gained momentum with the passing years.

As might be said of all of us, Fanny Jones probably had her faults. But there are so many good things that can truthfully be said of her that petty criticisms sink into insignificance in comparison. She was truly a diamond in the rough, with a heart of gold, and whose interests and sympathies were always with the underdog; and who would willingly give her last dollar or last ounce of energy to any cause she felt deserved it.

The world today needs people like Fanny Jones—men and women who are not content with merely talking about how things should be done to make a better world, but who are willing to back their belief with vigorous action and thereby insure that good will be accomplished. She was a woman who loved and was loved by her family and friends.

and once she became your friend you never doubted her loyalty. She was a good neighbor, a worker and a fighter for the principles she believed right—a dynamic and unforgettable personality in Lamoni's passing parade.



THE OLD BANDSTAND AS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED.

Built about 1908, it has been remodeled a number of times. Those discernible in front row of picture, left to right: Orren Allen, Forrest Hammer, Ray Hammer.

## ROBERT WHITE

**A** MENTION of the name of Bob White to many of the old-time Lamoni residents would probably bring the remark: "Oh, yes, I remember him. He used to run the east elevator."

He did run the elevator, but I can think of many things about Bob White which created a greater impression upon my memory than the sight of him clad in his dusty overalls, going about his duties in connection with that institution. He had an impressive way of stroking his gray mustache, which was usually made more gray with dust from the grain he was constantly working with, and the twinkle in his eye as he greeted you was a hearty salutation to either youth or adult.

He had been a soldier in the Confederate army during the war between the states, and many times he entertained us youngsters with interesting tales of his experiences during that struggle—tales of events that were not included in our history books, which gave us entirely new viewpoints on many issues vital in the differences that existed between the North and the South. In doing this he was not trying to convert us to the Confederate cause—he was too good a loser for that—but gave us a line of reasoning that helped to broaden our sense of values and thereby enabled us to comprehend certain lessons in tolerance and gave us a more comprehensive realization of our duties as Americans.

For him there was no existing bitterness over the issues which at that time existed between the North and the South. That had all ended with the closing of the war; and with the states again solidly united, his love for his country and his patriotic fervor were equalled only by his love for his family and his God. At the Fourth of July celebrations of early Lamoni he was really in his element, as he always officiated during the firing of the sunrise salute—and what would a Fourth of July celebration have been in those days without a sunrise salute? To the youngsters of the town it was the big event of the day, and many times I crawled out of bed in the wee hours of the morning and with other kids of the neighborhood raced before the break of dawn to the spot where we knew they would fire the anvils the moment the sun showed itself above the horizon.

Firing an anvil is really a simple process, yet the element of danger involved in the procedure is so great that the practice has been discarded almost wholly by those seeking safe and sane celebrations nowadays. Upon the top of one anvil was placed a circular metal band and into this was placed a portion of gun powder, allowing a small portion of it



to trickle through a V-shaped notch that had been filed in the edge of the iron band; then another anvil—usually a smaller one—was placed on top of the metal band, and when the powder was ignited the ensuing explosion resulted in a roar which seemed to shake the very ground on which we stood.

Bob White was very methodical in his preparation for this ceremony. He had a number of anvils set at certain points, with men to do the loading. He had a bonfire burning briskly to heat the iron rods which he used to ignite the powder. He personally made certain that all spectators were at what he considered a safe distance, and then when all was in readiness and the word given, he would take one of the red-hot irons from the fire and quickly step from one anvil to another, igniting the charges which resulted in those mighty detonations, just as in his younger days as a member of an artillery regiment he had fired those Confederate cannon, the repercussions of which were heard around the world.

Now it was entirely different. Bob White was using his experience and technique to help a community demonstrate its patriotism, and the applause and cheers of the onlookers following this demonstration proved that his ability to do the job capably was thoroughly appreciated. He acknowledged this applause with his characteristic smile, and the twinkle in his eye was one of deep satisfaction, for he loved people and loved to see them happy.

The intimate story of Bob White's life was one of courage and accomplishment, and should prove one of encouragement to anyone who has given up to habits and harmful delusions. At one time even his closest friends feared that he had become a hopeless victim of drink, but at the time when the cloud loomed darkest, the manhood that was in him came to the front and he stood out prominently as a man who could face the world unashamed—a man who had definitely conquered himself.

In Lamoni he was known for his honesty, his integrity, his loyalty to his friends; and in memory we see him marching proudly erect, a man who claimed the respect of all who knew him, a Christian gentleman, a faithful soldier in the fight for the right, and an esteemed participant in Lamoni's passing parade.





#### THE INOMAL MANDOLIN CLUB

Seated, left to right: Ray K. Nicholson, Vernon Newberry, E. H. Clum, Forrest Hammer, Joe Anthony.  
Standing, left to right: Orace Currie, Leland Scott, Harbert Bell, Vaughn Bailey.



## E. H. CLUM

MUSICAL interest has been synonymous with the development of Lamoni, and musical activity was at high tide with the turn of the century. There was little to do here in those days in the way of entertainment. Outside of an occasional lyceum number or a traveling stock company holding forth in the local "opera hall," about the only thing in the way of entertainment was provided by home talent. And here the musically minded found outlet for their abilities, much to their own enjoyment as well as doing a large share of the entertaining of the populace as a whole.

When we think of the musical activities of that period, no name stands out more prominently than that of E. H. Clum. Most everyone called him Elgie, but many of the fellows his own age made it shorter than that—with them he was simply "Foot." He was small of stature, slender and but little over five feet tall, wore a small dark mustache, parted his hair in the middle and was a snappy dresser—always looking as immaculate and well groomed as though he had just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox.

He played in the orchestra, was leader of the band and mandolin club and held a prominent place in all the musical activities of the community. He was a tailor by trade but a musician at heart, and in his love for music it was easy for him to drop his needle and thread most any moment of the day if he could participate in some form of musical activity or talk music to some aspiring youngster desirous of beginning a musical career. It was in such an atmosphere that he and I had our first contacts.

I will never forget that day when with a five-dollar mandolin tucked under my arm I marched up the stairs and into his tailor shop to take my first music lesson. During this lesson and those which subsequently followed I was impressed by his musical knowledge and ability, and also by the intense interest he exhibited in my advancement. And there I resolved that I would be a musician—like Elgie Clum. Customers who came to the shop seeking solutions to their tailoring problems while he was employed in giving music lessons received courteous, though brief, attention, and if some of the regular gang who made his shop a loafing place put in appearance, they were immediately ejected and the door securely locked to prevent further interruption. It would seem that this sort of attitude would be detrimental to his tailoring business, but evidently his customers seemed to understand the situation and made the necessary allowances, for his services as a tailor were in demand. He turned out many suits of clothes and most of the best

dressed men in Lamoni of those days wore clothes made by E. H. Clum.

I had been taking lessons but a short time when he organized a group of youngsters of about my age into a mandolin club, and with the passing of a few months we began making public appearances.

Our regular schedule of practice called for one rehearsal a week, but it was nothing unusual for a few members to congregate in the tailorshop most any time of day or evening, and at such times instruments were brought out from corners, under tables, or from the tops of cupboards, and "jam" sessions were almost perpetual.

This did not seem to be in the least displeasing to our instructor and often he would lay aside his work and join us in these spontaneous rehearsals, correcting our mistakes and helping us to obtain a better knowledge of the things we were trying to accomplish. For all this and other instruction and direction he gave us as a group, he received not one cent by way of remuneration—did not to my knowledge intimate that there should be any, in fact he seemed to get as much enjoyment out of it as any of us, and that seemed to be all he desired.

Under such leadership and intensive practice the mandolin club made rapid progress and soon became one of the town's most active musical organizations, appearing upon numerous local programs and creating quite a favorable impression at home and also in some of the surrounding towns. It was about this time that our director arranged to take the group to our county seat to furnish music for one of the outstanding festivities given in Leon that season.

The railroad train was the preferred method of transportation at that time for a trip of that distance, and to travel in that manner necessitated remaining there over night. The musical activities engaged in were highly successful, but attempting to manage about a dozen youngsters lodged in adjoining rooms in a hotel was altogether another proposition, and this one night's housing of this mischievous group was probably more damaging to rooms and fixtures than many nights of occupation by the travelling public. The manager of the hotel was very nice about it all, however, and the cost was not so excessive but that most of the fellows could laugh it off.

In spite of this little difficulty, however, this was an outstanding trip for many of us. Here some of the group had their first experience with indoor toilets—those old-style ones, with the tanks located high up toward the ceiling, that sounded like the rush of Niagara when they were flushed. I think there are plenty of youngsters today who would be frightened if they flushed one of them, so what of a youngster who had no knowledge even of the function of such a contraption and who happened to pull the chain only through accident? It was on this trip, too, that we saw our first automobile. After running a block or more we obtained only a fleeting glimpse of it as it turned the corner—a small red contraption that made a noise similar to a badly worn

mowing machine and which stirred up a cloud of dust and smoke heavily laden with the fumes of burning oil and gasoline.

Business and other interests took E. H. Clum from Lamoni a short time later, but the musical influence he exerted over this community has never departed. All the old-timers remember him, and many of them treasure the memories of his friendship and the valuable musical instruction he imparted to them, nor will they forget the musical heritage he bequeathed to this community. Many of the youngsters of this generation who probably never heard his name are unconsciously sharing in that heritage through training and inspiration that has been handed down through others who gained their knowledge from this source.

If there are such things as guardian spirits, then you may be sure the spirit of Elgie Clum is still hovering close to the musical activities of Lamoni—he would ask no greater privilege. It is a distinct honor and pleasure for me, one of his pupils, to bring you this brief glimpse of one so unassuming and generous, who gave so freely of his talent in the development of an activity that through the years has meant so much to the community and has played so prominent a part in Lamoni's passing parade.



## JOHN LAWRENCE

TO mention John Lawrence is to revive memories of the period when Lamoni was stricken with a severe case of horse-race fever that really threatened to become chronic. The tract of land that is now George Foreman Park had been leased by an enthusiastic group of Lamoni horsemen who had formed a horsemen's association whose purpose was to promote periodic meets where horse racing was the fundamental source of entertainment, and who envisioned this community as a future horse-racing center of the country and George Foreman Park a future Churchill Downs.

This plot already contained a small race track, one that, I think, had been used primarily for bicycle races, but this was not adequate to the needs of the expanding demands; and soon surveyors were at work laying out a new track, who in turn were followed by a crew of men and horses with scoops and graders, and who in a very short time completed the grading and fencing of the new half-mile track. When finally completed this was considered one of the finest race tracks in this section of the state.

Horse barns were constructed which extended across the south end of the lot, and high board fences extended for some distance along both the east and west sides of the track, built for the purpose of obstructing the view of anyone who might endeavor to watch the races without obtaining admission at the gate. An amphitheater stood on the west side of the track about mid-way between the north and south turns, with the judges' stand directly opposite, on the quarter-stretch.

All of these improvements had taken no little amount of time and the progress of the construction program had been watched with interest, both by the association intent upon promoting this sport of kings and also by an excited populace who waited eagerly for the grand opening event. This opening had been widely advertised and some of the best racing animals in this part of the country had been booked. As the opening date approached, men who made horse racing a business began arriving in Lamoni, bringing with them some of the speediest specimens of horseflesh possible to obtain. The horses were stabled in the new barns, and for the most part the trainers spent a large portion of their time, day and night, with the horses; and thus the newly constructed race track became a scene of highly animated activity as the trainers put the horses through their paces in daily training preparatory to the big event.

At length the long-awaited day arrived, and with it all the excitement and suspense that accompanies activities of that kind. As the

time for the first race approached, and amid the blare of band music and the confusion of concession barkers, the contesting drivers, dressed in their highly colored costumes and seated precariously upon their bicycle-wheeled sulkies, were driving around the track to give their animals their final warm-up and the spectators the opportunity of viewing their high-spirited steeds. It was really a magnificent sight, which gave promise of something extraordinary in the entertainment of the day.

At this time, however, another contestant appeared upon the scene. Surely he could not claim professional standing in the horse-racing field, for his appearance provided a marked contrast to anything that so far had appeared upon the track. Immediately all eyes were turned in the direction of the newcomer, a man of rather heavy build, who was dressed in ordinary working garb and perched upon an old-fashioned high-wheeled cart, to which was hitched a small dark brown mare, whose appearance was no more impressive than that of her driver. In fact, she looked very much like a common farm animal, and the whole outfit seemed completely out of place among the elaborate equipment and high-spirited steeds now in readiness for the starter's bell.

"Who is that fellow and what's he doing here?" queried a voice in the crowd. "Surely they're not going to allow him to enter this race."

"He says he's a farmer from up around Terre Haute," said another spectator, at which remark quite a jeer arose from the crowd; and as the newcomer and his steed passed the stand many were the cries of derision that greeted them. The driver of this odd-looking outfit was evidently a good-natured sort of fellow, for instead of showing resentment over this type of reception he smiled pleasantly at the crowd and waved his old soft hat in a friendly salute, while the little mare, dwarfed in size by the extreme height of the wheels of the rattle-trap old cart trailing behind her, jogged along as though she were making a routine trip on the farm.

As the horses took their positions for the start of the race there was a new interest among the spectators, for in addition to the concern over picking a winner, there were all kinds of speculations as to where the farmer and his nag would place. On this point they were not kept long in doubt, for as the horses came down the track and the starter sounded the bell which was the signal to go, the little dark mare showed something in speed that no one dreamed she possessed. In a twinkling she assumed the lead and a moment later she gained the coveted inside position, and from that moment there was no question as to which horse would prove the winner.

As they reached the final stretch the other drivers tried desperately to reduce the distance between their racers and the little mare, but this only resulted in several breaking gait and losing rather than gaining, while the little mare trotted leisurely under the wire several

lengths ahead of her nearest rival. Of course the crowd thundered its approval and the big, good-natured driver, as he passed the spectators, stood up in his cart, dropped the lines, and with a broad, mischievous grin and a wave of his battered old hat shouted: "Hurrah for Terre Haute!"

This was Lamoni's introduction to John Lawrence, and I know of no man who ever leaped into popularity here so suddenly and so sensationally; and the interesting thing about it all was the fact that as long as John Lawrence remained a resident of Lamoni he retained that popularity. He did make a pretense at farming and, as I remember, owned a couple of farms in this locality, but at heart he was just one thing—a horseman; and from the moment of his initial appearance on the Lamoni track he became one of the permanent fixtures there, making it his headquarters as long as the track operated.

He was a congenial, happy-go-lucky sort of man, who had eliminated the word "stranger" from his vocabulary; he knew everyone and everyone knew him—from the smallest youngster to the dignitaries of the town. But horses were his hobby. He had followed the tracks most of his life, and he knew every horse of any prominence in the country and knew his pedigree by heart.

But to know John Lawrence as most people in Lamoni knew him at that time was to think of him as just one of a team, and that is the way I will always remember him. Yes, the other member of the team was Jessie, the little dark brown mare, for whenever you saw one of them, you knew instinctively that the other was close by. Jessie was really a blueblood in the realm of racing, and her breeding was of the finest. She was so well trained that she could have gone onto the track without a driver and have run a better race than most horses with an expert driver behind them. She had life and spirit to equal the best, but she never became excited or unmanageable on the track. She was as gentle as a kitten and she loved to be rubbed and petted. Had she been a human, there is no telling how many hearts she might have broken; for I know many a youngster who made it a special point to save a piece of candy from his meager allowance so that he could slip it to her as he passed her stall.

John Lawrence was not a long-time resident of Lamoni, but in the time he lived here he made many friends who still like to think of him, and recall those days when he and little Jessie were the toast of the track—when they were a sensational team in Lamoni's passing parade.





## ELMER WEDDLE

**D**URING the years I was connected with the public schools here, I had opportunity to meet and become intimately acquainted with many individuals whose lives have been a source of inspiration and a treasure house of cherished memories. Among these was Elmer Weddle, who with his parents moved to Lamoni a number of years back and became a student in the local school.

He was at that time, I think, in his freshman year and was a rather backward sort of lad, inflicted to quite a degree with an inferiority complex which was probably developed to some extent by deafness which had followed an experience with mastoiditis when he was but a youngster. Like most people who are hard of hearing it was difficult for him to enter freely into general conversation with the boys and girls his age, and during any school gatherings where they were naturally thrown together he had but little to say and usually preferred to remain quietly in the background.

For all of his shyness, however, it was obvious that he possessed to quite an extent the love of music which seems to be so prominent in the Weddle family, and after we had passed the first stages of friendship and I had gained his confidence sufficiently, he volunteered to confide in me some of his aims and ambitions. I found that while he was vitally interested and would like to take part in musical activities, he hesitated to enter them as he felt he was not capable and could never hope to perform as acceptably as a number of individuals he mentioned.

It took some time to get his complete story, but eventually it came out, though in a reluctant and hesitating way, as though he hardly dared to give voice to his desires. He wanted to play an instrument—the trombone—desired it above anything he could think of, but he didn't suppose he could ever learn it, and besides, he had no instrument and did not know where or how he could possibly procure one.

I had heard similar stories many times, and so often they were mere childish notions which passed almost as spontaneously as they came, and though his story interested me intensely I tried to hold my own impulses in check until I could make sure that he was as serious about the matter as he seemed. But no matter how hard I tried to

disregard his apparent earnestness I found it impossible, for there was a certain note of appeal in his manner I could not forget, and so a day or two later I informed him that I had secured a trombone for his use and he could start lessons immediately. He was overjoyed but somewhat uncertain about the lessons, as he did not see how he could possibly pay for them. I assured him he could help me with odd jobs, which should leave nothing for him to worry about, and I would prefer that rather than thinking too much about his lack of finances he give his major attention to making all possible progress in learning to play.

He entered into this phase with enthusiasm and he did make excellent progress, but as the weeks went by I could see that he was becoming more and more concerned about the work I had promised but had not given him. He had kept a record of the lessons he had taken, as well as the time he had worked in payment, and he felt that unless I could provide more work he did not feel justified in continuing because the time he had so far given was not nearly sufficient to balance the account. I tried to convince him that this item was of little concern and that everything would work out in the end, but I could see that my explanation did not satisfy him.

A few days later when I arrived at the schoolhouse to conduct my after-school classes I was very much surprised upon entering the music room to find chairs, music racks and other necessary equipment all in place and ready for the entry of the class. I was not a little puzzled, as I usually took care of these details myself, but passed it off with the thought that my good friend the janitor had probably planned it to surprise me, so without further thought I went ahead with the details involved in conducting the work of two classes which kept me occupied for the next two hours. At the end of this time, however, the explanation was not long in coming, for as I dismissed the last class and the pupils started to depart, the door opened and in walked Elmer Weddle with a smile of triumph upon his face and immediately he began taking down the racks and putting away the chairs as though it was his regular job, and when I tried to help he waved me back out of the way. Thinking it was but a temporary impulse that prompted the venture I gave way to him and allowed him to finish up the task to his satisfaction.

The days which followed proved that with him it was not just a temporary impulse, for day after day he was there, ready to perform any task he thought would be of assistance in preparation for each of my classes and with their conclusion he would go to other parts of the building to study or otherwise occupy himself while he waited the two hours to pass so he could help to remove the equipment. While I appreciated his help and his good intentions I felt that there were other things he should probably be doing at the time he was helping me and I tried to explain to him that he might be needed at home, but all this explanation was of no avail. According to his reasoning

I had promised to furnish work to pay for his lessons and if I did not provide that opportunity he intended to make it. In time I did prevail upon him to exercise a degree of moderation in the offering of his services but this was acceptable only upon condition that I would call upon him at any time I needed help.

He made rapid progress upon his instrument and a short time later a vacancy occurred in the orchestra, and though a person with more experience would have been desirable, I offered him the opportunity to fill it because I felt that what he lacked in experience he would more than make up for in effort. This was during the winter and we were bending every effort toward preparation for the music contest which was to be held in Lamoni that spring. His reaction toward filling the vacancy was just what I knew it would be. It was the opportunity he had longed and hoped for and he determined to demonstrate that the confidence placed in him was justified.

He undertook the task conscientiously and with determination, and in a short time he had memorized his parts to the various contest pieces and was able to handle them surprisingly well. He had never been entirely free from the discomfort left by the affliction which was the cause of his deafness and with the coming of the dampness and cold of the spring weather it was bothering him more than usual, and upon the advice of a physician his parents finally decided that he should enter a hospital for treatment.

I will always remember that day when he came to tell me of their decision. He had suffered affliction and physical discomfort to the extent that he appreciated the value of good health and normal living, and these he desired more than any other one thing in life, but then his beginning in musical activities had opened up a new world to him and now with his opportunities along this line and the approaching contest he visioned many additional advantages he was loath to forego; but he was courageous and optimistic about the outcome and as we parted he said: "When they get me fixed up I'll be O. K. I'll be able to hear better and then I know I will be a better trombone player. And don't worry; I'll be back in time for the contest."

With these words he left, but little did he realize then what the ordeal was to cost him. At the hospital they found his condition more serious than they had anticipated and the only hope of recovery called for an immediate operation upon the brain. Following this operation he seemed to improve rapidly and in the course of a comparatively few days was able to be out of bed and had even received notice of the date upon which he would be released from the hospital. This good news he sent home as quickly as possible and then suddenly he became worse and was again rushed to the operating room, where the incision was reopened and another portion of his brain removed; and every twenty-four hours thereafter for several days this ordeal was repeated until his condition passed beyond the stage of human endurance and even-



tually his suffering was relieved only by that long sleep which subdues all earthly trials.

Throughout all this series of operations, whenever his mind was clear enough for him to think at all, he seemed to have one thing uppermost in his thoughts and to the doctors and nurses he emphasized it repeatedly—they must make him well as quickly as possible, so he could be home in time for the music contest. In spite of the doctors' skill and his supreme courage and determination, however, the outcome was inevitable.

On the day of the contest I assisted others in transferring a casket from the local railroad train to the ambulance. To think of its holding the earthly remains of Elmer Weddle did not adequately portray the true condition, for in my heart I knew that beneath that cloth-draped cover also rested the earthly aims and ambitions of a lad who loved life and who wanted to live to carry them to completion.

Yes, Elmer had kept his promise; he had arrived home in time for the contest but not as he or we had anticipated. So far as that contest is concerned he was not permitted to make the contribution he planned, but in memory he is still a living unit of those activities, and the heritage he left us—his sincerity, his loyalty and his courage—is a vital element in the record of Lamoni's passing parade.



r. and Mrs. J. W. Crawford

## DR. J. W. CRAWFORD

IT has been said that all citizens are law-breakers, but the reason we do not all pay the penalty for our transgressions is because a very small percentage of the guilty are apprehended. Of this number who are proven guilty of certain infractions of the law some allowance should be made for a certain percentage of miscarriage of justice, where the innocent are forced to suffer the penalties of the guilty.

It was in this latter class Dr. J. W. Crawford, one-time practicing physician of Lamoni, claimed to be. Although he had twice served sentences in state institutions as penalties for law infringements he stoutly maintained his innocence on both counts and according to his own statement had begun the writing of a book under the title: "Twice Tried, Twice Convicted but Still Innocent."

In spite of these encounters with the law which involved long and costly trials in the courts and periods of confinement, he carried on an extensive medical practice which took him into hundreds of homes throughout this section of the country. He remodeled the upper floor of the France Block and converted it into a hospital while at the same time he started work on a new hospital building which according to his plans would be the finest building in Lamoni and one of the finest hospitals in this part of Iowa.

The foundation and basement walls of this building were completed but lawyers' fees, court costs and numerous other expenses demanded a toll too heavy for him to meet and after months of planning and effort he was forced to give up this ambitious project and the uncompleted building along with the land on which it stood was finally sold and the building which now houses the Kelley Implement Company was erected on this site.

In spite of his legal entanglements Dr. Crawford was a jovial and congenial person. He was clever and intelligent and was considered an efficient and dependable physician and surgeon. He had many friends who readily overlooked the circumstances which had brought him at variance with the law and considered him equal to the best in his field.

As a youngster I remember several instances of contacts with him which were not at all unpleasant, and the memories I retain of him are very favorable. I remember upon one occasion he came into a little shop where I was employed and at the time was endeavoring to repair some pieces of furniture, and in the process was spreading glue upon the pieces to be joined with a brush. Although he had come in to

interview the proprietor of the establishment upon a matter of business he became instantly interested in the work I was attempting to do.

"You can't do a good job of gluing that way, my boy," he said, and the tone of his voice at once gave me the impression that his one thought was to be helpful. "Let me show you some tricks about gluing. You know I have spent some time in a furniture factory, and even though it was against my will, I learned some things I have found to be very useful."

He gave vent to a rather resentful chuckle but proceeded at once to fashion a small piece of wood to the proper shape he considered necessary to properly spread the glue and explained as he did so that the glue should be spread thinly and evenly and be kept at the proper temperature in order to do a satisfactory job; and the applicator he had fashioned was in his opinion the best means of accomplishing the desired results. "The state went to a lot of trouble and spent a lot of the people's money to teach me that trick," he said with another chuckle as he completed the gluing job, "and if it is of any value to you, you are welcome to it."

Needless to say, I have found it of much value and I have passed it on to many others who were interested in woodworking and to this day I never prepare a stick for that purpose that I do not think of Dr. Crawford. He seemed to be a man of limitless ideas although many of them were not so simple or practical as the glue stick. I once heard him make the remark: "My head is full of ideas that would make me a rich man if I only had time to work them out." I have often contemplated that statement. It seems if the working of an idea is all that is required to make one rich, it might be worth while to take the time.

And perhaps that was the thought Dr. Crawford had in mind when he gave up his medical practice and started the promotion of the really big venture of his life—the building of a railroad which was to run from Minneapolis, Minn., to Port Arthur, Texas, with Lamoni directly upon the route. This was to be a big thing for Lamoni to be located upon a railroad crossing the nation from north to south, and when it was completed, he planned that the people of Lamoni should be first to enjoy the advantages offered by this new development. He would arrange for the town officials to declare a prolonged holiday and during this season trains would carry all the local inhabitants who cared to go, upon one grand excursion to Port Arthur and return at the expense of the company.

Stock was sold and the new company was duly organized. An expedition was arranged to cover the proposed route, selling additional stock and making preparation for the surveying and purchasing of the right-of-way. This expedition traversed the distance from Lamoni to Port Arthur, using horses and wagons as the method of travel, but the project as a whole did not turn out to be the success the doctor had



anticipated. He found it one thing to plan such an undertaking on paper but an entirely different matter when it came to raising sufficient capital to purchase the hundreds of miles of land and all other essential equipment for a project of such magnitude. With this realization came a suspension of further efforts of promotion and after a time the project was conceded a failure.

History will undoubtedly classify Dr. J. W. Crawford as a man possessed of fantastic ambitions, and some of his enemies have criticized him severely, but along with all that might be said against him, it can also be truthfully said he did much good and made many friends. He was deeply interested in Lamoni and her progress and in his way hoped he might do something that would help in her development. A dreamer he might have been, but dreams are necessary prerequisites to worthwhile endeavor and the margin between failure and success is very often so narrow that a very insignificant circumstance turns the tide one way or the other. Had the tide turned in his favor his might have been an entirely different story. However, it seems this was not to be and in memory we think of him as an unfortunate and disappointed though colorful character in Lamoni's passing parade.

## CHARLES BRADFIELD

EARLY Lamoni was not without its picturesque spots, which attracted more than usual interest in the process of daily contacts and associations involved in the business of living and of commerce. To me such a place was the little blacksmith shop conducted by Uncle Charlie Bradfield, which was located upon the corner across the street south of where the Ford garage now stands.

A row of large shade trees lined this street in those days and on hot summer days the shade was especially inviting; since there were usually improvised seats of some kind—benches, boxes or some type of farm wagon or implement brought to the shop for repair—which offered opportunity for rest and relaxation, it was not an unusual sight to see a group of men or boys with idle time at hand whiling away their time and enjoying the welcome shade.

The little blacksmith shop was a dingy, ill-ventilated affair with its wide front door, which during the summer was thrown open to provide better ventilation and to allow the escapement of the smoke and fumes which refused to follow the charted course consisting of a small length of stove pipe with a flange at the end over the forge and connected to a brick chimney at the end of the room. Around and about this pipe the smoke belched forth in a great cloud as the huge bellows was pumped up and down to give added draft to the fire, making possible the heating of the metal to the desired temperature. And it was here Uncle Charlie, a little black-haired Englishman, who wore a beard that matched the color of his hair, put in his time, swinging his heavy hammer, which fell with a loud clang upon the anvil as he shaped glowing pieces of hot iron and formed them to the desired shape as readily as though they were made of putty. Here he also shod the farmers' horses with shoes of iron or performed any of the numerous tasks which in those days fell to the lot of the village smithy.

Whenever I think of Charles Bradfield's blacksmith shop I think of those words of Longfellow in the *Village Blacksmith*:

“And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar.  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing floor.”

It was not always after school that we looked in at the open door but most any time we happened along that way, as it was really a

center of interest to us. First of all he always made us welcome and he had so much to tell us of his personal experiences, which were unusually interesting, and then, I guess, we just liked to hear him talk. Like so many Englishmen, he had a way of adding or omitting his "h's" which often led to expressions that sounded more or less ludicrous. Upon one occasion a customer had asked him about replacing an axe handle and was curious as to what procedure he should use to remove the broken handle.

"You'll 'ave to 'eat it," explained Uncle Charlie, endeavoring to be helpful.

The customer turned to us with a significant wink and a smile which emphasized the incredulousness of the task prescribed, and then as he turned to leave he paused for a moment and asked mischievously: "I am not sure I understand; what is it you say I should eat?"

"The haxe," shouted Uncle Charlie, not a little exasperated. "The haxe, 'eat the haxe, and then you can drive the hold 'andle hout."

And as the inquisitive one left the shop with a broad grin upon his face Uncle Charlie turned to his work and muttered: "Con twist it! Why is it so 'ard for some people to hunderstand?"

Then in the next breath he would relieve us of any desire to laugh at his English ways by relating some fragment of his experiences or other bits of philosophy. He was one of those pioneers who had followed the early emigrants who had gone to Utah, and during the time he had resided there he had been very closely associated with Brigham Young. Many of the stories he told were founded upon incidents which occurred while he was in the employ of the famous Mormon leader. In fact the first job he accepted upon his arrival there was for Mr. Young, and upon its completion Brigham asked him if he would like to take his pay in tomatoes.

Uncle Charlie had just recently come from the old country and had never seen a tomato, in fact knew nothing of the existence of them, and when Brigham escorted him to the patch and insisted that he sample one, he followed the bidding, but with the first bite he expelled it instantly. The taste to him was terrible—he thought Brigham was trying to poison him.

In time he became a regular employee in the Brigham Young opera house in Salt Lake City and many were the interesting tales he told of his experiences there. According to Uncle Charlie it was a wonderful "the-hater," with a strong accent upon the "hater," and many times we suppressed a smile as we listened to his accounts of those early days in Utah and especially those relating to his connection with this institution, which undoubtedly was one of the first to develop a schedule of shows and various forms of entertainment for the benefit of those Utah pioneers.

And while these experiences were only memories, yet in his thinking they remained unusually vivid and were a definite factor in helping to



form certain conclusions. One day a customer came into his shop to have some work done and in the settlement for it there had been some misunderstanding. The argument waxed warm and then hot, but finally, before either became too drastic in action, a peaceable settlement was negotiated. Nevertheless, Uncle Charlie was plenty hot under the collar when sometime later he told us about the affair.

"'E wanted to fight," he exclaimed excitedly, "me, who used to box in a thehater; 'e didn't realize the risk 'e was takin'."

"But he is much younger than you, Uncle Charlie," we suggested. "He might have made it pretty tough for you."

"Con twist it, yes," he exploded, giving vent to his favorite by-word; "'e may be younger but 'e couldn't put a 'and on me. 'E never did box in a thehater."

Poor old Uncle Charlie! He was too kindhearted to ever fight with anyone, especially over a matter involving but a few cents, but he did not want us to think he was afraid, and bolstered up his courage with the thought that because he had practiced a little with the boxing gloves when he was a young man that he was still invincible. While the statement that he had boxed in a theater sounded quite professional, yet in fact the only boxing experiences he knew were when he and his friends put on the gloves for a friendly bout while they waited their turn at shifting scenery.

Slight inclinations to boast did not in any way detract from his personality, in fact they were but an essential element in his make-up, and the attention and consideration he gave us youngsters made his little shop a favorite stopping place. In my visits there I learned much by observation. He was the first man that I recall seeing use a center punch to make a slight dent in a piece of metal at the spot he wished to drill a hole—a common practice among metal workers—and though I have since seen it done hundreds of times, yet I rarely make use of a punch for this purpose that I do not think of Uncle Charlie Bradfield and his little blacksmith shop.

And among this rush of memories, mostly happy, are some that were otherwise. One day I had stopped in to chat with him as usual and had been there but a short time when one of the local boys came rushing into the shop and over to where I was standing. He had just been to the depot and while there a message had come over the wire bearing the news that my father had passed away in a little town in Utah. He was a missionary and had died in his field, many miles from home. The boy's message was abrupt and startling to me, but what he lacked in tact was more than compensated for in Uncle Charlie's demonstration of sympathy and kindness, which will always remain a precious memory.

In the thinking of the followers of Joseph Smith, and to make use of one of their favorite expressions, Charles Bradfield was truly one of the old-time Latter Day Saints. He had sacrificed much for the sake

of his religious belief, he was honest and sincere. He, like many others, chose to make Lamoni his home, as he felt that in the building of a community of the type it was planned to be, it offered the most favorable environment in which to live and raise his family. His contribution may have been a humble one, but in any event he gave the best he had to give, and like Longfellow's village blacksmith he "looked the whole world in the face" frankly and fearlessly, because there was nothing in his life to be ashamed of. In memory I will always think of him as an interesting, companionable person, an understanding and sympathetic friend, and a worthy participant in Lamoni's passing parade.

## MARGARET ALLEN

IT WAS during my early days in Lamoni that one of my newly made friends and I were walking south on Linden street, and as we passed the house which at that time stood opposite the Methodist Church we became interested in a discussion which was taking place between two men and a woman at that location. One of the men, who according to my friend was the owner of the home and the husband of the lady in the group, was busily engaged in removing paint from the house by the use of a blowtorch, but between periods of alternately applying the torch to soften the paint and its removal with a putty knife he would pause at intervals to point with one hand or the other in the direction of the spire upon the church across the street, while his companions looked intently in that direction, indicating definitely that the subject of the conversation had something to do with that part of the building.

As we came close enough to hear their conversation it became evident it was just friendly banter among the three, with the men taking sides against the woman, and the subject for the conversation was the fact that the woodpeckers had riddled the wooden spire which at that time adorned the belfry of the church, until it was badly perforated and looked as though it were about ready to break in pieces at several points.

"It's too bad that we have lived just across the street and allowed those woodpeckers to do all that damage," we heard the woman say. "If they keep on they'll ruin the whole building."

"If you know how to stop them, go ahead," twitted her husband, winking significantly at his friend. "I'd like to see what you would do about it."

"I know what I would do," she replied with a tone of confidence in her voice, and she stepped inside the house, returning a moment later with a rifle in her hand.

"Two to one you can't hit a woodpecker at this distance," bantered the other man.

She made no reply but when a moment later one of the offending birds lighted upon the spire, she brought the rifle to her shoulder and, taking quick aim, fired, and the woodpecker instantly folded his wings and plummeted to the ground. In rapid succession two other woodpeckers lighted upon the forbidden spire and quickly shared a similar fate.

We heard no more talk of wagers, as this demonstration instantly quieted any further discussion upon this subject; and the men silently turned to their painting while my friend and I continued our way,



thoroughly convinced that for a woman Margaret Allen was the best marksman we knew of, and in fact there was doubt in our minds as to whether there were any men of our acquaintance who could duplicate the feat of marksmanship we had just witnessed.

The next event which brought Margaret Allen to my attention was when she and her husband, George Allen, opened a little restaurant on Main street which rapidly became one of the centers of activity, and from then on they were known by everyone as Tede and Margie; and there were many things about their conduct of this business which were unique and attractive to all who had transactions there. Almost from the beginning they established a reputation for the excellence of their homemade ice cream, and their trade increased to the point that it was next to impossible to make it in sufficient quantities to meet the demand. It was then that Tede installed a large freezer and a gasoline engine to furnish the power, which increased the interest of the populace, as this was something new to Lamoni—a power-driven ice cream freezer—and when it was in operation there was often a group of curious on-lookers to witness the process.

The construction of this apparatus was just an amateur job, with guy wires or rods to hold the different units in line, and if one of these wires became loosened, the belt would slip off the pulley and the whole set-up would have to be readjusted. On the whole, it was just about one man's work to keep the machine in operating condition and another man was needed to crush the ice and keep the freezer filled, and Tede and Vic Krucker spent many a day in this fashion in an attempt to supply the hungry multitudes who upon hot days clamored for Margie's ice cream.

When ice cream cones really came into demand she added another feature to the business by making her own cones, which we thought were just a little better than the factory-run of cones and added to the appeal of her homemade ice cream. It was interesting, too, to see her make these cones, as she cooked them upon a special griddle and then formed them over a wooden cone before laying them away to cool.

It seemed that when it came to preparing anything of an edible nature she had the knack of adding just the right proportions of essential ingredients to give it a taste appeal that was outstandingly different from the ordinary. The soft drinks she served over the counter, and especially the milk shakes she served (and the milk shake was one of the most popular drinks in those days), had a flavor all their own, which was distinctly different and held for a long list of exclusive customers an appeal which convinced them that nowhere else could the quality be equalled.

And when it came to her roasted peanuts, she was in a class by herself. There was the ordinary run of roasted peanuts, and then there were peanuts roasted by Margie Allen—every one of them the big,

double-jointed, hump-backed, California kind, and every kernel roasted uniformly to a rich golden-brown, which made them brittle and crunchy and gave them a flavor so rich and delicious that it demonstrated peanuts at their very best; and to eat them with her richly flavored chocolate-dipped caramels gave one the ultra-ultra in confection enjoyment and a taste treat that will never be surpassed, even in the highly flaunted modern candy kitchens where sweet-scented aromas from boiling kettles are wafted upon the air amid the glamor of smiling girls in spotless white aprons.

In addition to all these good things to eat in the Allen restaurant there was one of those roulette contraptions—a forerunner of the modern slot machine—into which you dropped your nickels and spun the wheel, and if the ball stopped upon any of the lucky numbers you would receive up to three times the amount of your nickel. As there were no blanks it was all to gain and nothing to lose, so almost everyone took a try at the wheel when making a purchase.

Is it any wonder that with all these attractions the Allen restaurant was one of the popular centers for the youth of Lamoni of those days? With advancing age, however, Margie lost much of the initiative and drive that for so many years was so noticeable in the conducting of the business, and as the years slipped by she gave up many of the lines of merchandise for which the business was noted, until finally she depended almost wholly upon what she previously had considered the lesser items. Of course she operated the peanut roaster and provided for the wants of the lovers of that commodity. She also sold cigars and some candies, and then in her declining years she became famous in a new line of merchandising—penny candies for the youngsters.

Quite naturally in previous years her institution had always been a place of interest to the youngsters, but now, when she really began catering to their wants, it became doubly so, and a penny sale to a youngster seemed just as important and worthy of her consideration as a larger sale to an adult. She stocked her cases and windows with penny goods—all-day suckers, jaw-breakers, candy canes, licorice plugs and a hundred and one other varieties of candy which attracted the youngsters from all over town, and many a penny that was intended as tithing or for the collection plate at Sunday school found its way into Margie Allen's cash drawer.

At one time a certain Lamoni family planned to spend the Fourth of July in the city and the evening before were discussing the many places they intended to visit while there and the things they intended to do, when the wee daughter of the family, thinking of her own interests, exclaimed, "Mother, do they have a Margie Allen store in Des Moines?"

The mother, not a little amused and attempting to pacify the child, replied, "Oh, there are many stores there, really large ones that sell all kinds of things—anything you want."

"Well," said the little girl, still a little doubtful, "if they don't have one just like Margie Allen's, I would rather celebrate in Lamoni."

Upon another occasion a young lad in our neighborhood was awakened one morning by the sound of the fire whistle, and as he sleepily rubbed his eyes he heard his mother say to his father as she turned from the phone, "The fire is in the barber shop."

Instantly this statement started things moving in the boy's mind, and the resulting conclusions were anything but comforting to him. In fact it seemed to him that dire disaster was imminent. He jumped from his bed, grabbed his clothes and rushed into the room where his parents were eating breakfast. "Did you hear that, Dad?" he shouted excitedly. "The barber shop is on fire. Gosh, if it's the one next to Margie Allen's store, we've got to do something and do it mighty quick."

Yes, Margaret Allen had many friends and supporters. She was one of the pioneer business women of Lamoni and was the motivating spirit behind the activities of this business institution which was so prominent in the development of early Lamoni, and the part she played is indelibly inscribed in the hearts and memories of every citizen who had occasion to visit their little restaurant, and especially those who as youngsters were fortunate enough to experience the thrill which came to each as he enjoyed the products of her skill, or merely from being numbered among her clientele. In this way the service she rendered was a worthy one and a real contribution to Lamoni's passing parade.



## A. W. FLEET

HE was a tall, slender, curly-haired youth, whose clear blue eyes reflected the mischief and good humor that bounded forth so freely and impulsively that when in his company they gave definite assurance that commonplace or dull moments were simply out of the question. His name was Albert, but in those days we called him Si, a nickname that did not wear too well, though one which is still productive of many worth-while memories.

While we were in the same grade in school, yet during those first months of our acquaintance we were not too congenial, due probably to the fact that I attended the west side school and he was an "east-sider." And at that time I personally could find but very little commendable connected with anyone who came under that classification. High school, however, was the great melting pot, which in those days tempered and annealed these rival factions; for after a few months of attendance there these feelings of antagonism that existed between east and west-siders gradually gave way, until in time they were virtually forgotten.

It was during this first year in high school that Albert became interested in music and began the study of the guitar, and a short time later became a member of our mandolin club; and from then on he and I became close buddies. Often when we had plans for the evening, I went home with him after school and helped him do the chores, thus enabling us to get an earlier start on the activities of the evening. In those days I liked to milk cows, and, as he did not, this portion of his chores naturally fell to my lot. Each time this arrangement was made, his mother—as sweet and motherly a person as it was ever my pleasure to know—would smile in her kindly way as she handed me the milk pail with the remark: "We will get more milk this evening. We always get more milk when Joe does the milking."

But this little twit about his failure to attend to the details of the stripping did not worry Albert in the least, for the quicker he finished the milking, the sooner he could participate in other activities which were very much more to his liking. In those days Graceland College boasted no instrumental groups, and as the members of the mandolin club were eager to participate in any or all community and college activities, they often assisted in college programs of different kinds. It was while they were assisting with a college play, that during a lull in the rehearsal some of the boys of the club wandered away on a little trip of exploration that really turned into quite an unusual adventure.

At that time none of the third floor of the Ad Building was finished, though some of the rooms had been hastily partitioned off as dormitory rooms to form temporary sleeping quarters for some of the boys who helped with student industrial assignments about the college grounds, and when we entered one of these rooms and found the regular occupant absent, we proceeded with boyish enthusiasm to decorate the room in a way that was unique and novel. In close proximity to this room was stored a variety of articles intended as the beginning of a college museum, and in a very few minutes a number of these articles occupied ridiculous but conspicuous places about the room. The old spinning wheel, the ox yoke, the buffalo head . . . and yes, Aristotle, the owl, all assumed important places in completing as heterogeneous a motif of decoration as probably was ever planned upon such short notice—all under the guidance and direction of one Albert Fleet.

This undertaking was not completed, however, when our efforts were rudely interrupted. At once all work ceased, and in a moment some of the workers instantly departed. The sound of someone moving about in the adjoining room gave evidence that it was occupied, and instantly we realized that if we wished to escape apprehension our safety depended entirely upon a hasty retreat. This we did, but as we passed the door which opened into the room from which the sounds came, we noticed in the dim light that an old-fashioned hasp and staple was attached to the door. Evidently it had been placed there to permit the fastening of the door from the outside. No arrangement could have served our immediate purpose to better advantage and we were not slow to make use of the opportunity. One lad quickly adjusted the hasp over the staple while another hurriedly slipped a small piece of wood in place, locking the door securely. Then we knew that no matter who the occupant of the room happened to be, he could cause us no further trouble. So we returned leisurely to the chapel, and, losing ourselves in the rehearsal, we forgot entirely the locked door upon the third floor.

The next day being Saturday, there was practically no activity about the college building, and it was only by a mere matter of chance that the janitor late that afternoon happened into the vicinity of this particular room. When he did, however, his attention was attracted by numerous abnormal noises which seemed to center behind that door, and as he mounted the last flight of steps there was no doubt as to the source of the commotion. He lost no time but hastened in that direction, where a lusty voice from within the room demanded that he open the door. When the janitor finally lifted the improvised latch and looked into the room, he realized immediately the significance of the situation, for instead of releasing one of the students, who we thought was the occupant of the room when we locked

the door, instead he beheld an irate faculty member, who had been locked within the room for almost twenty-four hours.

Among other adventures I especially remember one that happened when Albert and I drove out into the country to take the hired girl to her home, where she was accustomed to spend the week ends with her parents. We had made the trip several times and it was an experience we really looked forward to, as it offered opportunity for a variety of adventures. One time we conceived the idea of returning by way of Davis City. This made the trip considerably longer but it gave opportunity for a brief chat with some of the feminine residents of that town in whom we had become genuinely interested. We were just entering that period of life when boys like to feel they are approaching manhood. We had passed the stage of cornstalk cigarettes, had even confirmed our maturity by taking a few puffs of regular cigarettes filled with tobacco; but neither of us had made sufficient progress along this line that we could be classed as experienced smokers. But on this particular day, when we started the return trip, Si brought from his pocket two large black cigars. What a wonderful idea it was! For where would we ever find a more favorable opportunity to indulge unmolested in this practice, which undoubtedly lifted one immediately above the standing of a mere boy and elevated him to the plane of full-fledged manhood! So we lighted up and felt very important as we rode along the country road, laughing and talking as we exhaled great clouds of cigar smoke and endeavored to adopt all the familiar mannerisms of confirmed cigar smokers.

But we had not gone too far when our merriment gradually subsided. For some reason I began to feel terribly uncomfortable and my head became so feathery light it seemed it would surely leave my shoulders and float away into space. About this time I glanced at Si and noted that his face had turned a chalky-white; however, with a noticeable effort he returned my look of inquiry as he tried bravely to smile . . . but the effort ended in dismal failure.

"I've got to get out of here," he muttered finally, as he dropped his half-smoked cigar and brought the horse to a stop. A moment later two deathly sick youngsters scrambled out of the buggy, tied the horse to the nearest fence post, and then prostrated themselves upon the grass by the roadside while the world and everything upon it swirled in topsy-turvy fashion before their aching eyes. How long we remained thus I would not attempt to estimate, but in time the dizziness and nauseating sensation subsided somewhat, but even so, it was some time before we felt capable of attempting the return journey. This experience, however, had robbed the trip of any desire for additional adventure. Davis City had even lost its attraction . . . we had celebrated enough for that day.

To enumerate all the experiences connected with those youthful associations would consume more space than here lies at our command;





#### THE SAXES

C. Howard White, Harry E. Gelatt, Albert W. Fleet, Leonard Dickey



and while today they are amusing and interesting to think about, yet, at the same time the thought only deepens that unsolved quandary which will always surround the adventures of adolescence.

When Albert and I definitely reached the confirmed dating stage it opened a new field of experiences. We ran in the same crowd and often arranged our dates so that we were together. In this we got along splendidly until the time came when we both became interested in the same girl, and when, as fate decreed, we tried to date her the same evening. As luck would have it, I arrived at her home first and was comfortably seated in the living room, visiting with the young lady, when there came a rap at the door. She seemed a little perturbed and insisted that I step into an adjoining room, which I did, but at the time I was entirely innocent as to whom the newcomer might be. From my point of vantage, however, though out of his sight, I could see plainly the outer opening, and as she stepped outside I did not fail to note that he who sought entrance was tall and slender, with light, curly hair . . . and instantly I was sure of the identity of the caller. The young lady was very clever throughout the short conversation that ensued, most of which was clearly audible, as my position was within easy hearing distance. She was terribly sorry it had happened this way, and perhaps . . . some other evening, if he cared to return she would be delighted.

But in spite of this cleverness Si was plainly resentful and his parting remark to her was anything but complimentary. Of course I was not a little jubilant at the outcome of the venture, and, even though, during the days which followed, I could plainly see that there was a definite change in his attitude toward me, yet I could not entirely dispel the feeling of satisfaction I experienced over what I considered my success in retaining the fair lady's favor. A few evenings later, however, my bubble of egotism collapsed with a bang when I again called at her home; for as she answered the door and stepped outside, she placed a restraining hand on my arm. I heard a slight sound that indicated the movement of someone within the room. In a flash I understood the whole situation and realized that I now occupied exactly the same position in which my friend had found himself so short a time before. And to make the situation more ironic she even employed the same line of explanation . . . she was so terribly sorry it had happened this way . . . and then, perhaps, some other evening if I cared . . . oh, yes, I realized then exactly how Si had felt about it all; and vaguely I wondered who stood in the adjoining room to hear my parting remark.

It is an old saying that a touch of grief makes the whole world akin, and while that seems a rather broad assertion, yet this incident only tended to cement our friendship more firmly than it was before. While it was a touchy subject for some time, it was not too long until we realized that it had a humorous side, and viewing the matter in



this light we were able to by-pass the rock upon which our bark of friendship might have capsized.

Albert seemed to mature more rapidly than most of us, for it was not long until he felt he had outgrown the attractions offered by a small town. He made frequent trips to some of the larger cities, and after each one of these he became more dissatisfied with his surroundings; in fact it was following one of these trips we learned that during his absence he had enlisted in the standing army. But then for him came the rude awakening, for he found that peace-time army life could even be more boring than life in a small town, and more irksome than anything he had previously experienced. He admittedly learned a good lesson here, however, and when finally he was released from the army, he returned to Lamoni determined to take advantage of some of the opportunities he had previously ignored. To the surprise and delight of his father, who had practically given up hope of his assuming an interest in business affairs, he turned his attention in that direction, and with the passing of time he developed consistently in this line until he finally assumed complete and successful management of the mercantile business that had been developed here by his father.

Though upon his return from the army he did not return to his place in the mandolin club, yet sometime later his love of music found an outlet for participation when he and some friends organized a male quartet. This organization proved to be quite a local success, appearing frequently at community gatherings, where the singers impressed their listeners with their ability and versatility. In addition to their vocal selections they added saxophone numbers to their repertoire, and this also proved to be an attractive novelty. It was then they conceived the idea of organizing a permanent company with the idea of entering the concert field and filling engagements out of town. This group they called the "Saxes," and they worked diligently in the preparation of a program and other details subsequent to the anticipated concert tour, but in time interest began to lag and finally the project was abandoned altogether.

Following this, A. W. Fleet really came into his own in the business affairs of Lamoni. He was but a young man when he took over the entire management of B. D. Fleet & Company, and when the disastrous depression of the 30's left the town without a bank he was one of the principal promoters of the movement that finally succeeded in the establishment of the State Bank of Lamoni as we have it today, and of which institution he acted as president.

A. W. Fleet was an interesting and exemplary character. He was reserved and unassuming, but behind this quiet exterior he displayed a pent-up love for fun and a subtle sense of humor that made him one of the most witty and companionable characters imaginable. Coupled with this he bore an air of alertness and cleverness that enabled him to comprehend and cope with intricate situations efficiently and ef-

fectively. He was a man who took a keen interest in matters of business and he assumed a definite quality of leadership that showed its effect in the development and promotion of many important civic projects. He was one of the home-town boys who took pride in the old home town, and who gave liberally of his time and talent in the advancement of those institutions that are so characteristic of Lamoni. The interests of Lamoni were definitely his interests and he worked untiringly for their advancement. Locally and throughout the county and state he was well known for his zeal, his integrity and his sincerity. He was a man of purpose and influence, who proved himself an efficient participant in Lamoni's passing parade.

## HENRY VANDERFLUTE

**D**URING my early days in Lamoni the local stockyards played a prominent part in the life of the community. The fact that in those days all livestock was held there pending shipment and that all the shipping was done by railroad made the yards really the center of livestock activity, and there the farmers and stock buyers met to transact their business relative to this important phase of community industry.

As a youngster I was not especially interested in the details of the livestock industry, but the thing that made the stockyards of more than ordinary interest to me was the fact that at frequent intervals shipments of western horses would find their way into Lamoni, and from this point they would be dispensed to farmers and others interested in the purchase of this type of animal. And as the sale of each western horse brought forth some display of broncho-busting technique, it proved not a little interesting as well as exciting to all the youngsters, who made an especial effort to be on hand whenever this condition existed.

While this type of entertainment was the kind that interested us most, yet there were many other incidents which were more or less interesting in a casual sort of way. Most of the farmers drove their stock to market then, either in herds or singly, so it was nothing unusual to see a cow or hog brought to market in this manner; but I remember one occasion when this rather commonplace procedure aroused more than ordinary interest as we witnessed a couple, man and woman, driving a hog through one of the principal streets on the way to market. They were both tall and slenderly built, and the thing which seemed so unusual was the fact that they were both dressed in their Sunday best—she wearing a flower-bedecked hat and long, flowing skirt so typical of that period, and he a white stiff collar and tight-legged trousers which emphasized his unusual height and slenderness as well as the length of his steps as he endeavored to step over the many low, muddy spots in the road and at the same time keep a headstrong and unruly pig upon the chartered course. As they reached the vicinity of the stockyards there were plenty of interested spectators who gave assistance in guiding the unruly animal and finally succeeded in lodging it safely in a pen behind one of the heavy gates.

"Vot a pig! Vot a trip!" exclaimed the tall, mud-bespattered owner of the animal in a dialect flavored strongly of old Holland, which also carried an indisputable tone of relief that the animal was finally and



safely taken care of. "Mut puttles all de vay, and every one of them he had to hit until I mit mut am all covered alreaty."

Sensing his plight one was forced to question the advisability of trying to deliver a pig to market while dressed in Sunday clothing, but probably in the old country this was the custom, and in one respect we will admit their method was superior to that of the Iowa farmer, for once their animal was delivered to the buyer, and with his check safely in their possession, they were now ready without further delay to go places and do things—unless, of course, they were not too concerned over a few splotches of mud or other slight indications of dishevelment or other disorders. At any rate this was my introduction to Henry Vanderflute, who had left his native Holland and with others of his family had settled in this vicinity during the early days of Lamoni. Though he endeavored to adjust himself to new ways of living and a new environment, it was quite evident that he would never outgrow entirely the ways and customs which had surrounded his ancestors for many generations.

But while occasionally we were forced to smile at some of his breaches of customs which were so familiar to us, we were also forced to admire other characteristics which were so much a part of him and so worth while that by way of comparison they made many of our common practices look shiftless and extravagant. He was frugal and saving in the extreme, and the waste of anything of value was an unforgivable offense to him. He was very industrious and accepted almost any honorable type of employment which he felt would offer a means of supporting his family. Among his many qualifications he was probably most outstanding as a gardener, and my mother often engaged him in the spring of the year to help with the spading of the ground and the planting of the family garden. Two of his older sons, "Yacob" and "Vilsie," as he called them, were about my age and they invariably assisted him in this work.

The thing that impressed me most about Henry Vanderflute was the extreme pains he took with every detail and the type of tools he used in his work. It was evident that he had given them every care and attention; each one of the cutting tools had an edge as keen as the sharpest knife and as bright and shiny as a well-scoured plow-share. To see him work the soil with such splendid implements was really a pleasure, for he did it with an ease born of careful training and long experience, and he in turn took pains to see that his boys learned to become as efficient at it as he. Like other youngsters, though, they experienced their indifferent periods and became lax and careless in their efforts, and then it was interesting to hear him censure and instruct them in the things he considered their proper duties.

Upon one occasion he instructed Jacob to go to the far end of the garden to make a slight readjustment of the line he was using to lay out some rows, but the youth was not in the mood to hurry. He

started off across the field, taking his own sweet time. The father admonished him and requested that he hurry, but Jacob still loitered. Finally in vexation the father impatiently shouted: "Yacob, blitzen, dhamit, make haste."

Of course, expressions of this kind amused me a great deal, but to hear the stories he told us of his life as a boy in Holland was especially interesting, and one winter when a heavy snow had fallen and threatened to spoil a long-anticipated skating party, he brought his shovel and helped clear the ice of snow so that the party could be held as scheduled. The outstanding feature of that party was when Henry Vanderflute and wife, both well past the age of impulsive youth, donned their skates—the kind with the long, curved blades and wooden shoe rests, the ones they had brought from the old country—and glided gracefully over the ice in a way that convinced us beyond any shadow of doubt that Hollanders knew plenty about ice skating.

Henry Vanderflute was a man of energy and action, and accompanying his presence there were usually signs of activity, but by far the most exciting experience with which my memory connects him occurred one warm Sunday afternoon when I and a couple of boy friends were loitering about the Foreman pond in the little park just back of the Vanderflute home. A group of the neighborhood youngsters were playing a short distance away when two of the little fellows became embroiled in an argument which in a very short time led to blows. Jacob, Henry's oldest son, who was sitting in the shade of a tree some distance away, ran to where the boys were fighting, with the intention of separating them, when one of the older boys standing by became enraged at his interference, and, drawing a 22-calibre revolver from his pocket, pointed it directly at Jacob and fired.

Immediately pandemonium reigned. Children ran screaming in all directions while my companions and I stood paralyzed with apprehension, thinking we had witnessed a tragedy. Luckily, however, it did not turn out that way, for the bullet had freakishly struck some obstruction and glanced off, leaving only a minor flesh wound with but a trace of blood in sight. It must have been quite painful, however, and poor Jake's face was deathly pale as he withstood the shock and tried to grasp his assailant, who probably was the most frightened of all. But realizing that the one he had shot was still very much alive and able to do him great bodily harm, the youngster found his legs and fled with the speed of the wind.

"The little devil," Jake muttered angrily, and with a note of terror in his voice as he gazed after the fleeing figure. "He tried to kill me. I'm going to town right now and have him arrested." And with this he turned and strode determinedly toward town.

His father had been taking an afternoon nap just a few feet away and had slept soundly through all the confusion until this moment,

when he heard Jake's parting exclamation. He jumped quickly to his feet, still not a little dazed by the rude awakening.

"Vot's dot you say, Yakie?" he called after his son, who was then walking determinedly away.

"He shot me right through the heart and I'm going uptown and have him arrested."

Up to this time we were all so frightened that none of us could exert any power over our faculties of reasoning, and perhaps, so far as we knew, Jake might have been shot through the heart, though it did seem somewhat strange that in spite of it he was still able to walk and talk. Henry's powers of reasoning were probably distorted as badly as ours were.

"Mein Gott in himmel," he shouted excitedly as he gazed after his departing son. Then, looking confusedly about him, he called loudly and frantically for his wife. Receiving no answer he grasped two of his younger children who stood near by and with one clinging to each hand started upon a hasty search of the neighborhood. The poor little youngsters, not being able to match the length of step measured by their excited father, were compelled to drag along as best they could as he ran excitedly about the neighborhood calling: "Mamma, mamma." And when at last she was found, he exclaimed tearfully:

"Oh, mamma, our son Yakie, he vas shot! Shot in the b-r-r-est mit a rewolower and has gone up the sidewalk to die."

The mother, however, was not so excitable as he and in a few moments had calmed his fears to quite an extent. A few minutes later when Jacob came walking casually along the sidewalk, showing less concern over his wound than of his inability to contact the proper officials to make the arrest, the confusion and concern rapidly subsided, and as we who were not directly concerned went our way, the neighborhood soon quieted down and resumed its normal routine of living.

Henry Vanderflute was one of the early residents of Lamoni who had a definite part in helping to populate and develop a community which at the time of his coming was very much in its infancy. He, with others of his relatives, had cast his lot in the great American melting pot where all nationalities are merged into what we proudly call Americans—where the "Yacobs" and "Vilsies" become the Jakes and Bills who learn to sling the American slang and adopt American customs probably more rapidly than those whose parents have lived in this country for generations; who have proven in their lives and activities that they have in reality acquired those things which have made them stable and successful American citizens.

So in his own way Henry Vanderflute made his contribution, and who among us will say this contribution was not just as valuable and as far-reaching as that of many of the more pretentious ones who pass in Lamoni's passing parade?



## CALVIN SNYDER

THOSE days when Lamoni was so strongly race-horse minded were days filled with incidents which today exist in memories that are many and varied. To each of us who had any part in those activities when the North Park (recently renamed the George Foreman Park) was the scene of numerous racing events, come recollections of incidents which time has definitely imprinted in our minds, and as individuals vary in temperament, even so do these memories differ. However, many of the highlights of those days vary but little in the minds of many, and the telling of any one of these episodes in an assembly of old-timers immediately opens the floodgates of memory, and then stories of those days come forth with a rush, like waters at high tide.

Included among those memories we mention . . .

. . . Jay Barr, seated in his diminutive chicken-wire cage at the entrance to the paddock, selling admission tickets to the races and at the same time warning us youngsters to make sure that we purchased tickets before attempting to make entrance to the grounds. He told us of special police who were patrolling certain areas on the lookout for anyone who attempted to crash the gate or slip over the fence, but in spite of his good advice and the efforts of the police many of us found ways of effecting free entrance to the grounds.

. . . the jovial, good-natured John Lawrence and his little trotting mare, Jessie, already written up in this series, but the many episodes in which they played so prominent a part could easily provide material for stories that would require volumes to record.

. . . Dr. J. W. Mather and his famous Glenbrino and also the Kid, both racers of the highest quality, especially in the eyes of their proud owner, whose demonstration of jubilation was exhibited in throwing his expensive black silk hat in the air whenever either of his racers came out a winner, and who sang out the sterling qualities of his beloved Glenbrino in verses almost without number, written in the meter and to the tune of Auld Lang Syne.

. . . Patsy Dolan, probably one of the speediest pieces of horse flesh that ever circled the local track, but one which in spite of fences and the danger of seriously injuring herself and her rider invariably bolted the track at the second turn.

. . . Doc Hauntus, the gray racer owned by Ralph Grenawalt and Charlie Kline, and the one we local boys rooted loudest for because we all liked Rosie and Charlie so well. But to us Doc was our biggest disappoint-

ment on the track, for every time it seemed that things were going in his favor and there was really a chance for him to win, he would go lame and then would shuffle in at the finish a poor third or fourth.

These and many other incidents are synonymous with thoughts of those days, when certain promoters of this association envisioned Lamoni as a future horse-racing center, and when their major efforts were directed toward that end. It was the discussing of some of these plans, as I remember, which led to the introduction of the man who is the subject of this sketch.

"There are many improvements needed before we get this association on the basis we would like to see it," I remember hearing one of these promoters say one day as he and a number of the horsemen were grouped together in one of the stables, discussing problems relative to this desired progress. "Most of these improvements will come in time, but the most urgent need, and one that must be met at once if we continue a racing program, is that we secure the services of a man who really knows how to shoe race horses. The local blacksmiths can shoe farm horses all right, but when it comes to caring for the feet of high-priced racing animals it takes a man who has definitely made a study of it and who is an expert in his line."

"Then I know just the man you want," chimed in another of the group. "He is a specialist along this line and he can regulate the gait of any horse and improve his speed by properly fitting the shoes. The man I have in mind would like to change locations, too, so if you care to make him the right proposition you can undoubtedly get him. His name is Cal Snyder."

Undoubtedly this recommendation produced results, for a very few days later we noticed a newcomer in the ranks of those whose business it was to see that the horses were kept in perfect condition, and as his duties seemed to center in the caring for the animals' feet, we knew instinctively that he was the new shoeing expert, the man who was soon known by everyone—Cal Snyder.

Upon his arrival here he spent all his time with the horses at the track, but in time he found this work insufficient to justify the services of a full-time blacksmith; so he opened a shop downtown, where in addition to his work with race horses he also did general blacksmithing, but even so, it was very evident that the work he had specialized in was the type of work he preferred to do. In his shop he kept on display a plaque which was made up of an assortment of highly polished and brightly plated horseshoes mounted attractively upon a rich felt background which made a neat-appearing display. This collection showed many types of horseshoes which were used for different type animals and had been presented to him by one of the large manufacturers of horseshoes in acknowledgement of his ability in this line. And on account of this acknowledgement he prized it very highly.

In time, however, the interest in horse racing in Lamoni began to wane and in order to earn a livelihood Cal was forced to depend more and more upon the less desirable tasks of his trade; and as time went on and horse racing finally died out altogether he adapted his efforts entirely to general blacksmithing. At certain seasons of the year there was quite a demand for horseshoeing upon the part of the farmers and other miscellaneous horse owners, but his ability and experience in this particular line gradually became of decreasing value to him.

Cal was operating a shop on East Main street when one day I happened in to see about some small item of business. This was after the race horse fad had died out, and he was busily reconstructing a wheel for a customer's wagon. His son, a bright-eyed little fellow, came into the shop while I was there, carrying a box which contained two chickens. He had ordered a pair of blooded Partridge Wyandottes from an out-of-town chicken fancier and he had just come from the express office with them. It was interesting to hear the youngster's discourse upon the outstanding qualities of the Partridge Wyandotte and to hear him tell of the big things he expected to do in the chicken business.

"Maybe he will do something with chickens and maybe he won't," said Cal a few moments later as he paused from his work while the lad carried his hen and rooster out of the blacksmith shop and placed them in a pen he had prepared in anticipation of their arrival. "Right now he thinks he will, but in a few days it may look entirely different to him. But no matter what he decides to do, either as a hobby or as a vocation, I want him to know that I am backing him one hundred per cent."

Just how the chicken business turned out I do not recall, but some time later, when Glenn decided he wished to take up the study of a musical instrument, I found Cal's attitude just the same as when he had entered the chicken enterprise. He bought his son an instrument and arranged for him to take lessons, and from that time on Glenn's prospects in the field of music provided the main topic of conversation whenever Cal and I happened to meet upon the street. In fact, it was during these conversations that I had opportunity to see and appreciate a side of Cal Snyder's personality that I did not previously know existed. His love for his son was undoubtedly the paramount thing in his life, and his chief cause for concern was that he might fail to give proper encouragement to his ambitions.

[\*Shortly after this article appeared in the Lamoni Chronicle we learned that Glenn Snyder, who is now living in Chicago, had salvaged the remnants of the plaque at the time the shop was torn down and had it restored to resemble the original as nearly as possible. Today it holds a prominent place upon the wall of his office and is numbered among his most prized possessions. We are indebted to him for this picture of it.—The Author.]





Under what he liked to call his spreading chestnut tree (really a large maple still standing at the corner of Main and Maple streets) Cal Snyder operated this typical village smithy. Cal is standing in the doorway.



Glenn Snyder standing beside restored horseshoe plaque.\*



During the years which followed, Cal moved his place of business to several locations and finally established it upon the lot just north of the Coliseum, where he remained for several years. Here he added several items of improved equipment. An electric blower furnished the needed draft for his forge, replacing the large, leather-covered bellows he had previously used for that purpose, and electric motors furnished power for other machines he had previously operated by hand. And though in this shop there were several other newer items of equipment, yet one item he still retained and kept hanging upon the wall was the framed plaque bearing the display of horseshoes. It was not such an attractive display as it was in those days when I had first seen him show it with such pride. The colored felt background was now badly faded, and the gilded frame and the once brightly polished shoes had become dingy and corroded from the dust and the smoke of the forge which had enveloped them for so many years.

But to Cal its possession was still a matter of pride and his eyes would light up with enthusiasm at the opportunity to explain the advantages and disadvantages of the different type shoes displayed thereon and of some of his experiences in those old racing days when he had taken over animals which on the track were habitual losers and by the proper fitting of the proper type shoes he had converted them into consistent winners.

At this time I was fitting up a hobby workshop in my basement, and whenever I needed a metal part for use on any of my machines I often cut through the alley back of the Coliseum and into Cal's little shop where I knew I would receive a sympathetic understanding of my problem and his cooperative skill would be at my disposal in bringing the project to a completed state. I often experienced a feeling of guilt when I saw him lay aside an important piece of work he was doing in order to devote his time to something more or less trivial just to humor a whim and a hobby. But while he was doing this he was happy, for he knew I was always an interested listener and would hear him through upon the subject he liked best to talk about—his son.

But Glenn was a grown man now. Those days of the Wyandotte chickens and playing the mandolin with him were but memories. He had been making his own way in the world of business for some time, with each succeeding position ranking a little higher in importance than the preceding one. All this Cal had noted with satisfaction, and when finally Glenn assumed the management of one of the country's foremost broadcasting stations his father was highly elated, for even though he realized that the institution at the time was far from being a success financially, he had every confidence that his son was the man who could take over and put it on its feet. Backed by such unwavering confidence at home and his own personal ability, Glenn Snyder has accomplished this very thing, and in this accomplishment has proven conclusively



that Cal's theory of giving every encouragement from the time he was but a small lad has really paid dividends.

With Cal's passing, which occurred some years later, the community apparently had no further need for the old blacksmith shop. It had passed into other hands and the equipment moved away, and one day as I passed that way I noticed that workmen were just completing the work of tearing down the old building. They had evidently sorted the material as the work progressed. All usable lumber had been arranged in a neat pile, while in another pile they had thrown the undesirable pieces of wood along with other odds and ends of the residue from the shop upon which the new owners placed no commercial value. In this pile I saw pieces of broken wagon wheels, worn-out plow beams and dozens of similar articles, and then my gaze fell upon something protruding from this pile which for me held more than passing interest. It was a battered and broken piece of a dingy gilded frame with a piece of badly faded felt still clinging to it, the only visible reminder of the horseshoe plaque which had played such an important part in this institution that it almost seemed an integral part of the man who was the proud possessor of it. True, it had no value today, but in the past it was the prized possession of a man to whom it had been presented as a mark of appreciation and an award of merit, and I personally doubt in life if Cal Snyder ever received too many expressions of appreciation. He was one of those men who chose to live his life the hard way, who allowed the weaknesses of the flesh and his vulnerability to temptation to add to the difficulty of obtaining a livelihood through the strenuous exertion demanded in swinging a blacksmith sledge. These drawbacks, however, caused him to be unjust chiefly to himself, and in spite of them he was one of the best-hearted fellows in the world. His word was always as good as his bond, and to his friends he was loyalty personified. His lot was a humble one and he made no bid for prominence, yet in life he demonstrated many traits of character which were highly commendable and worthy of emulation by all of us who claim a place in Lamoni's passing parade.

## CHARLES BUTLER

A SHORT time after we had moved into our home in Lamoni, my father announced one morning that he had arranged with a man to move a shed which stood well back on the lot—too far, he reasoned, to make it convenient to use as a coal shed and for other utility purposes, and he wished it moved nearer the house.

At that time my conception of house moving was pretty much in the embryo stage, and as it was a fairly good sized shed, I wondered how one man was going to move and place it in the position my father desired. My education along that line began, however, later that day when Charles Butler drove into the yard, his wagon loaded with all kinds of housemoving equipment, and I was intensely fascinated as I watched his every movement in placing the many jackscrews at certain points under the building and then by giving each one a slight turn he elevated the building gradually until finally he had it high enough from the ground to place a heavy set of rollers under it, and finally he moved it to the desired location.

As a lad in my early teens, I was very much interested in this whole process which covered a period of several days. There was also considerable remodeling necessary to be done, and as he took care of this in addition to moving the building it took several days before the job was completed, and before the end of that time I found myself as much interested in the man who was doing the work as I was in the work he was doing.

He was a rather heavy-set, jovial middle-aged man who wore a short gray beard, and whose congenial manner and hearty laugh were definitely inviting and interesting, and before the end of the first day he and I were hitting it off like real pals. He commended my inexperienced efforts and made me feel that I was making a real contribution to the progress of the work; and where is the person, youngster or adult, who does not like to feel that his efforts are appreciated, and to have those in whom he has confidence tell him of it? As time went on one of my boy friends happened upon the scene, who also became interested in the progress of the work, and from that time on Charles Butler had a force of two helpers working under him.

During the time he was on this job he kept us entertained with stories and jokes, of which it seemed he had an unlimited supply, but those which interested us most were the ones he told of his fishing experiences. Fish stories, of course, are somewhat related to poetical license: subject to the mood and imagination of the author, and with some of his fish stories I think Uncle Charlie took advantage of this

privilege to quite a degree. But they were highly interesting and we begged him for more, and he willingly complied. As the work on the building neared completion he one day thrilled us with this proposition:

"Get your gang and your equipment together and one of these days I'll take all of you on a fishing trip and give you a chance to catch some of the big ones you'll like to tell about. Take a little grub and a blanket along for we'll plan to stay two or three days."

No world traveler ever looked forward to an important expedition with keener anticipation than we did this one. We also followed his instructions and organized our party of some eight or ten youngsters, secured the use of a tent and made all preparations; but as weeks and even months passed and the trip failed to materialize, our enthusiasm began to lag, and we finally came to the conclusion that Uncle Charley had been feeding us another of his line of jokes. But when our hopes had reached the lowest point and we began to think of the project with an attitude of indifference, our hopes were suddenly revived. We happened to meet him on the street one day and he greeted us in his characteristically jocular manner: "Round up your gang and get your grub together," he said, "we are starting on that fishing trip tomorrow."

That trip was one that none of us who participated has ever forgotten. It took the greater part of a day to reach our destination in that old lumber wagon. The roads were rough and the only seat provided was the floor of the wagon box, but we enjoyed every minute of it. He had chosen his favorite fishing spot on the river as the site of our camp, and when we arrived there he helped us get our tent pitched and our camp organized. He divided the party into groups of two and three, and to each group assigned definite duties of camp routine; and then followed several days of activity that could only gladden the hearts of youngsters our age.

When we went swimming, he insisted upon going in with us, and when we had finished our swim he saw to it that all left the water at the same time. "I want to know where you are," he said jokingly, yet impressively. "When I get ready to go home, I don't want to stand around here and wait while they dredge the river to locate some of you that I have overlooked. And I can't be sure if you are not all at the same place at the same time." He was an expert swimmer and seemed to have unusual strength and endurance while in the water. Some of the boys had more or less exalted ideas of their swimming ability but decided after they saw him in the water that it would be some time before they could expect to compete with Uncle Charlie. He had taken his grandson with him on this trip, a little lad of perhaps five or six years, also named Charles, and he placed the youngster upon his back, and even carrying this extra load he could outswim the best of our crowd.

In the evenings about the campfire, he was the life of the party.



His wit and good humor always kept everyone in high spirits, and his songs—he knew them by the dozens—songs that I had not heard before and have never heard since; some with an almost endless number of verses, probably the hill-billy type of nonsensical jingles so far as words and content were concerned put to commonplace, sing-song melodies, but nevertheless the type that has always had a definite part in the development of America. Today songs of this type are being collected and preserved as the folk songs of this country and are considered an important contribution to American music. In memory I can see Uncle Charlie now as he sat by the campfire, his rugged face aglow, as he stroked his gray beard and sang to the delight of his listeners:

“For you, Mary Ann, all for you, Mary Ann:  
I lost a good supper of taters and butter,  
Mary Ann, what more can I say?  
I tore my best breeches a jumpin’ the ditches,  
Mary Ann, please don’t turn me away.”

This song seemed to be one of his special favorites, made up of probably a dozen verses, each beginning exactly the same way, which readily convinced the listener that without doubt Mary Ann was a most remarkable and desirable person.

On this trip the fishing was excellent and the product of our lines provided the chief part of our menu while in camp. In fact this source of supply provided such a large percentage of our daily rations that the supplies we had brought from home went almost untouched. This fact, we thought, offered logical reason why we should persuade Uncle Charlie to extend our stay, but when we presented our case he exploded in his good-natured way: “You want me to stay here longer because you haven’t eaten all your grub, eh? Well, no one has kept you from eating, have they? If that grub has to be eaten before we go home you better get busy. Quit standing around here twiddling your thumbs and get to eating, because . . . we’re going home tomorrow.”

In his good-natured way he had no trouble in convincing us that this was the final word and we realized that it was useless to protest or argue. He was a man of little schooling, but with his love of youngsters and his natural intuition and good judgment he could handle a group of adolescent boys, in circumstances of this kind, perhaps more efficiently than many who have definitely trained themselves for this line of work; for in these few days he gave this particular group something that I am sure has proved of value in their lives. Scouting and youth camps were unknown in those days, but it is reasonable to conclude that the need for such activities, and the fine work they are doing with the youth today were brought about by the activities of people like Charles Butler, who saw the need and were willing to take time from their occupations and at their own expense made their contribution to this element of development so valuable to adolescent youth..

Charles Butler was a typical pioneer Lamoni resident. He worked hard and spent long hours in earning a livelihood for his family which also enabled him to share in the advantages the community offered. He had no desire to seek prominence or the spotlight of fame, but was content to be numbered among the ordinary people of the community, well thought of by all his neighbors and friends, and respected by his fellow citizens; and through his friendliness and practical demonstrations of doing good to his fellowmen, he won for himself an esteemed and honorable place in Lamoni's passing parade.

## LA JUNE HOWARD

IT is always interesting to hear people talk about the school teachers they have had. During these sessions it is a common thing to hear of the strict teacher, the teacher who knew her subject, the teacher who had eyes in the back of her head and dozens of other characteristics both favorable and unfavorable, and often a teacher may have become quite famous in the eyes of her ex-students if she was fortunate enough to be credited with a few of these favorable traits, but if I tried to name one teacher of my acquaintance who possessed the greatest number of them it would undoubtedly be La June Howard. Linking a present-day expression with the activities of a Lamoni teacher of a number of years back, I would say she was one teacher who had "just about everything."

She taught in the high school when it was in the old East Side building, one block east of where the Coliseum now stands. It was quite generally conceded there was but one motive back of Miss Howard's teaching, and that was to see that her pupils covered thoroughly the courses prescribed for them. But while in most cases she was uncompromising and severe, and was satisfied only when a pupil was working and producing at the level of his ability, yet she took a keen interest in helping her pupils find the lines of study to which they were best suited, and in helping them make the adjustments necessary that they might obtain the desired results. These readjustments were not always to the pupil's liking and at times she was criticized because teacher and pupil did not see eye to eye.

In those days Miss Howard taught in the ninth grade room, but as the high school had no assembly room and limited classroom space, other classes came into this room to recite. In the front of the room a number of long recitation benches were grouped about her desk which were used by the visiting classes for their recitations. It was during these recitations, and while her view was considerably obstructed, making it difficult for her to obtain a clear view of the major part of the room, that certain members of her ninth grade chose to perpetuate infractions of the regulations; and it was here that she displayed her ability as a disciplinarian. The practice of slipping a Tip-Top Weekly between the pages of a geography was quite a common practice among the boys, but even this became a risky undertaking after the first few times. Many a youth who allowed himself to become absorbed in the adventures of Frank Merriwell to the extent that he forgot, even for a moment, the precariousness of his undertaking was often due for a rude awakening; and about the time he



steeled himself to march with his hero into the lair of the desperados and force them to surrender, he saw his beloved Tip-Top Weekly rudely snatched from his grasp and heartlessly thrown in the stove or wastebasket.

I suppose there is a different expression in a boy's eyes when he is reading the adventures of Frank Merriwell than when he is studying geography, and probably the interpretation of that expression is more easily made than I think, but even so, it would be no small undertaking to glance over a room of perhaps fifty youngsters and detect in a fraction of a second those who were studying their prescribed lessons and those who were not; and I do not claim that Miss Howard detected every instance of this kind, but she did detect it often enough, along with other infringements of regulations, to make any such procedure a mighty precarious undertaking. It seemed that her intuition bordered so closely on mind-reading that it really was uncanny.

Two of my friends and I had planned to meet immediately after school one evening and participate in some activity which was of especial interest to us at that time, only to have our plans disrupted by an arrangement Miss Howard considered of more importance. A large percentage of the class had missed one certain problem that day in arithmetic, and in disgust she decreed that all who had missed the problem would remain that evening until they had completed its solution. This decree, of course, sounded the death knell to the plan my friends and I had made, as we were numbered among those who had failed to solve the problem, and as far as I personally was concerned, I saw myself in fancy, sitting there in the schoolroom the whole night long as I realized the solution of the problem was completely beyond my comprehension. I knew La June Howard would do exactly as she had threatened, and if she did keep me there until I solved it, it would be a long, long time.

About this time there appeared a ray of hope in the form of a short note which apparently came from nowhere and landed on my desk; it said: "I have the solution to the problem. Will get it to you after school."

When school was finally dismissed it seemed that about half of the members of the class remained, and realizing they faced the inevitable, the pupils silently and somewhat sullenly drew out arithmetic books and started work on the problem. After a time a few of the group reported they had completed the work and after having their work approved, they were dismissed. Some handed in their work for examination only to be sent back to their desks to try again. With each of these failures my hopes sank to new depths, and then one of the friends with whom I had the appointment asked permission to submit his solution. The request was granted and a moment later it was approved, and he was dismissed.

I watched him closely as he left the teacher's desk and as he

walked down the aisle, past the seat of the other friend, I saw him deposit a small piece of paper upon the desk as he walked hurriedly by. A few moments later this friend submitted his solution which was approved. As he walked down the aisle past my desk, he unobtrusively pushed a small piece of paper toward my hand. I hastily covered it from sight and when he had left the room I unfolded the paper, and there was the solution to the problem. My conscience smote me unmercifully and my hand trembled so violently that I had difficulty in making the copy—but there was no other way out—it had to be done.

A convicted criminal on his way to the gallows could not possibly sense his guilt more than I did as I carried that solution I had copied and placed it on her desk, and as she scrutinized it I knew instinctively that she was conscious of my guilt. It seemed that minutes dragged out unmercifully long before she spoke; and when she did finally speak it was with a voice void of expression and as cold as stone:

"This is exactly the same solution that was handed in a few moments ago by Fred Moon and Jake Hunt," she said, and her gaze seemed to penetrate my innermost soul. "Did you copy this from either of those or did they copy from yours?"

I was stricken dumb; and had she waited for me to reply, her query would never have been answered. I was simply frozen in my tracks, and could not have spoken had my life depended upon it. She undoubtedly sensed my utter helplessness, for without waiting for my reply she continued in the same expressionless tone: "You may go now, but I will see you three boys in the morning."

Our penalty, entirely void of the tongue lashing we expected, was enough extra work to keep us busy for several evenings, and you may be sure the work we handed in each evening was the product of our individual efforts, and there were no notes in circulation at any of these sessions. We had learned our lesson.

Many years following this, La June Howard was a visitor in our home. At that time we discussed many of the incidents that happened during those school days, and only then did I realize that she was not gifted with any supernatural powers, that she was just as human as any of us, and she, too, enjoyed reliving those days as much as we did.

"How did I apprehend so many of your schemes and nip them in the bud before they had time to blossom?" she asked as she laughed heartily. "Because I have not forgotten the scrapes I got into when I went to school, and the pranks of one generation are fundamentally the same as those of preceding generations."

La June Howard was truly a character worthy of remembering. She knew people and loved them, and she knew the things which were beneficial for them to learn. She knew the subjects she taught and she knew how to teach them. There was no pretending or deception in her make-up; she was frank and straight-forward in everything she did, and these are some of the reasons she was so successful in her work.

In those days, some pupils thought they disliked her but when they reached maturity they discovered that this dislike was chiefly for their own failures and mistakes, and that in place of any hatred toward her they experienced only feelings of love and respect for her and her ability. To have been listed among her pupils and to have known her as a friend was a privilege, and there are many today who look back with appreciation upon her work in the schools here and her contribution to the community as outstanding in Lamoni's passing parade.



The old East Side school.



## COL. GEORGE BARRETT

**H**ISTORY records that Col. George Barrett was the surveyor who laid out the Graceland College grounds which in those early days were known as the Graceland Addition. The record also includes this interesting detail in connection with this project: that upon its completion the designer was so strongly impressed with the beauty of the design and its multitude of graceful lines that he suggested it be given the name of Graceland. This suggestion was accepted by those in charge of the project and became the name of the school, a name that is well known today in many parts of the world.



There were many things about Colonel Barrett which made him an unusual and interesting character. He was a small man who wore a thin white beard and who always carried a heavy cane which he used in a variety of ways to emphasize his actions as well as his speech. For such a small man he had an especially strong voice which in his profession proved quite an asset.

In his capacity of surveyor he laid out the race track at the old North Park where I as a youngster was one of an interested group of volunteer helpers who carried stakes to the different parts of the field where they would be handy for the men who were setting them under the Colonel's direction. In the process of this work the outline of the track as well as the fills and the cuts on the high places were definitely indicated with stakes driven into the ground, and the Colonel directed the placing of each one of them as he stood by his instrument and shouted his orders to the men, emphasizing these instructions with elaborate and emphatic gestures with his cane.

It was sometime following the construction of the race track that I with two of my boy friends was sitting upon the steps of one of the business houses as Mr. Barrett passed down the street. We had all helped on the race track project in a variety of ways and we felt we had come to know the Colonel pretty well—sort of fellow workmen in a way—and upon this occasion we greeted him with a degree of

familiarity we thought befitting that status. However, as he returned our greeting in a friendly sort of way, one of the boys added, with an undue note of familiarity: "It's a fine day, Dad."

The Colonel had passed us, but the instant this last remark fell upon his ear he turned with the speed and agility of a cat, and a moment later he confronted us angrily as he thumped the board sidewalk vigorously and menacingly with his heavy cane. "My name is Barrett, Mr. Barrett," he shouted in that herculean voice of his. "You may call me Colonel Barrett if you like, but understand this, once and for all: I'll not have any of you young upstarts 'Dadding' me around."

With that he turned sharply and walked away, his cane thumping the sidewalk at every step in a way that emphasized the seriousness of the offense we had committed, and leaving three frightened and silent youngsters facing the fact that what a few moments before we thought had been a pleasant friendship, had suddenly come to a tragic end.

After this incident I felt more or less reluctant to enter into any conversation or contacts which involved the presence of Colonel Barrett, and it was perhaps several months later when one evening he walked into one of the business houses where I was making a small purchase. Without waiting for me to complete my purchase, the Colonel strode in his positive way up to the proprietor and demanded abruptly: "Say, Jim, you know your flowers. There is a flower that grows in the South that I have been trying to think of all day but I simply can't recall the name of it."

The proprietor smiled rather amusedly and suggested several names of flowers, none of which happened to be the one the Colonel had in mind, and finally he turned disappointedly and walked to the front of the store and looked meditatively out of the window, at the same time tapping the floor in a nervous sort of way with his cane, signifying that he was not a little perturbed because he could not recall the name of the flower.

I knew nothing about the flowers of the South, but at that time one of the popular songs of the day had for its title, "Down South in Dear Old Georgia Where the Sweet Magnolias Bloom," and the moment the Colonel asked about the name of the flower the words of that song popped into my head, but remembering the previous unpleasant experience I was afraid to suggest it for fear he might again attack me with his cane. After watching him for some moments, however, I finally mustered up enough courage to approach him and in a faltering sort of voice suggested: "Mr. Barrett (with emphasis on the Mr.), could the flower possibly be a magnolia?"

"That's it," he shouted excitedly as he stomped the floor emphatically, while I immediately ducked and retreated to a spot I considered safely out of his reach. "Magnolia, magnolia . . . strange I

couldn't think of that," and he turned and strode hurriedly from the store.

For a moment I was as badly frightened as I had been on the occasion when he so emphatically resented the boy's impudence in calling him "Dad," for it was difficult to know whether I had pleased or angered him, but a smile from the proprietor of the store reassured me somewhat and the next time I met the Colonel I realized that I had nothing to fear, for from that moment on he really went out of his way to be friendly; and when, during the course of one of our many conversations that followed this incident, he found out that I had done some wood carving, he insisted that I come to his room to visit him.

At that time he lived alone in an upper room in one of the business buildings, and when I called there to fill the appointment I found his room but sparsely furnished, and anything but inviting, and while some items of equipment ordinarily considered essential were missing I was not a little amazed at the number of books he possessed, and the technical nature of the titles they bore; to me this bore conclusive evidence that the owner was a serious-minded student.

The thing that especially impressed me upon this visit was the exceptional array of wood carving the Colonel brought forth for display. It was of elaborate design and showed expert craftsmanship and by far the most beautiful collection of its kind that I had seen—human figures, animals, fruits, leaves, flowers—in fact, almost every conceivable form and figure exquisitely done by hand from the choicest of woods and expertly finished. Colonel George Barrett, in addition to his other qualifications, was undoubtedly a master at woodcarving.

And then he told me a little of his life. It was evident that his lot had not been a happy one, for he had encountered many disappointments. The old man's eyes filled with tears as he told of the hope he had held that his son might appreciate his craftsmanship sufficiently to wish to learn it and follow it as a vocation, but in this hope he had also been disappointed and he felt that his art would die with him.

In spite of his eccentricities Colonel George Barrett made a definite contribution to Lamoni and to Graceland College. If his activities in connection with the plotting of the college grounds were the only ones on record, his contribution could well be considered of major importance. In that day many called his plans idealistic and fantastic and some said: "What in the world will the college ever do with all that land!" Time has proved that his visions of the needs of the future were not overdrawn or fantastic, for they are proving very practical as the Graceland campus develops into one of the most beautiful.

But he was a man who was capable of contributing much more than he did, and had circumstances in his life been more favorable there would be no way of estimating the extent of his contribution. No doubt he was somewhat erratic and eccentric in his habits but he was also



a man of dynamic and forceful personality, with unlimited resources of vigor and vitality, who finding no other outlet for this surplus energy spent much of his time walking—never at a leisurely pace, as a man who is seeking diversion from mental concentration—but with a rapid determined stride that suggested that speed was of prime importance and that he must reach a given destination in the least possible time. On balmy summer evenings he could be plainly heard from any part of town, walking, walking, and his cane always in perfect rhythm as it sounded its persistent accompaniment upon the board sidewalks.

"That is Colonel Barrett taking his evening walk," was a common remark in those days, but personally, I have wondered many times concerning the thoughts that might have been going through his mind during those nightly walks. His was a brilliant as well as a well-trained mind, one adept at analyzing problems and finding the solution to them. Probably he walked to divert his thoughts from some of those problems . . . and probably he walked because he knew that the more strenuously he exerted himself the quicker it would all be over . . . who knows?

Few people really knew Colonel Barrett. Under a rather gruff exterior he was as human as any of us, a man who had known sorrow and disappointments but nevertheless an interesting and significant character in Lamoni's passing parade.

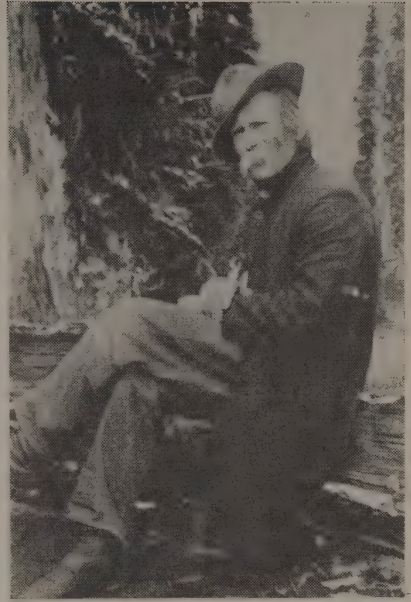
## JAMES RICHEY

**M**ANY people look back to the days of the old Religio Literary Society as the source of many important events which have really had a marked influence upon their lives. It was there we gathered as youngsters to participate in the classes which were planned primarily for the edification of the younger minds, where social contacts and public appearances also played an important part, and where liberal education and cultural development were given opportunity to expand through access to many activities of an elevating nature.

To many a youngster at the time, these Friday evening sessions merely meant an opportunity for another evening out and to some merely a chance for an additional date, but making due allowance for all the frivolousness of youth I will venture that if all those who in those days participated in these sessions would take time to properly evaluate the many instances where this society has left an imprint upon their lives, the verdict would undoubtedly be to the effect that the purpose of the society was a worthy one and the results achieved really worth while.

Naturally, the programs held at each session were of most immediate interest and to many of us who participated in them they were a source of inspiration and development. The speakers we listened to there were not in our opinion so much of the dry, preachy sort, but were often individuals who were definitely interested in young people and brought from actual experiences of life, incidents which were easily understood and readily adaptable to the lives of young people. One of the most colorful and impressive of these speakers so far as I am concerned was James Richey. I remember distinctly the first time I saw him. It was in the basement of the old Brick Church where he talked to us about his western experiences.

I often think of him as he stood before us that evening, dressed in typical western frontiersman style, his long hair flowing profusely about his shoulders; and though his face was completely bearded it blended harmoniously with his personality and gave him a distinguished appearance. He had been acting as a guide in Ranier National Park in



western Washington and had but recently returned to his home in Lamoni. That he was typical of those old-time scouts was very evident, though upon this occasion his appearance was considerably more dressy than one would picture a scout so recently in contact with the grime and dust of the trail; in fact, dressed in this Buffalo Bill type of regalia he more nearly resembled a performer in a wild-west show.

"I know you would like to ask me why I wear my hair long," he said, as he started speaking with an ease of delivery and a voice quality that was pleasing and individually his own. "And the most simple reply I could give to your question is that in this respect I would like to give you the opportunity to see man as God intended him to be."

Then he smiled. A warm, wholesome, hearty smile it was, which immediately captured the interest and attention of everyone present, and which paved the way for the procession of interesting incidents that made up the talk which followed. At once it was evident that he was a great lover of nature and of the great outdoors, for here he had found those things which to him made life worth living; and his life had been fashioned to suit the conditions he found there. His clothing, his thoughts and his habits were all in harmony with this type of living. To him the "heavens truly declared the glory of God and the earth gave conclusive proof of the wonders of His handiwork," and being naturally of a religious turn he found upon every hand undeniable evidences of the existence of a supreme being in the majesty of the mountains, the sighing of the winds of the forests and in the lives of the wild creatures that dwelt there. It was the story of these things he brought to us that evening in a way that was impressive and lasting.

While my first impressions of James Richey were very favorable, yet as years went by I found opportunity to become better acquainted with him and with this acquaintance came a more complete appreciation of the richness of his character. In those days a certain group of boys with whom I was closely associated planned occasional camping trips, and as these trips usually covered a period of several days and involved a certain element of risk, the consent of our parents was gained only when we included in the group some older person whom they felt would in a measure assume the responsibility of the venture and endeavor to curb some of the rash impulses of youth. We were especially fortunate upon two of these trips to have James Richey assume this responsibility.

I think, first of all, the method by which he completely won our hearts was the fact that he insisted upon doing all the cooking. He allowed each youngster to take care of his own dishes and equipment but when it came to preparing the meals he preferred to do the large part of it unassisted. Certain chores like peeling potatoes or going to the spring for water he often assigned to different boys of the group, but the actual cooking he did alone. Of course these meals were cooked over an open fire, a task which to many people would be practically



an impossibility but one which was absolutely no inconvenience to him; and what wonderful meals they were! To this day I have never tasted goulash as appetizing and flavorful as that he cooked in a large black kettle suspended from a green tree limb cut to length and held in position by forked stakes driven in the ground. And his pancakes—who could ever forget those pancakes? They were made entirely of cornmeal and at least half an inch thick—but what a flavor! The fellows simply went wild over them and begged for them every morning.

To the average person in similar circumstances such demands from eight or ten ravenously hungry boys would have been an imposition, but not to James Richey. He seemed to enjoy producing them as well as the hungry boys liked to eat them; in fact, I think the enthusiasm they showed for his cooking was considered a compliment, and he often emitted a satisfied chuckle and many a cheery remark as he stooped before the fire, cooking pancakes and listening to the delighted exclamations of the boys. He used but few utensils in his cooking and when the cake was brown on one side, by a quick flip of the skillet he threw the cake into the air and deftly caught it after it had completed a full turn. Naturally this manipulation delighted the boys and to partake of one of his pancake breakfasts was to enjoy a period of interesting entertainment as well as a taste treat extraordinary.

One day some of the fellows went into the timber to hunt squirrels but after several hours of tramping through the woods returned empty handed.

"There are squirrels in that piece of timber," said James Richey in his quiet drawl, after they had reported the result of their efforts. And then added: "That is, of course, unless you have gone out there and scared them all away. I think I will go with you tomorrow and we'll see what we can do."

According to his promise he led a small group into the woods the following morning. We were not a little skeptical and wondered wherein his theory of squirrel hunting differed from our regular procedure of tramping through the woods and keeping a sharp lookout for any signs of the bushy-tailed little animals. On this point, however, we were not long in doubt, for once we were fairly in the timber our guide critically scrutinized the ground we passed over as well as many of the surrounding trees, and finally announced:

"We have gone far enough; there should be squirrels here. That large hickory tree at the bend in the creek is probably one of their main sources of food, and from other indications they have been in this vicinity very recently; so we'll stop here awhile and see what we find."

With that he assigned each of us to comparatively concealed positions with instructions to remain quiet and keep our eyes open. Then when he was satisfied that we would follow his bidding he withdrew a short distance, where he also concealed himself in the underbrush, and

here at frequent intervals he imitated in an especially natural manner the bark of a squirrel. For some time we remained thus, quietly listening, but nothing happened; and then, as we began to wonder about the feasibility of hunting squirrels in this manner, we heard very faintly in the distance an answering bark. A short time later we spied one of the little red animals we sought, leaping from branch to branch in one of the trees a short distance away. A few minutes later it came closely enough within the range of our rifles to definitely insure it a place in our game bag. Then, gaining confidence in the plan, we settled quietly back to await the arrival of additional game.

The efforts of that hunt furnished meat in sufficient quantity for a squirrel feed that evening, where we had the satisfaction of explaining to the other fellows the details of this new method of hunting—the method where you do little walking about and let the squirrels hunt you. This adventure was just one feature of woodcraft he taught us. He knew the habits of all kinds of wild life and understood their language, and when the fish refused to bite and our efforts as fishermen were going unrewarded, he explained that the fish were coming upstream at this particular time of year and how our lines should be reset if we expected them to sample the bait we placed on the hooks to tempt them. He showed us how to make snares of horsehair to catch birds and when some of the boys attempted to capture a large snake they had cornered, he stepped quickly over to the reptile and with a stick he tapped it lightly on the nose until it formed its long body into a tight coil, then placing the same stick under it he quickly lifted the squirming body and dropped it into a large sack which one of the boys had brought for that purpose.

These incidents are but characteristic of many things he taught us, and I have thought many times how fortunate we were to have the privilege of learning these things at first hand from a man whose life and habits, along with others of similar experience, have contributed a definite page to that great activity which today goes under the name of Scouting.

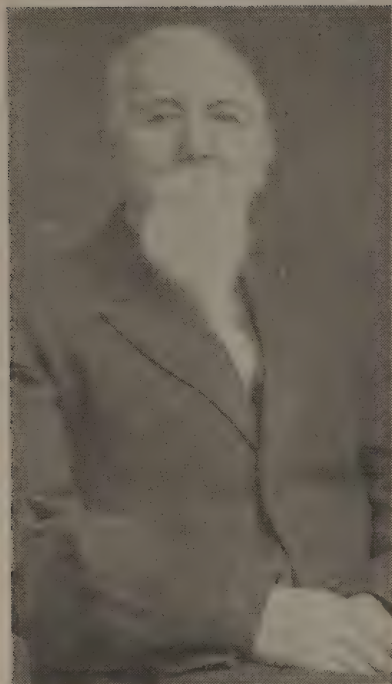
In my memory James Richey stands out as one of the most picturesque characters of Lamoni. While he never had the educational advantages many have enjoyed, yet he was exceptionally well posted on many subjects and was reasonable in his views and a clear thinker. He possessed a natural ability in working with youngsters and during the periods he sponsored our groups, or at any time during my associations with him, I never knew him to lose his patience or to become irritable or unreasonable. In fact, to me he was one of the most lovable and interesting characters of my acquaintance.

He was, however, a man of the great outdoors, and as years began to take their toll and environment and conditions generally forced him to forego many of the activities he had always known, he became as a great mountain oak which has awakened to find itself transplanted in

a flower garden. The gnarled branches which had stood the tests demanded by the storms which raged up and down the mountainside found little use in this protected area where their strength and hardness were lost and unappreciated among the more ornamental foliage and the shapely but less sturdy occupants of the garden. But to James Richey the memories of those old days and their activities remained fresh in his mind, and determinedly he endeavored to keep them alive. He made for himself a coat and cap of goat skin which during those days upon the western trails would have been considered a work of ingenuity and cleverness, but to the casual observer on the streets of Lamoni they brought forth only curious smiles. In the same spirit, as age advanced, he built a boat and with the spirit of adventure still surging strongly in his veins planned an extended trip of exploration which was to include many miles of river travel. But after many days of hardship, and after piloting the little craft over a perilous course, he finally conceded that this project was too strenuous for a man of his age.

James Richey gave much to Lamoni, and of the numerous instances which might be related, none illustrate the richness of his character more clearly than the service he rendered in the early days of Lamoni when an epidemic of diphtheria scourged the community and the children of the new village were dying by the score. Many of the inhabitants were stricken with terror by the severity of the epidemic and often drove miles out of their way to avoid passing a home that had unfortunately been stricken by this merciless destroyer of childhood; but not James Richey. Even though he had a family of children who at that time were at the age most susceptible to the ravages of the disease, he unhesitatingly offered his services where they were needed most. Day after day and night after night he helped to care for and nurse the afflicted, he helped bury the dead and comforted and encouraged those who were forced to part with their dear ones. In every way he did all within his power to be a good neighbor, and only those who knew him intimately can properly evaluate the extent of his contribution. His life embodied many outstanding qualities and he holds a place that can be filled by no other as one of the most picturesque and colorful characters in Lamoni's passing parade.





## E. C. MAYHEW

THE fact that Lamoni was originally a treeless town probably had much to do with encouraging the early residents to promote the growing of trees, which they did in a way that soon transformed the streets once destitute of shade into tree-lined and well-shaded thoroughfares. This planting and growing of trees was not limited to the residential district alone but extended well into the business section of the town; and up until a comparatively few years back, streets that are now covered with pavement had shade trees extending well toward the center of town.

One interesting and picturesque spot which modern improvements have dispensed with was the location just south of where the Moon Hatchery and Feeds building now stands, a short distance east of the point where the road leaves the pavement and runs southeast parallel to the railroad track. In those days quite a good sized creek cut through from the north, which carried the overflow from the Allen mill pond under the railroad track and on down the creek which cut through Central Park. Along this draw were several large shade trees surrounding a fair-sized house which stood well down on the low ground toward the creek bed, and for that reason it was built high up from the ground in order that its floors might be well above the water level when the overflow of water from this part of town ran down the creek. For this same reason, in order to reach the house and give easy access to it, the sidewalks leading to it and the porches surrounding it were all built high above the ground. To eliminate the danger of accidentally stepping off the edge of these high walks they were lined with rustic rails and fences which under the shade of the trees gave the place a picturesque appearance that was pleasing and inviting.

That this was definitely not one of the choice locations for a dwelling was very evident, but it was also evident that someone with an eye for beauty and the skill to carry out the details of converting something unsightly into a place of beauty had been given full rein, for that very thing had been accomplished. The result was comparable to some of the rustic beauty spots one finds in some of the parks today and undoubtedly reflected much credit upon the man who was the creator

of these clever little improvements, for they spoke well for his ability. This was the home of E. C. Mayhew, a man in whose active mind a multitude of clever ideas abounded and who possessed the mechanical skill to bring them into being. In fact at this time it was through his efforts along this line that he earned his livelihood, for he went from house to house about town doing the miscellaneous repair jobs that included everything from carpentering to jobs that in those days often fell to the lot of the once-popular tinker.

I remember especially upon one occasion, and probably the first time I had any personal contact with him, that his ingenuity enabled him to perform what I thought at the time was really an outstanding accomplishment, and it at once won my permanent respect for his ability. One of my boyhood friends had become the proud possessor of a toy steam boat which held such a marked fascination for us that we played with it almost continuously until we had practically worn it out. The main balance wheel had become worn and loose upon the shaft and in spite of our efforts to repair it, persisted in slipping off the shaft whenever we turned on the steam. Without the balance wheel the engine refused to run, and without the engine the boat refused to make the rounds of its chartered course, which was the length of a large horse trough where for hours we had it plying back and forth.

E. C. Mayhew happened to be working within the house of the boy's parents at the time, and as he came out into the yard upon some errand or other he quickly noted our predicament. A moment later we followed him into the house, where with his kit of tools at hand he soon convinced us that he knew the proper procedure to follow to effect the needed repair. He clamped the shaft in a vise and then with a few taps of a small hammer he swelled the end of the shaft until it brought the wheel tightly to place; then with a prick-punch he made two or three small indentations which locked it firmly in place and made it probably more secure than it had been when new. While this was a simple operation, yet as I think of it today I consider it one of my first object lessons in practical mechanics, and though I have used the same process perhaps thousands of times since, and in a large variety of ways, I feel that to E. C. Mayhew I owe the credit for teaching me that bit of technique when for us he turned a calamity into success and won the love and lasting respect of a couple of youngsters who without his assistance would have considered that day a total failure.

Sometime later E. C. Mayhew, who was then reaching his advanced years, entered the restaurant business in Lamoni and from that time became really a popular figure with the many people who frequented his institution. To them he became affectionately known as "Dad" Mayhew and his friendly and congenial way of meeting people extended a welcome to all, and his place of business rapidly became well patronized and a center of activity. In this line as well as in his repair work

his cleverness came rapidly to the fore. He had previously gained an extensive experience in the preparation of foods which now stood him in good stead. He possessed a knack for cooking ham that was unsurpassed as a filling for sandwiches, and ham sandwiches constituted a popular item at any quick-lunch counter in those days. But this was not the only popular item upon his menu, and his ability was not restricted to any one item. He was really an expert along culinary lines, and it seemed that no matter how simple the food, his preparation of it gave it an unusual taste appeal. The simple act of splitting a bun and placing a piece of cheese inside to make a sandwich was an act so simple that anyone could duplicate it, but for some reason or other Dad Mayhew's cheese sandwiches had a flavor all their own and in my opinion were better than any I ever tasted.

Because he had entered the restaurant business was no reason for him to give up his fix-it business. He arranged one corner of the restaurant with racks for his tools, and when business was not rushing he spent a portion of his time mending umbrellas and doing other little repair jobs which his customers brought to him for this purpose. From this department of activity, too, came many pieces of clever and original items of equipment to be used to advantage in the dispensing of restaurant merchandise. Probably it was a tobacco rack, which provided ample display for the many varieties of this commodity; a specially designed case for his famous cooked hams, the adjustable seats in front of the counter, which dropped into place when needed and slid under the counter and out of the way when not in use; or numerous other items of equipment, each of which carried an unusual evidence of originality, featuring the saving of effort and contributing to efficiency.

The fact that he was of such an industrious turn did not prevent him from visiting with his friends, as he was generally considered one of the most friendly, and even the youngsters joked and kidded with him much as they would with an older brother. One hot day he was busily working in his repair corner endeavoring to fix a number of umbrellas. The front window was open, and a thermometer hung in plain sight just outside. The intense heat was uncomfortable and had caused him unusual concern, and at frequent intervals he glanced from his work toward the thermometer, which registered a steadily rising temperature. Of course this condition naturally offered a favorite topic of conversation with the passers-by who also stopped to glance at the thermometer and remark about the excessive heat. Finally a group of the younger fellows came along who stopped for quite a lengthy chat. They noticed his concern about the temperature, and then, while some of the fellows drew him into an extended conversation and held his attention, one of the group slyly lighted a match and held it close enough to the thermometer to run it up several additional degrees. 'This done, they sauntered casually upon their way. A few minutes later Dad glanced at



the thermometer and what he saw recorded there almost caused him to suffer heat prostration. It registered 120 degrees. No human being should be expected to endure such intense heat. He immediately put up his tools and quit work for the day.

In those days there was much talk about patents and the idea was quite generally accepted that the possessor of a patent right was directly on the road to fame and fortune. This made the business of selling patent rights quite a popular and lucrative business. The one great prize, however, in the opinion of those so interested, would some day fall to the lot of some lucky inventor when he invented a perpetual motion machine, and many of the mechanically minded of those days gave it serious thought. From numerous sources plans for such a machine appeared, involving some system of weights which slid from the center of a wheel toward the outer radius to create the momentum necessary to keep the wheel revolving and thus perfect a machine capable of running continuously and furnishing its own power. Some of these plans were attractively drawn up and some of the theories sounded plausible; at any rate they furnished material for many discussions and arguments, and the Mayhew restaurant was an ideal place for the discussion of this particular subject.

And while he probably had less to say upon this subject than many of the others, Dad Mayhew considered this project seriously. If anyone could build such a machine he believed he could do it, and forthwith he set to work to make a working model. He was always very particular about his work but with this project he took especial pains. The large, complicated wheel was made of the choicest material and expertly jointed together; the tracks in which the weights were to slide he made straight and true, and the weights were made of metal molded to shape and smoothed and lubricated so that friction would be cut to a minimum. And when it was finally assembled, each individual working part worked perfectly, just as the builder anticipated it would do; but the underlying theory upon which the success of the completed machine depended was, of course, impractical, and the wheel by its own momentum refused to revolve.

E. C. Mayhew was not the only man—even in Lamoni—who was deluded by the idea of a perpetual motion, and though his efforts in this respect had proved unsuccessful, he had accomplished at least one thing. He had satisfied himself that the theory was not practical, for no matter in what position the wheel was turned, the weights on each side of it slid to the position which formed a perfect balance and naturally forced it to remain stationary. In other words it was just another case as practical as trying to lift oneself over the fence by one's own bootstraps, and added convincing testimony to the fact that it is difficult to get something for nothing.

However, this was no great discouragement to E. C. Mayhew. He

had proven to his own satisfaction that such a theory could not produce workable results and for him that was all there was to it. He went on with his restaurant business as though nothing had happened, turning out ham sandwiches, oyster stews, baked beans and the many other items for which his lunch counter was famous.

As a man he will always be remembered for his sterling qualities. He was morally clean and sincere, and surprisingly active both mentally and physically for a man of his age. He was a long-time resident of Lamoni and truly one of the early pioneers who made a worthy contribution to Lamoni history. Probably his greatest fault was the fact that he was overgenerous and placed too much confidence in mankind, for therein he suffered disappointments which though distressing and discouraging to him played a definite part in the development of a character that was genuinely human and a credit to his memory as a participant of Lamoni's passing parade.

## REBECCA KRUCKER

IN the early days of Lamoni many of its residents were people who had followed the fluctuating fortunes of the Latter Day Saint Church through its many stages of division and reorganization, and it was not an uncommon thing to know the numerous stories of people who had at one time or another belonged to or at least had been sympathetic with some of the movements which sprang up following the martyrdom of Joseph Smith.

Of all these stories of adventure in connection with the different factions, I think those of the Utah adventure were probably the most familiar, and they included the incidents more or less common to all the stories about the early Utah pioneers; and then, occasionally there was one which differed from the usual run, or at least it emphasized some details that differed from the usual Indian massacres, adventure with polygamy and some other issues which probably, in some instances at least, have been somewhat overstressed. While these same issues undoubtedly were present, yet they were crowded somewhat into the background by other events which affected these certain individuals. No one can reasonably question the sincerity of those people who made that long and hazardous journey across the untrodden prairies to the Salt Lake Valley where they felt they might help to build the ideal community and live and worship after the manner they felt was divinely prescribed. No one can doubt the hardships they suffered or realize the privations they endured. Through all these sufferings they thought only of the purpose which spurred them on and credited divine guidance for every blessing they received, no matter how insignificant it might seem to us today.

Characteristic of the experiences of this period were those of the family of John Buckingham, who with many others had endured all forms of hardships in their search for the promised land, only to find upon arrival that the Utopia they sought could only be realized through years of work and sacrifice, and that the matter of personal sustenance was a problem of serious magnitude—adequate supplies of food were not to be had at any price or under any consideration. Many sought sustenance from the roots of the sego lily which grew quite abundantly in some sections while others found the small pine nuts growing on certain



Aunt Jane Buckingham and  
Rebecca Krucker.



species of pine trees to be really nourishing, though tedious to harvest, while still others discovered a sort of white fungus that covered the leaves of some bushes to have a certain food value though it appeared only at certain hours in the early morning. For this reason they thought of it as manna from heaven and gathered it with hearts overflowing with thankfulness that this form of nourishment was provided them even as the manna was provided for the children of Israel as they wandered in the wilderness.

Whether or not the family of John Buckingham knew of all these emergency foods is not of importance, for in an effort to provide food for his children and his expectant wife he discovered a certain variety of thistle which when cooked as greens provided a nourishing dish, and though it was undoubtedly a monotonous fare, the family subsisted upon it almost entirely for some time; and when the new baby arrived and proved to be well nourished and robust, the father offered up his thanks to God, and in the same spirit displayed by Noah when he interpreted the rainbow as a direct sign from the Almighty and offered up sacrifices to show his thankfulness. John Buckingham also covenanted with the Lord and consecrated the life of his little newborn daughter to the service of the Master, and in remembrance of the goodness of God to him and his family and also remembering the important part played by the lowly thistle in their survival he named her Rebecca Thistle.

Is it any wonder that this little girl, born under such circumstances, who later became Mrs. Lewis Krucker, should be known best for her kindly deeds and saintly ways? I well remember the day I first met her. It was during my early experiences in Lamoni, when another youngster and I had spent the morning hunting for rabbits up in the North Woods. We had tramped many miles that morning and were returning home, cold and hungry as we walked past the farm place where she, having recently become a widow, was acting as housekeeper for a relative whose wife had also recently died. We were still some distance from home and so tired we were ready to drop in our tracks, and as we passed the house her youngest son, who was one of our schoolmates, came running out of the yard to greet us. He was a cheery, good-natured lad and one of the biggest little fellows I ever knew, and we welcomed this opportunity for rest as we stopped to talk with him a while.

While we were thus occupied his mother came out of the house and walked out to the road where we were talking, and with a smile she said: "Dinner is all ready and it would please me very much if you boys would come in and eat dinner with Victor."

An angel from heaven could have spoken no more welcome words. And that dinner will always be one of life's most cherished memories for me. Those biscuits and that brown gravy! We must have eaten like a pair of famished savages, but it did not seem to worry her in the least. She smiled happily as she mothered the many who sur-

rounded the table, and when some time later we took our leave she made us feel that we were really honored guests, and expressed the wish that we might come again.

This was my introduction to Rebecca Krucker, and as favorable as were these first impressions of her, they were only made more favorable by later associations, when we lived close neighbors for several years. She was living in town then, keeping house and making a home for her sons and a sister we knew affectionately as Aunt Jane, who also lived with them. Aunt Jane's eyesight was greatly impaired, and as time went on she became almost totally blind; but with implicit confidence that her sister was capable of providing vision for both of them, she clung confidently to her arm, and where one went the other was invariably at her side. In this way they attended many of the public gatherings, and thus Aunt Jane had opportunity to know much that was going on in the community even though deprived of her sight; and the loving consideration evidenced in every action toward the unfortunate sister was a source of inspiration to all.

The spiritual environment which surrounded Rebecca Krucker at birth became a vital part of her life as she reached maturity, and her church always held an important place in her thinking, where her efforts were expended in the hope that she might fulfill her obligations to it in every respect. Her sons, who were workingmen, furnished ample means to defray the expenses about the home, but she was not content to let them provide those things she felt to be her individual obligations; so she did washings for the college boys, and she did such an excellent job, and ironed their white shirts so perfectly, that they offered her more work than she was able to do.

And what did she do with this added income? That probably should be of no concern to any of us, but I happen to know that much of it was expended in a way that is to her lasting credit and honor. Contributions to funds which went for the help of those less fortunate than she, tithing and contributions to her church, and in fact, to every cause she considered a worthy one. I once heard a man who had an active part in the church financial program make this remark: "If every member of our church gave to the church in the same proportion relative to his ability as Rebecca Krucker gives in like proportion, there would be ample funds to meet every financial need of its most ambitious spiritual program."

The circumstances surrounding the giving of the "widow's mite," which has long been an object lesson in giving, are not confined to the acts contained in holy writ, but for me at least they have been duplicated right here in Lamoni by none other than Rebecca Krucker, and in a manner so humble, so sincere and saintly that it placed them upon a plane completely out of the realm of base or mercenary calculations. To see her drop her contribution in the collection plate on Sunday was a spiritual uplift for me because I knew much of the

spirit which prompted the gift, and to witness her as she partook of the sacrament gave that ordinance a touch of sacredness too impressive for description.

Rebecca Krucker was an ideal mother, a wonderful neighbor and a sincere and true friend, a woman against whom no derogatory thing could be justly said. She was meek of manner but determined and sincere of purpose, and many of her sterling qualities were hidden because of her disinclination to let them be known. If, however, we believe the teaching of the scriptures we know that to the meek and humble, many wonderful promises are made, and personally I know of no one more worthy or more entitled to them than this saintly little woman who was born of lowly parents in the shadow of famine and starvation—an unpretentious but impressive character in Lamoni's passing parade.



## HENRY DENIO

IN the early days at the old West Side School, baseball was the major sport among the boys and there were many of them who displayed more than mediocre ability at this great American game. Of several I might name in this connection, there is one who stands out in my memory because he was outstanding in many respects that make him worthy of remembering, and that one was Henry Denio.

Of course we all called him Hank and I really think that was the name he preferred. He was a tow-headed youngster in those days, a little taller and heavier than some others in his grade, and he had the strength of an ox. He loved to play ball more than any other thing, and when he chose to bring that excess strength into play in throwing a baseball, it came whizzing in with a speed that was plenty hot—too hot for most of us to handle. When we definitely organized a west side team there was no doubt but that he would occupy the pitcher's box, but the big problem that confronted us then was to find a catcher among us who was capable of handling his offerings.

We must have made out fairly well in this respect, however, for one of the first games we played after the team was organized we trimmed the east side team by a score of 30 to 8, and as I think of that game and try to remember some of the details, I am inclined to think that the eight runs the east side boys collected were mostly from our errors rather than off of Hank's pitching.

He was just naturally a baseball player, and loving the game as he did it was evident, even at this early date, that he could be successful in this line of activity if he chose to follow it. He possessed one trait, however, that seemed more or less unusual in one whose activities seemed bound to take him into the public eye, and who under normal reactions would revel in the plaudits of the multitudes. He cared nothing for the associations of the opposite sex, especially the girls his own age, and a few years later, when some of the fellows began to date occasionally he looked upon this activity with disdain and displayed nothing but disgust for such associations.

About this time we arranged for our ball team to play the Davis City boys, and had arranged for a hack from the east livery barn to take us over to this neighboring town for the game. This was at the time the Davis City reunions were a great attraction in this part of the country, and several of the boys who had attended these reunions had become acquainted with Davis City girls, which had resulted in occasional dates, and perhaps this was one reason some of the boys wanted especially to play ball at Davis City.

At any rate, we had congregated on what is now the Lewis store corner to wait for the hack when someone mentioned seeing his girl friend after the game, and immediately Hank's temper exploded and he refused to make the trip.

"You don't want to play ball," he exclaimed angrily. "All you want to go to Davis City for is to see a bunch of girls, and I am not going to sit around after the game and wait until you fellows finish your dating. I am not going."

And apparently he meant exactly what he said. By turns we begged and argued with him but to no avail. The hack drove up and the driver impatiently waited for us, which prompted us to double our powers of persuasion but still Hank refused to give in. The fact that on previous expeditions he had always been the most enthusiastic of the group led us to think that he could always be depended upon and the thought that we might sometime be forced to play without him had never entered our minds, and now, realizing that such a condition seemed a possibility we felt it could result only in disaster. Without him we felt we had practically no team at all, so we exerted every argument we could bring to bear, but the only one that had any effect was the promise that there would be no dates. And though several of the boys were reluctant to make such a promise, yet it was under such conditions that he finally agreed to make the trip.

As time went on Henry's interest in baseball increased and he began playing with the older fellows who in time organized and developed the immortal ball club that all the old timers like to tell about—the one which played at most all the reunions and fairs throughout this section of the country and won the highest percentage of games ever recorded in the history of Lamoni baseball. With such a record it was but natural they also won the praise and acclamation of all the Lamoni ball fans who followed them from game to game, lending moral support and enthusiasm that bordered on idolatry.

Throughout several successful seasons Henry Denio was the strong man of their pitching staff, and in spite of all the applause and praise which was naturally showered upon one in such an important position he always remained the calm, reserved, unpretentious fellow he had always been. In the pitcher's box he was deliberate and unexcitable, and his judgment was never erratic or flighty. Under the strain and excitement of a hotly contested game his face seemed to pale a trifle, though his facial expression rarely changed. His complexion normally was very fair, and invariably a slight flush mounted to his cheeks, as though they had been touched ever so lightly with a tinge of rouge, but other than this there was no sign of emotion no matter how the tide of the contest went, and with almost perfect control and mastery of the ball he completed a pitching record that has never been excelled in Lamoni.



### THEY MADE BASEBALL HISTORY

The turn of the century marked a period when baseball was a major activity in Lamoni. In addition to being the most popular sport it was also one of the main sources of entertainment. At that time the town supported a team that included some paid players, which condition it was considered, kept the quality of the team at a higher standard.

Quite naturally this interest was reflected in the activities of the younger generation, and as a consequence almost every youngster of that period looked forward to the time when he would play on the first team.

The team shown in the above illustration was a product of those ambitions, as it was made up entirely of local boys, who proved that home-town talent can be successful if given the opportunity. This team, in addition to being a winning team was also probably the most popular in Lamoni baseball history.

Back row, left to right: Vaughn Bailey, shortstop; Arthur (Pug) Smith, second base; Wilbur (Skinny) Cochran, utility man; Israel A. (Dutch) Smith, first base; William (Bill) Mason, left field and pitcher; Ray (Kidder) Johnson, center field.

Front row, left to right: Joe Lamb, third base; Louis (Lou) Horner, catcher; G. H. (Bert) Derry, manager; Henry (Hank) Denio, pitcher; Ralph (Rosie) Grenawalt, right field and pitcher.

Standing at his father's knee: Arthur (Art) Derry, mascot.





Along with all this athletic success there was no little amount of social activity, as the team was feted and entertained upon numerous occasions, but upon each of these Hank always found a reason which prevented his attendance, and in spite of the many plots and connivings employed to ensnare him and secure his participation in the festivities he somehow eluded them completely. It seemed that any form of social display was completely foreign to his make-up.

His attitude toward the opposite sex, too, remained the same as when he was a lad in school. Girls and dates meant nothing to him, and yet in his daily contacts with them, such as occurred in connection with his work as a deliveryman which took him into practically every home in town, he was congenial and pleasant. It seemed that so far as women were concerned they centered chiefly in just one—his mother. She was a saintly little woman of whom no ill thing could justly be said and she gloried in the attentions she received from this strong, athletic son who made his home with her, and in her declining years was her comfort and strength. "God has been very good to me," she often assured her neighbors and friends, "to give me a son like Henry, to care for me in my old age."

Those who were with her during her last illness were convinced that she was right in her conclusions, for there they had ample opportunity to observe the richness of his character as he assumed the responsibilities about the home and took over the duties of housekeeper, nursemaid or any other of the numerous duties the occasion demanded. Until her last living moments he was her comfort and stay.

With the passing of time Henry took the civil service tests and became one of the employees in the local post office, and as he became absorbed in the duties there he had less time to give to his favorite sport, and finally whatever ambitions he might have at one time cherished so far as professional baseball was concerned, they finally faded and became only memories. It was sometime during this period that a little school teacher, Miss Verden Bellmer, penetrated that shell of bashfulness or timidity under which he had hidden so many years, and in time they were married and lived happily together a number of years. There he had opportunity to know again the joys of a home and opportunity to bestow his affection upon those he loved.

To the youth of today looking for an ideal, there is no richer example to be found than was demonstrated in the life of Henry Denio. Early in life—probably through the teachings of his revered mother—he had established in his life a standard of ideals that would prove a credit to anyone, and these ideals he adhered to and fought for, and by this standard he shaped his life. Had he chosen, he could have been an outstanding athlete and probably could have seen his name inscribed among the famous in the baseball world; and though we like to think of and talk about his accomplishments in this line, our most

cherished memory is that in every sense of the word he was a man, and that he was respected and honored as such by all who knew him—a colorful and impressive character in Lamoni's passing parade.





## J. A. GUNSOLLEY

ONE institution which held more than usual interest for me during my early days in Lamoni was Graceland College. As far back as I can remember I had heard my parents talk so much about it and the important part it would play in the activities of the church, and we had seen numerous pictures of it published in the church papers. From these sources I had gained the impression that Graceland was a school much different from the usual run; in fact, in a boyish way I had visualized it as one which surpassed all others. Upon my first visit to the hill, however, my enthusiasm was considerably dampened, as the college building sat out in the middle of a large field and so far as improvements upon the ground surrounding

it, very little had been done; and when it came to making comparison with some of the fine schools and campuses I had seen in the West, it placed Graceland at a marked disadvantage. Nevertheless there was something especially interesting about this institution even in its undeveloped state to me as well as all residents of Lamoni. It was generally recognized that it required time for development and it was so new and different from any other institution in the town that spectators were quite numerous about the grounds whenever work was in progress upon the building or upon the grounds.

And naturally where there is any form of public activity, there is the usual group of curious youngsters eager to see all that is going on. In this group I claimed membership and many times I with other boys of the town sauntered out to the hill upon numerous occasions just to keep posted on developments. Although at this time the school had very few students and no organized athletic program, yet at one time I remember there was talk of a college baseball team and we made several trips to the hill to watch the college boys practice. When college was dismissed for the summer, however, all activity ceased; the building was locked up and remained so until time to reopen for the reconvening of school in the fall.

It was at this time of year upon one occasion that I remember walking out to the college grounds with a couple of my friends. It was

late in the summer and the grass and weeds had attained quite a rank growth all about the building. As we neared the building we discovered the figure of a man almost hidden in the tall weeds, and as we drew nearer we could see that he was dressed in overalls and wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat, and that he was mowing the grass with a scythe. When we came within speaking distance he paused in his work, removed his hat and as he wiped the perspiration from his face he made a casual remark about the heat. Then we recognized him. He was J. A. Gunsolley.

At the time it did not seem so unusual that one of the faculty would be mowing weeds about the building, because at that time we had but vague conceptions of the specific duties of faculty members, but the thing that did impress me was the apparent enormity of the job. The sun was terribly hot and the grass was tall and tough, and if he intended to clear the whole grounds it seemed to me it would be a never-ending job.

For the moment he dropped his scythe as we approached and walked with us around to the east side of the building, which offered the only shade from the blazing sun, and there he was content to rest from his strenuous labor and visited with us for some little time; and then I realized why so many people in Lamoni referred to him as Uncle Jerry. My conception of school teachers at that time was that they were usually strict and reserved, and I naturally supposed that college teachers would be even more extreme in these characteristics; but here was a college professor dressed in common working clothes who wiped the perspiration from his face with a bandana handkerchief and talked with a group of youngsters in a manner one might expect from an older brother. From that time on I felt I really knew J. A. Gunsolley and why to so many people he was Uncle Jerry.

That day we also went inside the building, which in those days presented little of interest except a series of vacant rooms. There was nothing elaborate in the way of furnishings—a few chairs and tables—and the finish of the woodwork and walls bore evidence that it had been done with the least possible effort to permit occupancy by a restless group of students who had been forced to attend classes in a downtown building while they waited for the new college building to be completed. Many of the rooms were unfinished, and bare lath and studdings were the only evidences of partitions in a number of places.

In some of the rooms hornets had found means of entrance and had built their nests of mud, which were spotted here and there upon the open lath. The activities of these insects were the only signs of life and except for the occasional buzzing of their wings as they flew by us the building seemed strangely silent and deserted. At one point in our rounds of exploration we came upon an especially large nest of the insects, and filled with the youthful desire for adventure we picked up some odd pieces of lath and attempted to fight them, but our

weapons proved inadequate to the task and we found those large striped fellows were plenty scrappy; and after witnessing how vigorously they resisted our efforts and feeling keenly the effects of those sharp stingers, we gave up the fight with the excuse that some day we would equip ourselves with the proper paddles for hornet fighting and then we would come back and really wage war upon them.

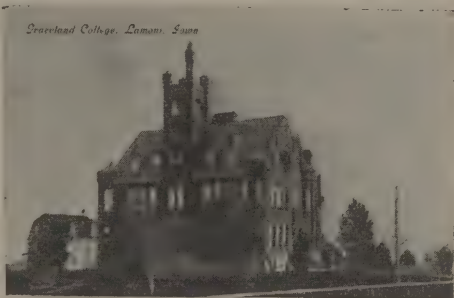
As we finished our tour of the grounds that day and started off through the pasture and down the hill, we looked back toward the building to see Uncle Jerry at his work, swinging his scythe with a slow rhythmic motion, forming a picture which made a vivid impression upon my boyish mind and one that has stayed with me throughout the years. At that time I thought chiefly of the enormous amount of grass and weeds to be cut and wondered why there was but one man to do it. Was he the only one available to do all that work, and was he

always there upon the hill alone—just he and those yellow jackets?

Naturally as time went on and I grew older I became more familiar with Graceland College and its activities, and my ideas changed accordingly. The significance of all that long grass became of less importance as I learned the real nature and type of work J. A. Gunsolley was doing in connection with that institution. And I also learned that he was not alone in his efforts, for there were many good men and women who were just as much interested in the project as he and who were backing every movement for the benefit of the institution in every way that was humanly possible, yet there was much of the work that he did accomplish through his own tireless, persistent effort.

And through his efforts to save for posterity the institution which was so much a part of his life, he demonstrated that he and the yellow jackets had at least one character in common—the determination to fight to the death. To think of Uncle Jerry as a vicious fighter like the yellow jacket would be inconsistent with his easy-going, even-tempered manner, and yet when the occasion demanded he demonstrated that he possessed a truly fighting heart, and the tenacity which recognized no defeat. Yes, that instinct was synonymous with both, and when sometime later the yellow jacket was chosen as a symbol depicting the fighting spirit of Graceland, the selection was a significant one.

To estimate or endeavor to give a fair representation of the value



Graceland in the day when Marietta Hall offered the insecure promise of a "Greater Graceland."



of the service and accomplishments of J. A. Gunsolley during the many years he was connected with the college would require volumes. To those familiar with the circumstances there is no doubt that he was the man who bore the direct burden of its operation, and it was his counsel and advice which guided even those who were supposed to be his superiors in establishing the policies of the institution. In the first eighteen years of the college there were almost an equal number of shifts in the roster of presidents, none of them remaining in office long enough to definitely establish a policy of operation or an adequate curriculum.

During this time Uncle Jerry served in every conceivable position: instructor, business manager, acting president, and as occasion demanded assumed responsibilities as custodian of the building and grounds, publicity agent and general handy man. And no matter in which capacity you found him he was the same congenial, friendly, even-tempered Uncle Jerry. Through the darkest days of the institution he was in charge of finances when the demands of creditors soon exhausted a badly strained treasury, leaving little to care for current running expenses or salaries of teachers long-past due; and to make matters worse, many who in the beginning were enthusiastic over the future of the institution and numbered among its loyal supporters, became severely critical. Even among the active representatives of the church—a church which so few years previously had sponsored the establishment of the college—were men who went into their mission fields decrying the mistakes and the impracticabilities of Graceland.

Any of dozens of similar elements of discouragement would have been sufficient to completely thwart the interest and progress of the average person, but not Uncle Jerry Gunsolley. He moved along from day to day in the even tenor of his way, determined that Graceland must succeed, and even to his closest associates rarely divulged even a little concern over what most people would have considered insurmountable obstacles. In addition to all these responsibilities and worries he found time to do a certain amount of church work, and he was always ready to give help and counsel to faculty members and students; and over a period of years he made it possible for hundreds of youngsters to obtain an education who otherwise would have been denied the privilege.

He was rather slow and deliberate of action but few could make the display of energy that was ever one of his strong characteristics. On cold winter mornings he was always first to arrive at the college building and when the snow was deep he often shoveled through the bad drifts to make it easier for those who were to follow. If the weather was especially bad—the typical Iowa blizzard variety for instance—upon reaching the building and sensing the futility of trying to conduct classes, he contacted all available teachers by phone that they might be spared the effort of making a strenuous and useless trip.

Incidents of this character could be numerated by the dozens, but

their importance is trivial compared with many of the difficulties encountered in those early days in which Uncle Jerry played so prominent a part. Today among the supporters of Graceland we hear much about the Graceland spirit—that inspiring, intangible force which has enveloped Gracelanders of several generations and furnished the incentive for the development of a more complete college life and richer, more uplifting experiences. Just what it is or where it came from is very much a matter of speculation, but to those familiar with the incidents of those days, there is little doubt but that it was born during this period of poverty, sacrifice and discouragements, when Uncle Jerry Gunsolley and his little band of valiant co-workers stood by so faithfully to save Graceland College for the future. Then it was that their sincerity, their steadfastness and loyalty, along with the spirit of the yellow jackets, the tower, the west door and many other familiar symbols, became the warp and woof in weaving the fabric which has formed the mantle of tradition known as the Graceland spirit, which has been passed from generation to generation and is as enduring as the institution itself.

While J. A. Gunsolley is known principally for his work in connection with the college, he is also known as a man who has always had the interests of Lamoni at heart and as a citizen of many years has always been prominent in the promotion and advancement of the community. Recent developments have made it necessary for him to establish residence elsewhere, and when we count the years he has been with us we realize that he has reached the bend in the road; yet to his friends Uncle Jerry will never grow old, and we will always think of him as one of the pillars of strength in this community—the father of Graceland College, a true friend, a worthy steward—a trustworthy member of Lamoni's passing parade.

## J. O. MOON

WITH the coming of the first cement sidewalks to Lamoni there were many residents who foresaw a rapid decline of the old board sidewalk then universally in use, and an immediate switch in favor of this more attractive and also more permanent type. The difficulties in making this anticipated change were many, and when one who contemplated adding the new improvement investigated the possibility of proceeding with the project, he found the prospects anything but encouraging.

Among those interested in the new project was J. O. Moon, a successful retired farmer and a veteran of the Civil War, who maintained a neat little home on North Linden street. He had watched with interest the installation of the first sidewalk of this kind when it was installed in front of the George Derry & Son harness shop, and he decided that such an improvement would add value to his home; but when he tried to contract with workmen to make the installation he found there was no one in Lamoni who had sufficient experience in working with cement to justify them in laying the walk for him. The first sidewalk in the business district had been laid by contractors from out of town and apparently it was not convenient to engage them, but he was determined to find a local man who would undertake the project.

At that time there were several residents who had experience in the plastering trade and who followed this line of work as their means of livelihood, but concrete construction was a new thing in this part of the country and very little of it had been done. Finally he persuaded one of these men, who though hesitant about it finally agreed to undertake the job, and work got under way shortly afterward.

My knowledge of these activities came through my associations with the youngest member of the Moon family, an auburn-haired lad named Fred, with whom I developed a great comradeship which holds a very bright spot in my memory. We were there together that day when the men came to begin work on the new sidewalk, but for some reason the father decided Fred should go on some sort of errand to his brother Charlie's farm, a short distance south of town. We would much rather have stayed to see the work on the new sidewalk get under way; but if Fred must go, I of course chose to go with him, so we mounted our bicycles and departed.

When we arrived at the farm, instead of going directly to the house and taking care of the errand with which we had been intrusted, we went out into the orchard. Once there we found the shade so cool



and inviting that we spent considerable time there just lying in the soft grass beneath the spreading leafy branches, recuperating from the exertion put forth in pedaling the distance between town and the farm. We were thus occupied when we heard the sound of voices and a moment later saw two little boys, carrying a little tin pail, coming out into the orchard, apparently headed directly toward the spot where we were resting.

"It's Walt and Willard," whispered Fred, endeavoring to avoid attracting their attention. "Let's hide behind a tree before they see us."

And a moment later he had crawled to a concealed position behind a large apple tree, where I quickly followed. Then a few moments later when the two little fellows advanced to a position but a few feet from us and started filling their pail with apples which had fallen upon the ground, he began making a series of noises intended to throw a scare into them. Of course I joined him in the effort and like two mischievous older boys trying to frighten two younger ones, each tried to outdo the other in the hideousness and gruesomeness of these sounds.

Our efforts were rewarded far beyond our expectations, for the two little fellows dropped their pail and stood as though paralyzed with fear while they screamed in terror as loudly as two husky voices were capable of screaming. Genuinely startled by the success of our efforts, we immediately emerged from our place of hiding, where Fred, really an affectionate uncle, gathered them in his arms and tried by every means in his power to reassure them. At first they were too badly frightened to recognize him, which only added to their terror; but in time his soothing words began to have effect and in time he had them sufficiently quieted that we felt it safe to accompany them to the house.

Through all this I was an interested but uncomfortable observer, for I feared Charlie might hear their cries and appear upon the scene before Fred could complete a reconciliation; however, my fears were groundless, and as a comforter I think Fred was a complete success, as I have met Walt and Willard many times since that day, and even though these meetings have been face to face they bear no visible indication of being afraid of me.

When we returned to town that day we made our report to Uncle John, mentioning only the incidents of the trip which had bearing upon the errand upon which he had sent us, and for our diligence and strict observance of duty he repaid our efforts by giving each of us a large lump of maple sugar. John Moon had come to Lamoni from Michigan, where maple sugar was a local product, and he considered it so essential to the family diet that each year he received direct from the makers with whom he was personally acquainted a large shipment of this incomparable delicacy—enough for his own use and some to sell to

his neighbors. For this reason, in my early acquaintance with Uncle John Moon I knew him best as the maple sugar man.

The new sidewalk did not turn out to be a success. Made by inexperienced hands, its construction was not favorable to successful concrete manipulation, and with the freezing and thawing to which Iowa soil is constantly subjected, in a short time it became cracked and broken; and sometime later, when Lamoni workmen became more familiar with modern concrete construction, it was finally replaced with one similar to the kind we have today.

The fact that John Moon was an active member of the G. A. R. at that time kept him very much in the public eye, and then, too, he was one of the type who made many friends and was known by everyone—grown-up and youngster alike. The veterans' organization was very much alive in those days and had a prominent part in all of the patriotic events of the community; and between times these old wearers of the blue often met in informal groups in the business houses or upon the streets, where the main topic of conversation was generally relating to their war experiences.

I remember especially one summer when we had been having quite a protracted hot spell—when it was really too hot to put forth any energy that was not absolutely necessary. Each afternoon a small group of these old soldiers congregated in the shade just outside of the store where I happened to be employed, and there, day after day, they whiled away the time in much the same manner. In fact, I think the heat wave lasted long enough that they had about exhausted their supply of stories, but upon this particular day I stepped out where they were lined up in chairs along the sidewalk just as Uncle John Moon started telling one of his favorite experiences. I was always interested in hearing war stories, so I stopped to listen.

"We had been in camp for several days with but little action taking place," he began, while his companions gave him their undivided attention. "We knew there were plenty of Rebs in the woods, because some of our detachments had encountered scattered groups upon several occasions, and we knew an attack was coming, but just when it would come we did not know. The weather turned terribly cold and during the night several of our mules froze to death, and the following morning we received the order to advance. In a short time there was a sharp battle which lasted but a few minutes, and the Rebs took to their heels. Some of us were walking cautiously through the timber in pursuit when we came upon a couple of wounded Confederate soldiers so badly shot up that they were unable to travel. Someone had given them small branches off a tree, with which they were trying to brush the flies away from their wounds——"

"Just a minute, John," interrupted one of his companions derisively. "You said the mules froze to death the night before. Where were the flies then?"

"Oh, by gal, I didn't mean that," exclaimed Uncle John confusedly while all his comrades laughed uproariously and kidded him unmercifully. Nevertheless he started anew and tried bravely to correct the error to make the continuity of his story more consistent, but he never did recapture the complete attention of his hearers that he had held at the beginning of the story. But what of it? The embarrassment of this moment would quickly pass. Tomorrow one of his comrades might probably make an error and then it would be his turn to laugh. In this way these boys of '61 relived those days which to them were so all-important and which today brought forth memories which furnished the undying spark of youth in bodies now growing worn with age.

Uncle John Moon, in spite of his years, retained much of the old spirit of vigor and aggressiveness. He enjoyed mingling with the youth of the community and was quite a favorite with all, and the spirit of fight that had prompted him to volunteer for service in the army in '61 remained with him throughout life. He was one person who was determined not to be pushed around, and at a ripe old age he demonstrated that spirit to quite a degree, especially when he and one of his aged friends crowded a friendly argument to the point that they attempted to settle it with a display of fistic technique, which terminated about as quickly as it began when Uncle John's wife appeared upon the scene and seized him by the collar.

"By gal, I had him coming," exclaimed Uncle John in telling of the affair sometime later. "If the woman had stayed out of it I would have soon convinced him who was right."

This scrappy instinct was probably more or less responsible for the existence of circumstances which robbed John Moon of associations which at his age were sorely needed, and which he craved above anything else in the world. Like many fathers he felt he had failed in retaining the comradeship of his son Fred, and realizing that I was one of Fred's closest friends, he often came to me in the hope that I might in an inconspicuous way help to bridge the gap he felt existed between them. Some years later, when Fred contracted an incurable disease, he had opportunity in measure to make up for some of the differences which had existed and to provide every attention within his power. But when, after a long illness, his son, who had so recently matured into manhood, passed away, the old man's heart was broken.

From that time on he redoubled his efforts to make friends with all the youngsters about town. He interested himself in their activities, he bought them treats, he loaned them money—anything that would in a measure relieve his conscience regarding any neglect he felt he might have shown his son. But scars upon the heart are slow to heal, and from that time on he was never a happy man.

As a long-time resident of this community John Moon was well and favorably known. As one of the pioneers in this locality he assumed his part in the developing of the community and was one of the essen-



tial cogs in its wheels of progress. He lived a long and useful life, made many friends, and left to his descendants many traits of character they treasure as worthy of emulation. As a personal friend, I consider any memories of Lamoni and Lamoni people of those days as incomplete which fail to include J. O. Moon. I prize those memories of his friendship and his confidence, and I think of him as an honorable resident and a true veteran in Lamoni's passing parade.

## WILLIAM MAYHEW

I THINK this was the only William of my acquaintance who was never nicknamed Bill. Following the lines of tradition, his older sisters called him Will and from some quarters came an occasional Willie, but to most of his acquaintances and practically all of his friends he was known as "Grassy."

We were youngsters about the same age and he was as clean and fine a lad as ever walked the streets of Lamoni, known and liked by everyone, and his cheery smile and friendly greetings were familiar to most residents of the 90's. He loved to play the harmonica and he loved to dance; and he was really adept at both. Were he here today we would say he was a good tap dancer but in those days the expression was, "That Mayhew kid can certainly jig."

He and I were drawn together by that indefinable something which seems to attract those of kindred spirit, probably because we were both interested in music, or it might have been a number of other reasons. His love for rhythm found added opportunity for expression when he joined the town band as a snare drummer, and I found it interesting to attend band rehearsals with him and sat as an interested spectator with him through a number of his practice periods while he struggled with paradiddles, ratamacues and other mysterious adventures which exist only in the experience of a snare drummer. In those days he and I were almost inseparable. We attended school together, played together—and yes, we had some of our first dates together.

And then came the time when we reached the conclusion that Lamoni was too small a place in which to spend our entire lifetime. We thought we should plan to get out and see a bit of the world. We talked over many proposed trips but always for one reason or another they were abandoned; and then finally we seemed to hit upon one which to him, at least, seemed feasible, but as the day of departure approached I lost much of my enthusiasm for the venture.

Not so with Grassy, for as the time drew nearer he became more and more enthusiastic about it, and in an effort to convert me to his way of reasoning we spent our last day together. It was a beautiful Sunday in early fall, the leaves had just begun to turn golden and the air was just crisp enough to make it pleasant to sit in the sun and talk. This we did for most of the day, and thus we reached an amicable understanding: There were existing circumstances which made it impossible for me to consider making the trip but he was intent upon going as we had planned.

That evening we parted in the best of spirits and the next morning bright and early he started out to see the world. A day or two later the startling news was wired back to Lamoni that in an attempt to board a freight train at a small town not far distant, he had slipped and fallen under the wheels and both legs had been severed.

Transportation was terribly slow in those days and from the little out-of-the-way town where he was injured railway and communication connections were painfully uncertain, so it was a matter of days before his mutilated form, wrapped in bandages and lying upon a cot, was taken off the train at the local depot and up to a physician's office in the second story of a building on Linden street. There his limbs were operated upon and he was placed in one of the rooms to the rear of the operating room which had been fitted up for occupancy by patients under treatment of the physician.

The next few days were uncertain ones—days filled with apprehension for relatives and friends. I had opportunity a time or two to look in upon him but he was barely conscious and it was evident he was not aware of my presence. A day or two later more encouraging reports came from the sickroom, and our spirits rose accordingly. Most of the nursing was done by voluntary attendants and when, a night or two later, attendants were needed for the night, a friend and I volunteered our services.

It was evident that he was suffering a great deal, but at times he seemed more at ease and he would talk to us about ordinary happenings about town and even about some of the details of his accident. It was hard for me to realize that the pale, haggard form upon the bed was the same lad who had been so full of vigor and life, and who only a few days previous had jigged so vigorously and so happily as I played a lively tune upon the mandolin. But for him those days had gone forever. I knew it and it was evident he realized the significance of the situation, for as we tried to administer to his needs—and how pitifully inadequate these ministrations were—he talked intermittently of his plans for the future. The dancing was out, he knew, but he intended to go on playing the drum, and he thought he would begin to study other forms of music. He loved music more than any other thing and if he studied seriously probably he could become a teacher. Then the fact that he had no feet would be no handicap.

Sometime after midnight the doctor came into the room to see him. He turned down the covers and removed the bandages from the badly swollen and discolored stumps of legs, then taking a large bottle of colorless liquid from a table close by, he poured some of it upon a piece of gauze and began bathing the wounds where the amputations had been made. Had it been liquid fire in the bottle it would not have been more painful to the lad, who bit his lips and clenched and unclenched his hands frantically as the bathing process continued. Perspiration stood out in beads upon his face and the agonized moans



which emerged through his tightly clenched teeth were heart-rending. Never in my lifetime have I seen a human being endure such excruciating pain. The friend who was with me upon this vigil immediately left the room, and it was only by sheer determination that I forced myself to remain.

When this ordeal was finally over and the doctor had left the room, and after the pain had subsided, he lay there quietly, pale and completely exhausted. I bathed his brow with a moist cloth, and he reached over and clasped my hand and held it as tightly as his weakened condition would permit. "I'm sorry," he said in a voice that was little above a whisper. "I hate to cause you pain. It don't matter about me—I'll have to get used to a lot of things that are not going to be pleasant, but I will do it, and I'm going to be a music teacher."

Such courage as that one sees but rarely in a lifetime, but he was game to the core. He uttered no word of complaint and he met his affliction with the same optimistic attitude with which he had faced life when he knew not a care, and his chief consideration was that his misfortune should not bring pain and sorrow to others. The next day following this experience he passed into the great beyond—the destiny of all humanity.

In a rather inconspicuous spot in Rose Hill stands a very modest slab of granite which bears this inscription: "William Mayhew, born May 22, 1883, died October 14, 1901." Each time I go to the cemetery I wander over that way, and many a time in the past two score years I have relived in memory incidents that occurred when we were kids together, when he played the harmonica and danced, or when we went down to Davis City on a date—those were rich memories. He was my buddy, a member of Lamoni's passing parade.

## DELOS F. NICHOLSON

THERE is little doubt but that many people in the early days of the Reorganized Church believed that once the church became permanently established under the leadership of the son of Joseph Smith the Martyr, they would rapidly build up that organization until it rivaled the original church in membership. And when the move was finally made to the new location which later became Lamoni, many of the members became enthusiastic for in fancy they envisioned the new community developing with the rapidity that had been evidenced at Nauvoo some forty years previous.

The new town had been laid out and numerous building projects were under way; the church publishing plant was newly built and the headquarters of the church was already established here, and talk of a church college was gaining momentum. Big things were anticipated for Lamoni, and though the settlers of this new community realized that they were starting at the very beginning, they were undaunted by the enormity of the task before them. However, they squared their shoulders and prepared themselves to handle the boom which they felt was sure to envelop this new community.

Among those men who were active in these preparations was a young man by the name of Delos F. Nicholson. He was a son-in-law of W. W. Blair, one of the spiritual leaders of the Reorganized movement, and while Delos conceded the importance of spiritual development, he realized that material development was also essential; and it was with material things that he was most interested. He was a man of keen business intuition who at that time possessed considerable business training, and immediately he stepped into the forefront of Lamoni's business activities.

He was the first to organize a bank here, an institution badly needed in those early days. And though it was housed in modest quarters on North Linden street, it proved adequate to the needs of the infant village. Its organizer, a man whose mind was keenly alert to the possibilities presented, soon became a motivating factor in its activities. He dealt largely in real estate and assisted the newcomers to become established in homes and upon tracts of land. It was while thus engaged that he was impressed with the idea that the town as originally laid out would not long be adequate to the needs of a fast-growing community, and it was then he conceived the idea of procuring a large portion of land lying west and south of the main part of town and having it surveyed and plotted into residence lots. Here he also con-



#### THE FIRST BANK BUILDING IN LAMONI

This unpretentious little building which housed Lamoni's first bank, stood on the east side of Linden street, north of the site of the present State Bank of Lamoni. D. F. Nicholson, organizer and cashier of this institution of early Lamoni, is standing at left.





structed dwellings to provide homes for many of the newcomers. This new addition grew rapidly for a time and was known as the Nicholson Addition, though by many it was often jokingly referred to as "Cocklebur" Addition.

Its development, however, was rapid and substantial enough that many residents conceded that future growth of the town would probably be in that direction, and for that reason the old west side school (recently torn down when the new grade building was built) was located as it was, at the west edge of town. At one time this new addition showed definite promise that in time it might become a thriving part of Lamoni, and the promoter of it envisioned a time when a streetcar line would provide transportation to that distant part of town, but time has changed all that; in fact, today there is little left to provide visual evidence of those dreams of the past. But because this one project turned out as it did is no indication that D. F. Nicholson was a failure, rather it offers positive proof of his ability as an organizer and a salesman. It was but one of many projects in the life of a man whose activities generally were crowned with success. Wherever there was financial activity in the community it was certain that he was close by. He served on the college board in those days when a handful of people were struggling desperately against insurmountable odds that Graceland might become more than a fantastic dream. He also was active on numerous boards and committees of a civic nature; and amidst all of these activities, the one which appealed to him most and became one of his favorite hobbies was the upbuilding of the parks of Lamoni. It was a source of great satisfaction to him that in his lifetime he had seen Lamoni grow from a treeless prairie town to one of public parks and treelined streets, and to feel that he had had an active part in this development.

My association in the Nicholson household began shortly after my arrival in Lamoni, and the hours I spent in their home are among my choicest boyhood memories. These contacts became even closer when I worked for a time in a furniture store which D. F. Nicholson established in the building which is now occupied by the Arkle jewelry store. While he did not take over the active management of this store, yet he was in and out of it many times each day and there I had opportunity to become pretty well acquainted with him. Some of his philosophy and advice I will never forget.

One day I purchased a new umbrella and as I came into the store with it in my hand, he said: "There is only one way you can keep an umbrella and that is to paint your name in large white letters on the inside of it." He noted my look of inquiry for a moment and then he continued: "That's right. Someone will get away with it in no time if you don't do as I say. Go into the shop right now and take care of it."

Under such persistent urging there was nothing for me to do but follow his instructions and under his supervision I located a can of

white paint and lettered my name inside the umbrella. It was not many days later that I realized the soundness of his advice, when I was forced to identify my umbrella after it had been missing for several days; and I did it simply by pointing to the large white letters which established beyond question the ownership of the article in question.

D. F. Nicholson was a quiet man whose general appearance was one of serious dignity but he possessed a sense of humor that was really interesting and refreshing. It was not the usual story-or-gag form but often so unusual that its climaxes were more than simple amusement—they were unforgettable.

He came into the store one day carrying a small package which he proceeded to unwrap and brought forth a number of cards about three or four inches square. He had just brought them from the printers, and they were printed in heavy, black type on both sides of each card, "Please keep me at home."

"Just place cards for an 'at home' party," he said with a slight chuckle, as he noted my inquisitive look; and though my curiosity was at fever heat I knew if he cared for me to know more he would tell me, so I held my tongue. "I would like for you to help me punch a hole in each one of these cards," he added. (I guess the printers in those days did not have paper drills or punches.) Anyway, with an ordinary drill or some similar means I made the holes to his satisfaction, and he again wrapped them into a neat bundle, tied a string around it and left the store.

My curiosity was still at fever heat but I tried not to be inquisitive. However, in a few days the story I wanted so much to know came from a member of the family. It seems that D. F. had been bothered considerably with one of his neighbor's chickens. He took those cards, ran a string through the hole to which he tied a kernel of corn, and then he threw the corn—cards and all—on the ground in front of the unwelcome chickens. They unsuspectingly swallowed the grains of corn, unaware of what was attached to them until the strings began to clog their throats and the cards began to flutter before their eyes; then suddenly they tried desperately to disentangle themselves from the strings and fluttering cards. Many of them did not stop with one grain of corn, but in their greed had swallowed several, only to find just that many cards dancing wildly in the breeze about their heads, and with loud squawks and much flapping and fluttering of wings they made haste to vacate the Nicholson property and hasten home where their owner stood, waiting to welcome them at the "home-coming party," where it was plainly evident to all concerned that the message they bore was not misunderstood.

In his home D. F. Nicholson was a pal to his family. Away from the stress and rush of business, family interests became his interests and he enjoyed with them whatever activity was of immediate concern. With the passing of the years he became less active in business, and then he



turned much of his attention to improvements about his home. When he had brought these improvements to a completed stage he sold that property and bought one without improvements and started all over again. This he did several times and thus developed several second-rate properties into those that were most desirable.

In every sense of the word he was a community builder during his entire lifetime and from the earliest days of Lamoni was one of the motivating spirits in the development of the community. He was a supporter, financially and morally of every worthwhile civic or community venture and proved himself a veritable human dynamo of energy in the activities of Lamoni's passing parade.

## JOHN MCKIM

ONE of the thriving business institutions during the 90's was the McKim Hotel, which occupied the large frame building just north of the depot, now owned by John Foster. In the early days of Lamoni John McKim had selected this site close to the depot as being favorable to a business of this kind and had built his hotel here, where it proved a convenience to the travelling public; and to further add to this convenience, especially for the benefit of the travelling salesmen who wished to make the surrounding inland towns, he also established a livery service and built a large livery barn across the road, east of the hotel. His son Martin, as reliable and dependable a man as ever conducted business in Lamoni, had charge of the stable, while Everett, a grandson, was chief handyman and divided his time between both institutions, wherever the need was most pressing.

John McKim was one of the early pioneers in this community, having been attracted to this locality through church interests, but who, as the years passed, allowed his religious fervor to become cooled to the extent that he was openly critical of the church which had chosen Lamoni as its headquarters, and he was not in the least hesitant in condemning many of the activities of its leaders. He was one of those fussy, fidgety kind of men, quite excitable and impatient, and when demands about the hotel became urgent and more than normally pressing he would flit about the place here and there, from one task to another, giving none of them adequate attention, and finally in desperation he would invariably step to the door and call excitedly: "Marty, Marty, Everett, Everett," until one or the other of these assistants came to his rescue and cared for the demands of the moment.

On the whole, however, he was undoubtedly a clever businessman, and under his supervision the business prospered. With his friends he was jovial and congenial, and with adults and youngsters alike he was known quite universally as Uncle Johnnie. But while he could be friendly and pleasant, and tolerant of the youngsters and their minor familiarities about his place of business, he could also be, if occasion demanded, very firm and severe. This fact I found out one day in a way that I will not soon forget.

At that time I had a paper route and I procured my papers as they were thrown off the train at the local depot. This particular day some travelling salesmen were there when the papers came who were anxious to get one of them without delay, so I stepped into the hotel office to open the bundle. I felt in my pocket for my knife to cut the wrapping, and, not finding it, I used the first thing I saw that I thought

would serve the purpose, and that happened to be the pen lying upon Uncle Johnnie's desk. As I finished opening the bundle I glanced up and saw him glaring in my direction, one hand stroking his gray beard meditatively, his eyes darting fire, and in a voice that cut like a knife he shouted: "Young man, don't you ever let me see you do that again." You may be sure I never did it again with his pen; and even today if I happen to use a pen to open a letter or any similar missive I always think of Uncle Johnnie and his warning.

The chief reason his church associations had not turned out as he had anticipated when he came to Lamoni was that he felt those who controlled the financial affairs of the church were especially inefficient in that line, and if there was one thing that irritated him it was what he considered the useless squandering of finances.

"I always paid my tithing," he would say—and I have heard him tell this story several times—"yes, I paid my tithing when times were hard and I did not have it to spare, only to see the bishop spend it for things which were unnecessary. And finally in desperation I said, 'Lord, no more tithing. I am giving no more money to the church to see it squandered foolishly.' And from that moment my financial affairs began to improve and I have prospered ever since."

When the conference of the LDS Church voted in Kirtland, Ohio, to close Graceland College, Uncle Johnnie was jubilant. "Have you heard what the conference decided?" he would inquire of the man on the street or in the shops. "They are going to close Graceland College and thus put an end to a lot of this squandering of the church's money. This act upon the part of the conference is wise and the fulfillment of prophecy."

Then, if inquiry was made concerning the source of such a prophecy, he would continue with an air of importance: "Yes, sir, on the day the college was dedicated I gave that prophecy. At that time I predicted that after a short period of activity the new college building would be deserted and finally become hidden to the world by a rank growth of weeds, brambles and underbrush; its walls would crumble and its roof would sag; its study rooms become roosting places for owls and bats and its halls runways for rats and vermin."

This was similar to the picture of desolation mentally visioned for the future Graceland College by many people of that time. Uncle Johnnie McKim was not the only one who predicted such a dire ending for this project, so enthusiastically and so recently sponsored by the church and the community; and while he considered that such a prediction could come only through inspiration in the form of a prophecy, in truth, with many who were really acquainted with the hard facts, it was simply a matter of logical reasoning. The only difference between his and other such predictions was that he was probably a little more vigorous in presenting his views and a little more eloquent in their declaration. In my opinion the miracle which did take place, however,



was not in the number or eloquence of the prophecies given, but in the fact that Graceland was successful in keeping her doors open, that . . . but this is quite another story.

While John McKim may have been somewhat eccentric in many of his views, on the whole he was probably as reasonable as the majority of us, and if the following story (one which was told quite generally and is probably authentic) can be relied upon, it proves that though he may have been positive in his views he did keep his mind open to conviction, and if the evidence was conclusive he could, like the proverbial female, change his mind as often and as quickly as the occasion demanded.

Upon this particular day Uncle Johnnie looked out of one of the east windows of his hotel and noticed a large cloud of black smoke which completely enveloped the livery barn across the street. He had never been a believer in fire insurance and had never invested in it, but with this indisputable evidence that the livery barn was on fire before him, he immediately realized the fallacy of his prejudices in this line, and in haste he dashed from the hotel and immediately sought the advice of one of the local insurance agents.

"I want to take out an insurance policy," he exclaimed as he breathlessly confronted the agent. "Insurance on the hotel, the livery barn and everything I own."

The agent was familiar with his previous attitude regarding insurance and was not a little amazed at the sudden change, and more or less curious at his impetuosity. After a little questioning he soon learned what Uncle Johnnie thought was the true state of affairs and noting his apparent despair he was really concerned over the old gentleman's pathetic appeal for help.

At this point in the conversation a third party entered the insurance office, a man who had just passed the location of the supposed conflagration, and, hearing enough of his conversation to acquaint him with the details, he sensed the situation immediately and hastened to explain:

"Your barn is not afire, Mr. McKim," he said.

"Not afire!" shouted the old man, his face distorted with distress. "It is all ablaze. I saw the smoke pouring from every door. Don't tell me it is not on fire."

"But it is not," assured the man, smiling in spite of the older man's seriousness. "Some workmen are repairing the roof on one of the store buildings and they set up their kettle for melting the tar just behind your livery stable. It is the smoke from their fire and the boiling tar that you saw."

A trip to the spot was the only thing that could convince Uncle Johnnie of the truth of his story, and so all three of them hurried to the location and found it just as the newcomer had said. Uncle

Johnnie admitted rather reluctantly that the joke was on him and started without further ceremony toward his hotel.

"What about that insurance," said the agent, attempting to detain him. "Now would be a good time to take care of it, and you may really need it sometime."

"Ho," snorted Uncle Johnnie indifferently, "my wife and I have carried the risk a long time and I guess we can take care of it from now on."

Yes, John McKim had his eccentricities. He was impulsive and he was critical, but to those who knew all about him he demonstrated many good qualities. He was sincere in his beliefs, and if he opposed a thing it was because that in his heart he felt it was not worthy of his support. With some individuals it seems only natural to differ with the majority, and many of his inclinations seemed to follow this tendency. In group development, however, this tendency in moderation is an asset rather than a liability, as it acts as an ingredient which tends to leaven the loaf. In memory we think of Uncle Johnnie and the many constructive things he did contribute, and we know his works entitle him to a place among those other pioneers to whom Lamoni owes her very existence, and a place in Lamoni's passing parade.

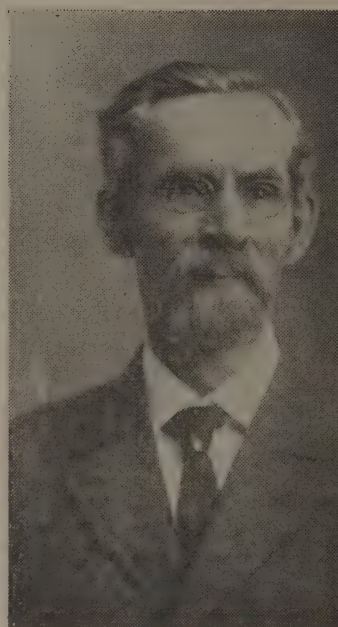
## DANIEL F. LAMBERT

LAMONI is deeply indebted to D. F. Lambert for the high standard of its early educational program, as it was he who lifted our school system from the level of the old-time country school, introduced the first grading system as far back as 1887 and graduated the first class in June of 1888.

Like some of the great pioneers recorded in American history who were born with an indefinable craving for learning, D. F. Lambert secured an education by dint of his own efforts. The opportunities offered him for schooling were almost nothing compared to those offered the youth of today, and so far as actual schooling was concerned he had only what the high school or academy of his day had to offer, yet throughout his whole life his activities were along educational lines and wherever he was known he was considered one of the best educated men of his time.

While he was just a boy, a friend made him a present of a dictionary and he studied it until he knew every word it contained, along with its definition and proper use; whenever he rested, it was with a book in his hand, which he never deserted until he had thoroughly assimilated its contents; he took fourteen lessons in shorthand when a young man, and with no further help he made of himself an expert at shorthand, who could take down with accuracy 150 words a minute. As a court reporter he followed the courts of Iowa for a number of years prior to coming to Lamoni where his purpose was to assume the duties of church recorder. Here he was associated actively with Joseph Smith and the other church leaders in editorial work upon the church papers, and in 1887 he took up the publishing of the Lamoni Gazette, the name of which he later changed to the Independent Patriot. He found many opportunities open to one of his ability in this new community but in addition to all of these he filled the post of editor and manager of this paper continuously until the year 1910.

He was acting superintendent of the schools when I moved to Lamoni, and the day I entered my class at the old West Side school he walked over from the east side just to see that I was properly enrolled. I will never forget that day, and I will never forget that interview with him in one of the cloakrooms on the second floor. I have





wondered many times since, if it was necessary for a new pupil to go before the superintendent to become enrolled why the pupil did not go to his office, surely he did not have time to make that trip clear across town every time a new pupil sought enrollment. But what I actually think is this: he knew the feelings of a young lad entering a new school in a strange town and he felt he could more effectively overcome that feeling of shyness and lonesomeness if he met the pupil in his new environment and helped him to make the adjustment. The memory of that interview will always remain a pleasant one, for he not only helped me to make the readjustment but he gave me the feeling that I had met a friend, and as such I will always remember him. I know of no man who gave more encouragement in many of my youthful endeavors than D. F. Lambert, and the memory I retain of him and of the ideals he stood for, as well as the things he accomplished, are still a great source of inspiration. I can heartily agree with the statement of one of his former pupils, who in speaking of his success as an educator said: "The memorable thing of him was his sense of absolute justice and his theory that the poorest pupil was just as worth while and worthy of consideration as the one of noble birth."

As a newspaper editor and publisher the position of D. F. Lambert was unique, especially among small-town newspaper men. First he was an editor with an editorial program—he had a message he felt would benefit mankind, and all the equipment and other physical elements necessary to the publishing of a paper were essential principally because without them his message could not be distributed. The printing of a paper in those days was a decidedly different proposition from what it is today. The type was all set and distributed by hand and unless the plant was large enough to justify the installation of steam power, the presses were operated by either foot or hand power, which made the work of producing a paper a tedious as well as a laborious procedure. In spite of these difficulties the Independent Patriot as a weekly paper was widely read, both locally and abroad for better than a fourth of a century, and should be credited with having influenced the thinking of many individuals and also proved a moral uplift to the new community. Standards and ideals established in those early days have played a major part in the building of Lamoni and have made it a community that holds a unique place in history.

I remember at one time when a certain individual came into our town with the idea of setting up a business and finally opened up a restaurant on Linden street. He was a stranger to practically all the inhabitants; no one seemed to know much about him or where he had come from, but he had not been in business long before many realized that he was conducting a business that was anything but reputable, and decidedly beneath the standards established by the community. In fact, current reports indicated that many of the activities in connection with the place were positively illegal.

Of course, rumors flew thick and fast, but the owner of the place was hardened and experienced in his line, and was clever enough to cover up the true status of his business. This made of it a very difficult situation to handle for a lack of incriminating evidence forestalled the advisability of legal action. So while the town fathers and the local officers of the law worried and contemplated the proper course of procedure, D. F. Lambert sat down to his editorial desk and took his trusty pencil in hand; he wrote in his own fearless and capable style, an article which brought to light the questionable operations of the concern in question. The paper was printed and went into the mails that evening and when the sun rose over the bank building the next morning its rays flowed unobstructedly through the windows which previously had been so tightly curtained; and now, early passers-by had no difficulty in obtaining a complete view of the entire room. To their amazement they found it completely empty. The ink was hardly dry on the paper when the proprietor of the institution had seen the editorial, and under the cover of night had taken the opportunity to clear out, which he did—bag and baggage.

I like to think of D. F. Lambert in the role of a public speaker. His ideals were high, he was a deep thinker and he possessed the virility and eloquence as well as the sincerity and simplicity of delivery to bring his hearers up to his plane of thought. I well remember one instance during a patriotic celebration. The band sat upon the speakers' stand and he was the orator of the day. His speech was a masterpiece on patriotism and at its conclusion it was apparent that his audience was deeply impressed. I arose to conduct the band through the closing number of the program and from the sounding of the first chord of the composition I sensed that a change had come over the players. They had played that composition many times, but never like that. They, too, had become inspired by the words they had heard, and I realized they had caught a portion of that spirit of pioneer patriotism which had inspired the builders of our great country; they played as I had never heard them play before, and I shared with them the thrill of that experience—proud to be an American.

Many times I have wondered about some of Lamoni's outstanding characters and endeavored to understand just what factor provided the balance of power in their reasoning and which influenced them to spend their lives in a small place when larger places might have offered them opportunities that were unobtainable here. D. F. Lambert was one of those men. With his ability and qualifications the possibilities were limitless. He would have been outstanding in any community, city, state or even in the nation. However, he chose to cast his lot with the people of Lamoni, and Lamoni can claim him with pride. He was an educator, editor, orator and an outstanding citizen in every sense of the word—a man with the bearing and qualifications of a statesman—a dominating, capable character in Lamoni's passing parade.

## J. R. SMITH

MANY years ago, before the organization of the town of Lamoni was thought of, a group of covered wagons left Illinois enroute to Oklahoma Territory. The men of the party had heard that this new territory which was being opened up offered unusual opportunities to those concerned with cattle raising, and it was in this particular industry that they were most interested.

In the party was a young man named J. R. Smith who was especially interested in this line of endeavor and he thought seriously of making it his life's vocation. He had been married but a couple of years and his young wife and little son were members of the party, and as the wagons lumbered slowly over the trackless prairie lands of southern Iowa he was deeply impressed by its rolling hills and fertile soil with its luxuriant growth of bluegrass stretching in all directions as far as the eye could see.

"Surely," he thought, "Oklahoma or no other state in the Union could surpass this as a grazing land for cattle."

Some of the party had relatives who lived in this section and the original plan was that the caravan would pause here a few days, allowing for a brief visit with these relatives, and then the journey to Oklahoma would be resumed. Everything went according to plan until the time came for the departure and then J. R. Smith made known the thoughts that had been going through his mind. "You may go on to Oklahoma if you wish, but I am going no further. There is no better place for raising cattle than right here, and this is where I intend to go into the business."

And suiting his actions to his word he started to work immediately to organize a program of stock raising, buying and shipping, and from that time on he was generally recognized as the first and most prominent dealer in livestock throughout this entire section of country. He purchased land and developed it, and then he traveled the country over on horseback buying cattle and helping the other raisers of this vicinity to get their stock to market.

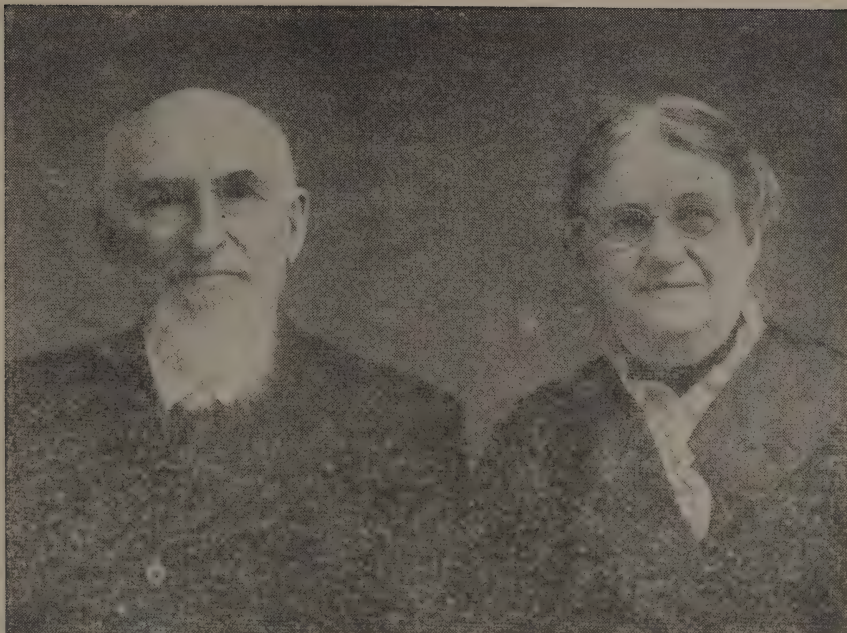
He was a man of unlimited energy and his activities rapidly became a vital part of the development program of a new community, whose growing needs soon induced the railroad company to build a line down this way as far as Leon, with the idea of continuing it on to Mount Ayr. Amid all this development you may be sure J. R. Smith was vitally interested and lending every ounce of energy to encourage its completion; and when the time came for the town of



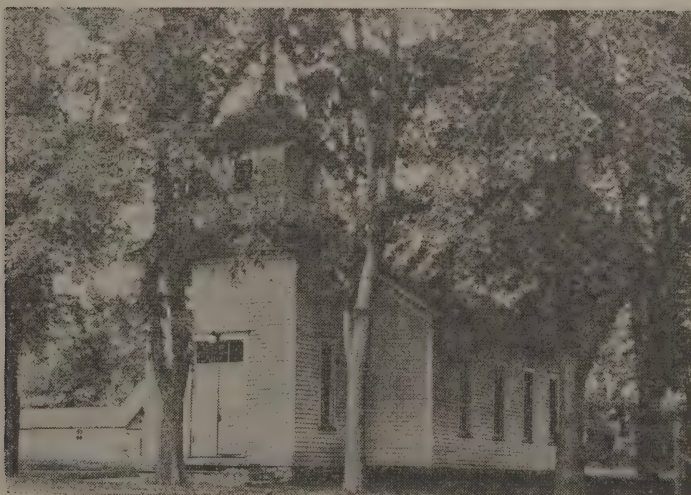
Lamoni to be organized he became one of the signers of the original charter and a co-subscriber with a few other progressive pioneers to raise sufficient funds to induce the railroad company to include the embryo town of Lamoni upon the proposed route. Had it not been for men like J. R. Smith there would have been no Lamoni, and had there been no Lamoni the courses of many of our lives would have been drastically changed, and probably many of us who were fortunate enough to know J. R. Smith as a friend might have been robbed of that opportunity.

As a youngster I first came to know him quite intimately when he made frequent visits to the harness shop where I worked as an apprentice. He was getting well along in years at this time, and some of his sons had taken over the major part of the stock buying, but he was still very active, and here he met many of his friends and talked over the things which interested them most. "Uncle Jim," as many of them called him, wore a beard which at that time was beginning to gray quite perceptibly, but unlike many of the men who wore full beards in those days, he always kept his upper lip cleanly shaved. He carried a cane—one of peculiar design, and especially interesting to a worker in leather. It was made of leather washers threaded upon a steel rod which gave it the necessary rigidity, and the leather was polished and finished in a way that made it an attractive as well as a substantial "third leg," as he sometimes jokingly termed it. It was here that I remember him best, seated upon a chair in the little shop, his knees spread somewhat far apart, his cane standing on the floor between his knees and one hand clasped over the other, holding it upright. Occasionally he tapped the floor with it to add emphasis to some remark, but these demonstrations of emphasis were rarely of the emphatic type, and when he spoke his voice was smooth and full of expression. He had a way of occasionally drawing his breath through the corners of his lips, which during a lull in his conversation seemed to indicate a diversion of his line of thought as well as allowing time for his point to sink home.

He was an interesting talker and a good listener. He never tried to monopolize the course of the conversation but it was here that I have heard him tell some of the most interesting adventures of pioneer life in southern Iowa; how in those days they drove all of their stock to market with Leon or Osceola the most prominent objectives. These expeditions required no little amount of planning and organization as they involved many details in management to successfully drive as many as a dozen or more carloads of hogs or cattle over the many miles of sparsely settled prairie and return safely with the money he received in payment for them, all in gold coins. There were many details incident to such activities that could furnish numberless plots for stories or movie thrillers, as in those days there were plenty of highwaymen who made a practice of carrying out their



Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Smith.



The Methodist Episcopal Church Building.

This little building was originally located east of the corporate limits of Lamoni. With the organization of the town this building was moved to the site where it stands today, one of the real landmarks of the community.





nefarious designs upon expeditions of this kind. In fact, many who started out on similar missions mysteriously disappeared and were never heard from, and to this day the details of their fate is unknown.

His stories of simple pioneer home life of those days too, were of intense interest to me . . . a family of youngsters growing up under typical pioneer conditions, several men about the place who helped handle the stock and cared for other farm work, and upon numerous occasions a number of guests participating in the family activities and partaking of the hospitality which abounded in unstinted measure. In this connection he told of the buckwheat pancakes they often served for breakfast on cold winter mornings—pancakes made from batter stirred up by the bucketful the night before so that it might have time to raise properly; to these were added the choicest cuts of meats and all the other characteristic trimmings of those days served in quantities beyond the comprehension of the average household of today. The home of J. R. Smith was certainly a center of hospitality from which neither friend or stranger departed without opportunity to partake of the best it had to offer.

Then there was the story of the night when the notorious James gang visited them. Though it was not then known, the outlaws had that day robbed the bank at Corydon and were on their way back to their haunts in Missouri. They rode up to the Smith home after darkness had fallen and demanded water for their horses, giving no thought as to how much of it was spilled upon the ground. With a stockman water is one of the essential elements to his business, and when Mr. Smith observed their utter disregard for his interests he cautioned them about wasting the water; and these men who valued human life as of small consequence, rather than waste a bullet they felt might prove valuable later on, struck him upon the head with the butt of a revolver and left him lying unconscious while they rode on to more lucrative adventure. Had they known the true facts or decided to search the premises they might have found more of value than a few buckets of water. A man who bought stock to the value of \$50,000 a year and had no other way of paying for it but in gold, often had large quantities of money at hand. Perhaps it was hidden in buckets and covered with coffee beans or in the buggy bed under a pile of newspapers or in any one of numberless other obscure places about the premises, but they, however, did not choose to investigate and went their way probably satisfied in the thought that they had convinced one more victim of the uselessness and folly of interfering with their wishes, regardless of how trivial they might be.

In lighter vein there was the story of the old family mare—old Sue, they called her, one of the original animals brought from Illinois, upon whose back all the children had received their first lessons in horseback riding, and how she was regarded as one of the family, petted and coddled to an age far beyond her period of use-

fulness; but precious memories cling tenaciously to childhood pets and old Sue, though long ago passed from life is still alive in memory with those who knew her.

He talked often of his religious experiences too, for J. R. Smith was a man of strong Christian inclinations who was desirous of seeing religious opportunities available for all members of the new community. He was a member of the Methodist Church and gave freely of his time and finances in helping establish a pastorate of that denomination here. The little church which was first located east of the corporate limits of what is now Lamoni was later moved into town and to the site where it now stands; and when it was thought there was a possibility of securing a full-time pastor, Mr. Smith was the motivating power behind the erection of the parsonage.

Although a member of the Methodist Church he worked untiringly with any group for the upbuilding of the community, and when the plan to build Graceland College was proposed he became one of her most enthusiastic supporters. In fact in those days when Graceland was passing through her most trying period he was considered one of the faithful few who could be depended upon for either moral or financial assistance.

Among all of the early pioneers of Lamoni, J. R. Smith stands out prominently in the development of the town. For many years he was the only buyer of livestock, which business probably brought more money into the community than any other. He transported essential goods regularly into town from Osceola before the days of railroads. He served upon the county board of supervisors and also the local school board for many years. He helped organize the Farmers' State Bank and served as vice-president of that institution. In fact it is impossible to enumerate all the civic activities which filled his half century of residence in Lamoni.

But for all of these responsibilities he was a plain, unpretentious, friendly sort of man—one who took justifiable pride in his family and a genuine satisfaction in the association of his friends. His policy in business was to live and let live, and the assistance he gave to others was as "bread cast upon the waters" and returned to him many fold in the good will and satisfaction he experienced as he witnessed their success. He was widely known throughout this entire section of the state for his honesty and integrity, and his record is a worthy one in the history of Lamoni. A conscientious and successful businessman, a progressive and consistent community builder, a Christian gentleman, he proved himself an essential and dominant character in Lamoni's passing parade.

## C. H. BARROWS

**A**MONG the early businessmen of Lamoni the name of Charles H. Barrows is one of the familiar ones. In those days when drug stores were known more or less as apothecary shops, and when the mortar and pestle hanging out in front were as significant to that line of activity as the wooden Indian to the cigar store and the barber pole to the barber shop, he opened a drug store in Lamoni and was thus engaged for many years.

When I came to Lamoni this place of business was located in the building now occupied by the Lane Dry Goods department, a one-story building at that time. It was here that I had my first contacts with him. I had not known him long when I learned that he and I had much in common, for we had both previously been residents of Salt Lake City. I remember during one of our first conversations that he told me how he and some of his boy friends spun their tops on a certain sidewalk—a spot that was very familiar to me—and in turn I told him that I had lived neighbor to his father and mother, and that I often helped his father gather apples from the family orchard and upon numerous occasions had also assisted in grinding the apples to make cider, and how, when the juice had been pressed out and drained into containers he often gave me a jugful of it to take home. The relating of these and similar incidents which happened amid scenes familiar to both of us soon gave me the feeling that I had met an old friend, and through his friendly attitude toward me he encouraged me in this conclusion. It was through the associations which followed that many memorable incidents occurred that have been significant in my Lamoni experiences, and I look back to that little drug store as the center of many interesting developments.

Upon one occasion, shortly after coming to Lamoni, a friend and I visited the store in quest of certain school supplies. Of course I sought the services of the proprietor as he was the only one connected with the institution with whom I was acquainted. But he was occupied for the moment, and after a friendly word of greeting he referred us to one of his young helpers who happened to be standing near by, and whom he instructed to see that we were properly cared for. The helper was a youngster probably a few years my senior, but he was clever and capable. He was a good-looking lad with brown eyes and a pleasant smile, and he lost no time in serving us promptly and efficiently. As he finished with the last details of our purchase my friend spied a certain brand of confections in the case which looked very tempting, and not being able to control his desires, he inquired: "Isn't there some



way you could include a little of that candy with my school supplies and put it on the bill so dad wouldn't detect it?"

The young clerk's brown eyes twinkled knowingly. "It might get by as miscellaneous," he suggested.

"We'll try it," replied my friend and a few minutes later we were trudging toward home with our newly acquired school books and partaking generously of the candy, enjoying every bite of it. What the word "miscellaneous" meant, neither of us had the least idea, but apparently it had turned the trick perfectly and youth rarely thinks seriously of the future.

"Who was the young fellow in the drug store?" I asked a few minutes later. "He certainly knew how to take care of everything."

"Why, don't you know him," he replied, "his name is "Seeds" Blair.\* He is a swell guy."

Later that evening we learned that the word "miscellaneous" had not paid the debt. "Seeds" had done his duty as a salesman, but as buyers we found we still had the debt to pay and we did it next day as with calloused and aching hands we tried to perform an acceptable job of hilling up the potatoes in the garden of my friend's father.

In those days the drug store was the center of interest for most of the young fellows of Lamoni as they were at that time broadening their lines of merchandising, which gradually made of them dispensers of more favorable items than medicines and pills. And when C. H. Barrows installed his ice cream fountain—which, by the way, was the first in town—it really became the social center of Lamoni. There one could buy a glass of soda or any of the regular fountain drinks at five cents a serving. Ice cream was also served plain or in sodas, but cones, sundaes or any of the frozen dainties or lollypops you see today had not been thought of at that time. Yet we felt that with the advent of a fountain in Lamoni we were really breaking into the city class.

Then too, at the drug store we found all of the popular magazines of the day, and of course, those in which the boys were mostly interested were the popular weeklies of that period: Tip-Top Weekly, Diamond Dick, Nick Carter and many others of varying degrees of prominence to fire the imagination of the youngsters of that period. And while C. H. Barrows (Charley as most everyone called him) kept all of these periodicals in stock in an effort to keep abreast of the demand, yet he deplored the fact that the boys persisted in reading them rather than some of the magazines and books he considered more worth while; and he often took us to task upon this matter. He, personally, was a serious student in his reading and his thinking, and he felt we were grossly wasting our time in reading what he termed trivial and worthless reading matter.

\*Editor's Note—Here at the Chronicle Office today some call him W. H. and some call him "The Boss."

There was one weekly periodical especially that he, as well as many of the parents of the town, objected to very strongly. In this series, the stories were written around the unusual adventures of a young inventor-hero named Frank Reed, who conceived many unheard-of inventions which performed a multitude of miraculous feats: mechanical men that performed with precision and accuracy unknown to humans, ships that sailed under water or in the air, horseless carriages and wagons that traveled with the speed of the wind which were used for both commercial and military purposes, wireless telephones and many other equally fantastic and impossible contraptions. At least this is the way they were classified by many of that generation; and when one stops to consider that in a period of approximately fifty years all of these items, as well as numberless others, have changed completely from the ridiculous and impossible to the essential and practical side of man's thinking, we are made to wonder as to the practicability of any human method of reasoning. It seems that any man who thinks ahead of the crowd is always criticized as impractical and fantastic.

The fact that Charles Barrows objected to the type of reading matter mentioned above does not imply that he had closed his mind to progress. On the contrary, he was deeply interested in new developments, and when the phonograph reached the stage where it became recognized as something more than a mere novelty he accepted the agency for them and stocked quite an elaborate display of both machines and records. These were the first models of the original Edison phonograph which used the cylindrical, soft-wax records that eventually gave way to the more practical disc type generally used today. This type of machine, in spite of its many apparent disadvantages, was the forerunner of a great and thriving industry, and to C. H. Barrows goes the credit for installing the first and probably the only stock of this kind in Lamoni.

To know Charlie Barrows personally and to converse with him was always an interesting experience. At times he presented a rather gruff exterior, but once that shell was penetrated, a more friendly and companionable person never lived. His knowledge upon almost any subject seemed unlimited, and while some of his theories were considerably over my head, yet many of them were not; and often I recall certain bits of his wisdom that I still consider of real value. He had some very definite ideas about diets which at the time I could not accept seriously, for they were mostly out of line with my habits of eating, but with the passing of time I have often wondered if probably they were not more practical than I was willing to admit. One of them recommended that every person endeavor to forego some of the foods he thought the most desirable and in their place force himself to partake of certain quantities of the foods he naturally disliked. Is it possible that such a program might possibly produce more nearly nor-

mal figures in the human race generally and reduce the demand for diets, reducing pills and weight-gaining formulas?

On the whole Charles H. Barrows was a man whose personality radiated much that was worth while. His family and his religion meant much to him, and I think that in word and deed he tried as sincerely as any man of my acquaintance to carry his religion into his daily life. If human beings today are rewarded for honest Christian effort as occasionally they were in scriptural time—like Enoch of old—then Charles Barrows was thus rewarded, for while kneeling at the family altar he said: "Father, it is pleasing to come to Thee in prayer" . . . then silently and without suffering he departed from earthly activity to join those who had preceded him in the search for that richer life which lies beyond the shadow.

To think of Charles Barrows is to think of many things I consider very much worth while. He was a moral pillar of strength in the community, a friend whose counsel was a great encouragement, and a man of wisdom in Lamoni's passing parade.



## GEORGE FOREMAN

**I**N an agricultural community the distribution of farm machinery and farm implements is a matter of major importance, and therefore it was only natural that with the development of the Lamoni community an organization for dispensing these commodities was one of the first business enterprises to begin operations in the new town. Whether the large implement shed on the corner just south of the town hall was the original site of this endeavor I do not know, but I can verify the fact that fifty years ago it served as the center of the town's farm implement activity.

In appearance it was very much the same then as it is to day, and I will always remember the large sign which adorned the front of the building in those days. It was made of woven chicken netting fastened to a wood frame which extended far out above the street and carried in bold cut-out letters the one word, "IMPLEMENTS."

A glance at the personnel of this busy institution of those days would reveal several men whose identities were linked closely with the early development of Lamoni, but the one of immediate interest was a hustling, good-natured young salesman by the name of George Foreman. He had been with this institution almost from its beginning, and though it had changed hands several times previous to my acquaintance with it, George was the one man who continued on in spite of these changes in ownership as one of the essentials of the business.

He was one of those fellows who was always congenial and made friends with everyone, from youth to adult, and I think my first contact with him was one day when a friend and I were passing his home and he called us into the yard to show us his pet crow. The big black bird was eating corn from his hand at the time and ignored our presence completely as its master gently stroked its glossy feathers and told us of the many outstanding and clever traits the bird possessed. As if to bear out at least some of his master's claims the crow went through a series of maneuvers and ended up by perching atop George's head, and then, spreading his wings he squawked viciously at my friend and me as though warning us not to intrude any further.

"He's trying to talk to you," said George with a twinkle in his eye.



"Someday I am going to have his tongue slit and then he will be able to really tell us anything he wants to, for then he will talk just like a parrot."

All of my life I have heard of having certain birds' tongues slit as a means of enabling them to talk, but I will have to admit that I have never been able to figure out, even to this day, if there is any truth in the claim or whether it is just a gag. I have known people who declared emphatically that they have seen and heard magpies, crows and probably some other types of birds that have been made to talk simply by having their tongues slit; for me that claim is just one of those things like picking up a guinea pig by the tail and watching his eyes drop out. But aside from the authenticity of this statement, it was at this time that I first learned of George Foreman's interest in youngsters and of his love for pets—two characteristics he strongly displayed throughout his life.

It was about this time, too, that phonographs began to make their appearance and George was one of the first men of my acquaintance to own one of them. These were the kind patterned after the one in the picture on the trademark where the dog is listening to his master's voice, with the horn suspended from a supporting arm to amplify the tone. On most of the models previous to this one it was necessary to place tubes in one's ears in order to hear anything at all, but this new type made it possible to hear without resorting to this inconvenience. There is no doubt that it greatly amplified the tone and made it possible for people to hear for quite some distance, but at the same time it was necessary to learn to distinguish among many disconcerting noises, the tone you wished to hear, for between the whirring of the machine's mechanism, the scratching of the needle and the loud knocking sound which ensued every time the needle struck an uneven place in the record, it certainly proved a trying test of one's power of concentration.

But it was a wonderful new invention, we all acknowledged that, and many of the neighbors gathered almost nightly on the Foreman lawn to hear the concert which George was happy to provide. He was a great lover of band music—had played in the village band until the stress of business induced him to forego that activity—and a large percentage of his programs were made up of Sousa's marches which at that time were at the peak of popularity. And, too, there were ragtime numbers that were just beginning to sweep the country—"Georgia Campmeeting," "Smoky Mokes," "Hunky Dory," and many others which have left their imprint upon the historical record of this type of American music.

But George wasn't all given to music and phonograph concerts in those days. He was a young fellow, full of pep and energy and out for a good time. He had a wealth of friends who were really the gay blades or the men-about-town, and they were out for fun and enter-

tainment wherever it was to be found. The old Buffalo lodge, which in those days swept the country by storm was typical of the activities of George and his friends. It was a mythical sort of organization whose only reason for existence was the ridiculousness of its rituals. It cost but eleven cents to become a member but whatever the size coin or bill the candidate might offer in payment for this or any other of the numerous fees assessed by the organization he received no change in return—this was a basic rule of the society. And the initiations, too, were of the extremely nonsensical type, but they were a lot of fun and the password, "I am a Buffalo," was a common expression in those days.

There was some talk of horseless carriages in those days, too, but for Lamoni residents their existence was limited to pictures in papers and magazines. Lamoni was preparing for a big Fourth of July celebration and it was George Foreman and the fellows at the implement store who decided that if vehicles of this type were the fashion in the big cities of the East they would also put the Lamoni celebration on the map with the same type of transportation. Gasoline engines for farm and industrial use were just beginning to find their way on the market, so they took one of these which they happened to have in stock, mounted it upon an ordinary farm wagon, connected it with sprockets and implement chains, used ropes for their guiding mechanism, and after trimming it up with bunting and other appropriate decorations, they drove it triumphantly in the parade where it received the lion's share of compliments from the enthusiastic onlookers. That was the first gasoline propelled vehicle to be driven over the streets of Lamoni.

And when automobiles really began to find their way into Lamoni, George was one of the first to become interested. Each of the first buyers chose his own favorite type and they ranged from buckboards to phaetons. There was also much discussion as to which type was the most practical—the low-wheel or the high wheel. The owner of the high-wheel type had none of the worries of the pneumatic tires as that model was equipped with solid rubber tires, and some contended that the high wheels provided more power. So when George made up his mind, he invested in one of the high-wheeled type—the real horseless carriage. In memory I can see him yet, mounted upon the high seat of that novel vehicle, his ever-present cigar tipped at the same certain angle and the satisfied expression on his face, which faded only when the single-lung motor failed to furnish sufficient power to make even some of the lesser grades about town. When this happened, however, there usually were enough onlookers standing by to get behind and push it over the crest of the hill, and from there it "put-putted" merrily on its way.

With the coming of cars of more practical design George's auto buggy gave way to one of these newer models and he became one of the early car dealers in Lamoni, handling some of the well-known





The John Foreman home which still stands at the corner of Tenth and Cherry streets. George Foreman stands with his mother in the yard while John Foreman occupies the seat on the old ice wagon which served early Lamoni with ice over a period of several years.

makes; but as the years wore on he contented himself with a much less vigorous program of activities. He remained on the same old corner where his business finally narrowed down to an oil station and the sale of feeds. But though advancing age brought a slowing down of certain of his activities his love of pets and children never diminished. After the passing of his dog, Bounce, which for many years was his constant companion, he transferred his affection to all the dogs of the neighborhood, and they knew if they stopped in front of his store they would be rewarded with a cheery greeting, a pat on the head and probably some choice morsel he had saved for the occasion.

And the children—every youngster in town knew him and loved him. He talked their language and they in turn acknowledged his attentions and the little favors he showered upon them with grateful respect. One little girl of his acquaintance had been given a small statue of George Washington by one of her relatives. A day or two later, not being able to locate it she said to her mother: "Mother, do you know where my George Foreman is?"

Her mother was not a little mystified for a moment, then realizing she meant the statue replied: "Why, dear, that isn't George Foreman. That is a statue of George Washington. He was a great man and the father of our country."

"Yes, I know," returned the little girl, the shadow of uncertainty still in evidence, "he may have been a great man, but I like George Foreman better."

And thus it was with many of the youngsters in town. George Foreman was a reality. They knew if they passed his place of busi-

ness he would be there and he would notice their new dress, or coaster wagon, or bicycle, or whatever they were most interested in, and then he would probably slip them a coin or piece of candy; in fact, just meeting George Foreman was an event for the kids.

And when it comes to qualifying as a pioneer of Lamoni George Foreman's name will rank well up on the list. Many of the buildings stand upon foundations built from rock that he helped dig out and haul from the rock quarry east of town. He promoted Lamoni's first ice company and for many years stored ice which was taken from the Foreman pond and delivered it to patrons throughout the town. Through his many business activities he was widely known and his acquaintances and friendships were legion. He was a man of responsibility, one who was frank and honest in his dealings and who was known for his loyalty to his friends and also his willingness to be of service to all. The fact that he was so generally loved by little children is the most emphatic recommendation he could possibly carry and offers the most definite perspective of his true character. The corner where he conducted business so long will probably be referred to as the George Foreman corner for many generations, and the man whose characteristic and cheery "Hello Joe," has meant a lot to me these many years will always be there in memory . . . a landmark in Lamoni's passing parade.

## RUSSELL PLUMB

IN THE days when we first came to Lamoni many of the residents used wood for fuel almost exclusively. A dollar or two would buy a fair-sized load of wood and then if there was some member of the family able and willing to put forth the energy necessary to saw it into stove lengths, it provided a satisfactory fuel at a more economical figure than was required for the purchase of coal.

At that time I was the only one of our family who was physically able to attend to that chore, but my inclinations seemed to run more to baseball and similar activities than to wood sawing. As it often is with youngsters about that age, it probably required more effort on the part of my mother to get me at it than it would have required to perform the actual work of cutting the wood, and after several unsuccessful attempts to convince me of the importance of my duties along this line, she finally informed me with a strong note of impatience in her voice that she had been forced to hire a man to come and take care of this work.

Today I can realize the importance of those things she was trying to impress upon my mind and how much it would have eased her burden had I assumed a greater share of the family responsibility, but at that time her words brought only a sense of satisfaction which developed into one of real relief when a few evenings later I returned home after school and found a man busily engaged in sawing the pile of wood in the back yard, for then I felt I had really been relieved of this responsibility.

But what a specimen of a man he was! His clothing was ragged and ill-kept, from the tattered felt hat upon his head to the awkwardly arranged gunny sacks that he had tied upon his feet to take the place of shoes. And when at my approach he turned and faced me I realized instantly that it was anything but a pleased expression which darted forth from a pair of eyes almost hidden behind a pair of bushy eyebrows and a heavy, ill-kept beard that covered his entire face. Dense as it was, however, it failed to hide the fact that his appearance was further disfigured by a conspicuous hairlip which distorted his features into what appeared to be a perpetual snarl, and when I ventured a more-or-less timid word of greeting his only answer was a sound which seemed to me more like the growl of a vicious animal than the voice of a human being; and in haste and not a little frightened by the appearance and actions of this particular individual, I sought refuge inside the house and the association of those I knew would prove more congenial.



This was my introduction to Russell Plumb, whom I saw quite often thereafter, as his home was in our neighborhood. And it was not long after this first meeting that I learned why he had greeted me as he did. He hated boys generally—hated them because they made fun of his appearance and did many things which caused him discomfort and inconvenience, and though Mother had him come often following this when she had different kinds of work about the place, I took particular pains to avoid him. In our first meeting he had bluffed me completely.

As time passed, however, and he became convinced that I had no inclination to taunt or tease him, he gradually became more sociable and eventually displayed quite a tendency toward friendliness. Though it was difficult, due to the abnormal condition of his lip, for him to speak plainly enough for me to understand all that he said, and realizing that he was very sensitive about being asked to repeat a statement, I was at times forced to do considerable stalling to avoid situations that I had found by experience could become very awkward. In time, however, I learned to understand him, and from then on we got along really well.

My mother had learned early in their contacts that it was useless to invite him into the house for a meal, but he seemed to be very appreciative when she would send a plate of food out to him where he could enjoy it without feeling that he was being observed by others, for he realized that his manner of eating was different from that of normal people and he was sensitive about it as he was about his speech. It fell to my lot to thus serve his meals while he would be working, and in time he divested himself of the cloak of resentfulness which had been so conspicuous at the time of our first meeting, and he became really friendly, and at times even jocular—a trait which at first seemed completely foreign to his nature.

Once I had gained his confidence he began telling me little episodes from his life which in time began to take form in a story that for human interest and downright heart-rending tragedy would be difficult to equal, and one which has remained vividly in my memory even though time has probably dimmed some of the minute details, yet in the main it is one I could never forget.

He was but a young man when he became interested in the Latter Day Saint faith. This was at the period when the movement of that organization was toward the West, with the Salt Lake Valley as the objective, where many of the followers of this sect believed an earthly Zion would be established—an ideal community where there would be plenty for all and where there would be no poor or oppressed among them. And with such an objective ahead of them Russell Plumb, his young wife and children joined one of the companies of emigrants being organized for the trip across the plains. He possessed but little in the way of worldly goods, not enough to entitle him to a place in

one of the companies which were to travel in wagons; but the fact that he was placed in one of the groups whose only means of conveying their earthly possessions was by the aid of hand carts did not discourage him. He was young and strong, and if other men could make the trip in that manner, he felt he could do it, too; and he did do it, but at a terrific cost.

To adequately describe the difficulties and suffering encountered on this journey would demand more graphic powers of description than are possessed by this writer. Day after day and week after week of slow, tortuous travel, with no protection whatever from burning sun or driving rains; sleeping in the open upon the bare ground, always in danger of creeping reptile or prowling redskin; fording streams often swollen to flood levels by storms and made doubly dangerous by treacherous quicksand; hands and bodies bruised and feet blistered to the point of collapse at night, to rise with the dawning of a new day and start again on the long, grueling trek which seemed to have no end.

Many gave up the struggle and turned back as opportunities afforded, many died and were buried by the way, but those who were physically able pushed on in spite of what seemed almost insurmountable difficulties; and then cholera—the most dreaded of all scourges—broke out among them and they died like flies, leaving only a pitiful remnant too weak and emaciated to give even a pretense of proper care to the dead they left behind as they struggled toward their goal, which was still many, many miles to the west.

Among this remnant who continued the struggle was Russell Plumb, but he was no longer a man of strength and vigor, but one in whom every vestige of hope and ambition had vanished, for he was alone now—those he loved, and lived and worked for were among those left behind, victims of the disease which had almost depleted their company. As it was, they were now many months behind schedule, and with starvation and the approaching winter looming formidably before them, they felt that this venture could terminate in but one way and that the end was very near.

And when the first big storm of winter struck, many were buried beneath the snow to sleep their long, last sleep. The few survivors from this latest catastrophe were eventually picked up by a rescue party and in time found their way down into the valley, to the Zion for which they had sacrificed everything. For Russell Plumb, the Zion he found meant lying in a dugout for many months, destitute of the actual needs of life, where a few of his companions with the meager means at their command endeavored to care for him and make him as comfortable as possible, though his feet were so badly frozen that his companions felt he would never walk again.

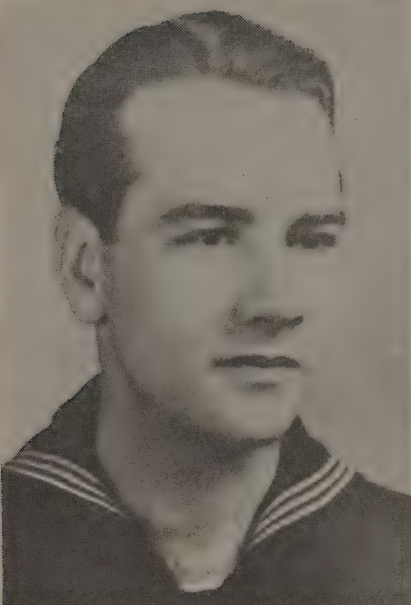
After many months he was able to hobble about, though from that time his feet never became normal, and when opportunity offered he returned from the West and finally found his way to Lamoni in the

hope that in the reorganization of the church and the development of this new community he might find some of those things he had hoped to find in Utah. But Zionie ideals do not seem to be achieved after this manner, and the land "flowing with milk and honey," with its cities of golden streets, to this day is pretty much a mirage on the desert.

His life in Lamoni was a life of loneliness and hardships, and here he worked long and hard to eke out a frugal existence; and while his confidence in mankind was undoubtedly severely shaken, yet to those who treated him kindly and won his confidence he demonstrated his appreciation by acts of friendship and deeds of kindness which were significant of undying affection and loyalty, and a desire to give all in his power to help those he loved. Thus he lived and worked until advancing age made it impossible for him to perform the arduous tasks which made up his strenuous routine, and then—to the everlasting credit of those who sponsored the Saints' Home—he was taken into that institution and provided a home, where he finished his days probably in greater comfort than he had known during his lifetime.

To simply say that Russell Plumb was a misfit socially would be to present his situation crudely. He was a man who knew only the sterner side of life. Had fortune chosen to bestow upon him even the semblance of a smile, his whole life might have been different; but it seemed it was not to be, for instead of even a normal share of the comforts and happiness which should be the rightful heritage of every man, his portion was only the bitter dregs, which he drank to the last scalding drop. In this business of living it seemed fate had deliberately designated him as a pawn on the chessboard of life . . . one of the unhappy unfortunates in Lamoni's passing parade.





## ANDREW PARK

MUSIC classes had been dismissed for the day and I was hastily caring for a few minor details preparatory to leaving the schoolhouse, but in spite of my efforts to complete these necessary details it seemed other forces were working to the contrary. First a belated pupil who had misplaced her music book and who had returned to hunt for it was followed by other interruptions which threatened to disrupt my plans entirely. Naturally I was more or less out of patience when a moment later I turned from my work to find a young lad standing quietly at my elbow. He was just a little fellow and the fact that he was barefooted had enabled him to enter as quietly as the proverbial mouse,

for I had no hint of his presence until I turned and saw him standing there. Apparently he was too timid to interrupt and hesitated to distract me from the work I was doing.

"And what can I do for you?" I asked, endeavoring to recover from my surprise and to conceal the impatience I undoubtedly felt.

He was hesitant and shy, and very backward in stating the reason for his visit, but in time he succeeded in making his wants known. He wanted to take up the study of an instrument but having none of his own upon which he could learn he thought perhaps the school might have one that he could use. His choice was a trumpet but he would be willing to play some other kind of instrument if it were not too large for him to handle. He was in the fourth grade and his size indicated that it would hardly be practical for him to attempt one of the larger instruments, but this fact only emphasized the ironical side of the situation, for the only instrument I had at that time that was available for use was a large E flat tuba. Though to all appearances it was useless to think of his being able to handle it, I brought it from the cabinet where it had been stored for some time and placed it on the floor before him. It stood almost as high as he and we both looked at it and smiled. The idea of a little fellow of his size attempting to play an instrument of such magnitude seemed entirely out of the question. However, I assured him it was available if he cared to try playing it.

Then for some time we talked of other things. I knew he was one

of the Park boys and finally he told me rather shyly that his name was Andrew. Two of his older brothers played in the band and he thought if he could get started upon an instrument they probably would be of considerable help to him. Most of these details came out in a round-about way, as he was quite reluctant to advance his opinions and answered most of my questions simply with a yes, no or uh-huh. Finally in an effort to bring the conversation to a close I suggested that I would keep him in mind and if a more desirable instrument became available I would contact him. But I could see this did not satisfy him. I resumed my preparations for departure but he stood reluctantly, gazing intently at the large horn before him, and as I walked toward it with the intention of replacing it in its accustomed place he laid his hand upon it and looked at me appealingly.

"When can I take my first lesson?" he asked as though pleading with me not to remove it.

"You mean you want to play this horn!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "It is much too large for you. I doubt if you can even lift it, let alone learn to play it, especially until you are older."

"But I think I can," he replied, and an expression of yearning and determination came into his eyes as he added hesitantly: "That is, if you will let me try."

His manner and the tone of his voice gave indisputable proof of his earnestness, and the appealing expression of his eyes impressed me more strongly than words can describe. A few minutes later we were endeavoring to make the adjustments necessary to enable him to manipulate the large instrument into a position where he could bring his lips in contact with the mouthpiece while at the same time he stretched his short arms about the bulky tubes in an effort to steady the horn while his fingers manipulated the valves. This first attempt was anything but a success from a musical standpoint but in time we did accomplish at least a mental draft of a plan of operation through which we hoped that through his enthusiasm and a schedule of faithful practice, combined with the anticipated growth a youngster should normally make with the passing of a few months, it should enable him to accomplish some results that would prove encouraging and keep him interested until maturity eliminated these physical handicaps.

I will never forget that evening as he left the school building, laboriously trying to carry that heavy and bulky instrument. Daylight was rapidly fading and the shades of evening were gathering sufficiently that the little figure was rather indistinct as he trudged slowly along the sidewalk leading from the building. I stood silently at the window and watched him as he paused periodically to rest and readjust his hold upon the instrument as he walked the distance from the school building to the railroad track. Here he left the main route of travel and cut over the tracks to make the distance as short as possible. For a moment I could barely distinguish his outline as he gained the eleva-

tion ascending to the track, where he stopped a moment and then disappeared from sight as he descended the grade into the darkness on the opposite side.

For several moments I stood at the window, gazing meditatively in the direction he had gone. For some reason this whole incident was decidedly different from the usual experience of its kind. "I think I can, that is, if you will let me try." Those words spoken with such childish simplicity carried a note of significance of greater importance than the present situation seemed to justify. I was deeply impressed and that picture has always remained vividly in my mind as has the feeling which accompanied it, for it seemed difficult to predict the outcome of this venture, and I experienced a vague feeling that time alone would probably reveal the only significant solution.

From this time Andrew's musical progress, while not startling, was steady and consistent. Following that evening when he first struggled to get a start on that big bass horn he faithfully carried it back and forth to every practice, and the more often these rehearsals were scheduled the better he liked it; consequently it was not a great while until he was doing a creditable job of overcoming existing handicaps and was really doing justice to the music that was placed before him. Visitors who happened into the rehearsal room were invariably attracted by the seriousness with which he regarded his responsibility and paused to smile as they witnessed such a small boy endeavoring to play so large a horn.

Years passed and Andy—as everyone now called him—had grown up with the job. The big bass horn did not seem nearly so large now, for as he became more mature it was more in proportion to his size; and as a consequence of his faithful effort his technique and ability in its manipulation had developed until he was considered one of the most valuable players in our organizations. As these organizations were not suffering a dearth of basses at the time, he turned his attention to the baritone horn, which part was really needed, and in a comparatively short time proved himself quite indispensable in this department. About this time, too, he took up the study of the string bass, which instrument he later played efficiently and faithfully for several years in the various orchestras in Lamoni.

It seemed that circumstances and personal interests cooperated to make of him a sort of utility man who could fit efficiently into the place where he was needed most, and with the addition of his willingness and dependability he really became one of the indispensable figures in this type of activity. Upon one occasion the high school band had made all preparations to appear in the marching-band division at the state contest. The music had been memorized, the march routines drilled over and over until they were as nearly perfect as it was possible for us to get them. And, then, on the day before the contest Forest Maley, really one of the key men of the front rank and an ex-



cient bass player, was sent home with a case of mumps. For a time it looked as though all of this preparation was of no avail and that the trip would be called off; but before this discouraging piece of news became generally known two people who were very much concerned went into a huddle. Andy Parks was one of those people, and the outcome was that when Andy left the school building that evening he took with him the bass music and a bass horn. That night he memorized the bass parts and when we went to contest he filled the place of the missing player, and the march routines went off without a hitch. In fact, some members of the band were entirely unaware that the transfer of players had been made.

Although he participated in numerous musical activities during the time he attended high school and college, Andy's outstanding contribution was as a string bass player in the Lamoni-Graceland Orchestra. During the years he was a member of this organization it appeared often at community and college gatherings, and wherever it went there also went Andy and his string bass—the personification of dependability. Every Sunday morning, as regular as the day, he made his way to the Coliseum to play with the orchestra at Church School, carrying his bass under his arm. Many times he made two trips, for his sister also played bass; and thoughtful brother that he was, he saw to it that she was not unassisted.

At the completion of his college course in Graceland, Andy was presented with the orchestra honor medal as an acknowledgement of his outstanding service in that field of endeavor, and no winner of this award, past or future, has been or ever will be more worthy of this honor. He was a lad of but few words, but in his quiet, unassuming way he performed a service of inestimable value both to the organization and to the community.

Shortly after his departure from Lamoni he became a member of the armed forces in the great conflagration which at that time was sweeping the world. There his characteristic sincerity of purpose, his steadfastness and loyalty earned him the position of aviation radioman first class in the United States Naval Reserve. In this position he saw months of intensive action in the Pacific and participated in some of the fiercest fighting of the campaign to retake the Philippines. To be able to return, however, and personally tell us of his experiences was not his lot, for at the very outset of the last of many perilous missions his plane, in negotiating a take-off from a carrier, crashed and for Andy the war with all its perilous adventures was over, and his last resting place an uncharted spot beneath the waves of the broad Pacific.

The Air Medal which was awarded him posthumously was accompanied by the citation which states in part: "For meritorious achievement in aerial flight . . . operating against enemy Japanese forces in the Philippine Islands and Formosa Area. . . . In the face of intense Japanese opposition, Park participated in repeated attacks upon the

enemy in this area, rendering invaluable assistance during a well-coordinated torpedo attack. His outstanding technical skill and unwavering devotion to duty throughout this period were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

And thus Andy carried on to the end. The answer to that premonition which came with his timid, childish "I think I can," and his sincere determination to master a task which at that time seemed a physical impossibility is fully explained and historically recorded in this award—the greatest within the power of his country to bestow. The same spirit of sincerity and loyalty he had displayed so obviously when but a mere child, he still retained when as a young man he answered his country's call, and with the same calmness and definiteness of purpose he undertook a greater task, the completion of which demanded of him the supreme sacrifice.

The memories which cluster about the life of Andrew Park are, to his friends and those who really knew him best, too sacred to attempt to portray in words. We cherish beyond expression the memories of his association and companionship. His life offers a valuable example of clean living and loyalty, the traditions of which are a prized possession and one we proudly bequeath to our posterity as we record his name as one of the Gold Star heroes of Lamoni's passing parade.

## D. J. WALKER

NOT too long ago I listened to a radio program which contained but little of interest to me. I remember somewhat vaguely the closing part of the program and subconsciously listened to several announcements which followed, when suddenly over the ether waves came a sound which immediately demanded my undivided attention.

It was a melody—a simple waltz tune, played upon a cornet, and with it came a flood of memories. Familiar—yes, and as I listened, the words of the song came vividly to mind:

“Twilight reveries bring back boyhood days;  
Faces whose sweet smile time can ne’er efface;  
Happy days of yore, could we but live them o’er,  
As they come to us in twilight reveries.”

It had been years since I had heard or thought of this song, but here it was, being used as a theme on a chicken remedy program, and instantly it was again fresh in my mind—the song, the man who composed it, his life and activities—all unfolded in a panorama, revealing a story of success and achievement as unusual as it is interesting, especially to those of a community wherein it has played so important a part.

The story had its beginning when D. J. Walker, one of the early druggists of Lamoni, began compounding and selling a line of chicken remedies along with his regular line of drugs. This alone was of but little concern to the populace generally, and had it not been for an occasional advertisement in the local paper or a small window display in his store, few people would have known of the existence of Walker’s Roup and Cholera Cure.

Sometime later, however, when it became universally known that he was disposing of his drug store with the intention of devoting his entire time to the production and sale of that remedy, many thought his judgment was questionable. Surely the demand for pills for chickens was not sufficient to justify a man to desert a legitimate business for one so unusual, which at that time was hardly known. And the building, too, into which he had moved his new business! It was a sort of an architectural monstrosity, which had been erected by a shoemaker by the name of Miller and included several remodeled buildings of various sizes and shapes thrown together and set high above the street, where it presented a conspicuous but unfavorable impression.

What people thought of his judgment or his place of business, however, had little effect upon D. J. Walker. He listed his location as the



Miller Block on South Linden street, which upon printed stationery or advertising circulars looked quite pretentious, and then he went ahead with his work of building up a sales organization and mailing list which he felt in time would adequately handle the volume of business he was confident would be forthcoming. He possessed a great spirit of aggressiveness and determination, and when he decided upon a course of action he exerted every energy to make it a success. So far as he was concerned anything less than success in this venture was simply foreign to his thinking.

And while the curious speculated upon the practicability of his venture he worked long and hard to attain his goal, and gave but little thought to other activities. There was one form of recreation, however, for which he had a noticeable weakness and one in which he often indulged, and that recreation was chess. Among his most intimate friends were several enthusiastic chess players, and it seemed that whenever the opportunity offered he dispensed with almost any important item of business to indulge in his favorite game.

Included in this circle of friends was a certain harness salesman of my acquaintance who made the town at regular intervals and always finished up his business of selling as speedily as possible that he might spend the time till his train departed playing chess with D. J. It was during one of these sessions that I had occasion to interrupt one of their games to deliver a message to the salesman, and it was then I learned what an important game chess could be and how much depended upon the consideration of a single move, for after I had abruptly interrupted the game and stated the purpose of my errand the only recognition I received was a sullen scowl from each of the men, which told me more emphatically than words that I had trodden upon forbidden ground; and all I could do was to stand in embarrassed silence for what seemed an unreasonable length of time, awaiting the completion of the play, when the salesman condescended to listen to the message I wished to deliver.

But D. J. really knew his knights and bishops, and was rated an excellent chess player. He numbered among his friends many individuals who had made a scientific study of the game and who considered it worthy of a more serious classification than an ordinary pastime. Among this group was Mrs. Eveline Burgess, who had gained considerable fame as a chess player, having at one time held the title of lady chess champion of the United States. She was well known in Lamoni and upon her visits here the chess enthusiasts eagerly sought her counsel.

It was at a little social gathering arranged in her honor that casual acquaintance gave way to more intimate friendship so far as D. J. and I were concerned. The Burgesses were quite musically inclined, so it happened that the guests upon that occasion were mostly musicians, who during the evening made some contribution to the entertainment

of the others, each with the exception of D. J. Walker. This entertainment was of the most informal type, and the fact that he had no part in it was not in the least conspicuous; I doubt if those present gave it the slightest thought. Not so with him, however. At the close of the festivities he and I walked home together, and there I had ample opportunity to learn how he felt about it.

"The only one there who couldn't make a contribution," he exploded disgustedly, when we were out of hearing of the other departing guests. "Everyone there could do something in the way of entertaining but me, and there I sat like a dub, unable to do anything worth while."

And thus he continued, berating himself unmercifully, which in reality was not justified, as those referred to had definitely prepared themselves along the lines they had represented, while his efforts had been given to other lines of endeavor. Nevertheless he was deeply humiliated and I could see before we parted that he was determined to do something about it.

A few days later I met him upon the street, and he was desirous of arranging an appointment.

"I have written a song," he said, "and I would like for you to help me get it down on paper."

I could not help but smile as I noted his determination to attempt an entrance into musical activities, but we met at the appointed time and place, and there he sang the melody while I copied the notes for him. "Twilight Reveries" was the name of the song, and with the melody upon paper so I could play it for him, it seemed to be a source of satisfaction and he mentioned his desire for a complete arrangement and a source of publication in the least possible time. I indicated some existing errors in the melody which I thought should be corrected before proceeding further and suggested we work them out before he arranged for its publication.

Like most people who invent or create things of this nature, I could see that he was loath to accept criticism of his product. He had given it a lot of thought and was so thoroughly familiar with the melody as he had it that any suggested change did not impress him favorably. I tried to explain that in a waltz melody such as his, there must be a stipulated number of measures to make it correct and that to publish it without conforming to this regulation would not create a favorable reaction among musicians. But still he protested. He was successfully building a chicken remedy business when others had said it could not be done, and according to the same reasoning musicians should learn that there were many ways of writing music and should not demand that it all be done one way. The result of this controversy was that he finally sent the melody and words to a professional music arranger with instructions to complete a proper arrangement for publication. When it came back it was noticeable that the disputed portions had been corrected, which necessitated a change in his melody;

and though he had little to say, it was evident he would have been much more pleased had the changes not been made.

Even though he was not entirely satisfied he went ahead with arrangements for its publication, and this little difference of opinion had no ill effect upon our friendship; and, still having ambitions of entering the music publishing business, he later had me arrange another of his compositions, which was issued under the title "In the Honey-suckle Dell." But he found the music publishing game one which presented numerous complications that were difficult to cope with, and after a short time he gave up his ambitions in this line of endeavor. As opportunity presented he made use of the two songs wherever he could fit them into his schedule of activity, and when he added a radio broadcast to the publicity program of the business it was only natural that "Twilight Reveries" should be his choice for a theme song.

His experiences in the music publishing business, however, were not in the least indicative of his success in the chicken remedy field, for this business grew by leaps and bounds, and the Miller Block soon became the scene of unusual business activity, contributing to the receipts of the local post office in increasing volume. But in time the Walker Remedy Company outgrew these limited quarters, Walker's Roup and Cholera Cure gave way to the name "Walko" tablets, and the prestige afforded by the Miller Block faded into insignificance. A change became a matter of necessity and the company moved to Waterloo, Iowa, where it stands today a monument to the untiring efforts of D. J. Walker, a man who possessed the business insight to realize the possibilities of a venture and the courage and ability to develop that venture to a successful maturity.

As a citizen of Lamoni he always retained the respect of all; as a friend he was companionable and clever, even though somewhat persistent; and in our "twilight reveries" we relive those days and treasure those memories of his activities among us, when he was one of Lamoni's passing parade.



## DR. O. H. PETERSON

IT WAS at the time our second daughter was but a wee tot that she contracted an illness which for many weeks failed to respond to any form of treatment. At times there seemed to be periods of temporary improvement which accordingly brought corresponding periods of encouragement, but as week after week slipped by our calculations revealed definitely that so far as her physical condition was concerned she was steadily losing ground.

In a large sense these conclusions were reached through the observations of a mother who had sat at the bedside almost constantly day and night, and had noted every symptom; and while in my heart I felt she was correct in these conclusions, yet I also felt there was little we could do but follow the advice of the attending physician. He was a man well known for his sober judgment through many years of successful practice, and his advice to us was to cease worrying, as he felt in a few days the child would be past the crisis and it would then be but a short time until her recovery would be definite and rapid.

"In a few days you will need more cooks than doctors," he asserted reassuringly. "Youngsters make rapid recovery when once they have passed the crisis."

But for all of these reassuring words my wife remained ill at ease.

"There is a new doctor in town, a Dr. Peterson, and I feel that I would like to talk to him," she said one morning as we discussed the child's condition. "It seems that we are getting absolutely nowhere, and I feel that something different from what we are doing must be done, and at once."

"But why this new doctor?" I asked. "He is so little known. I have seen him a time or two upon the street and really there is nothing about his appearance to indicate any exceptional ability as a physician. He recently came here from one of the small adjoining towns and I would take him for an ordinary farm youngster. Why do you think you should talk to him?"

"Probably just a whim," she answered vaguely, "and probably it is intuition, but whatever it is I am going to talk to him today."

When Margaret talks in that fashion I have learned there is little use to try to dissuade her, and over a period of years I have come to have more than ordinary respect for her intuitions; and in this instance I too felt that if there was a more promising course for us to follow, it should be found immediately.

The result was that a day or two later, when the child showed no sign of improvement, Dr. O. H. Peterson was called upon the case, and

his entry only tended to confirm the impression of him I had previously formed. The child was nervous and irritable, and at the first sight of the stranger in the room became hysterical; upon seeing the effect of his presence upon her he immediately retreated to an adjoining room, where he stood in the doorway while we tried vainly to quiet the nerve-racked little patient.

In that moment I experienced again the impression that we had made a grave mistake. Surely this awkward, light-haired Norwegian youth who found such difficulty in making friends with a frightened child and who appeared so out of place in the role of a physician as he stood curiously peering at her around the door casing, possessed little of the technical know-how or the skill to cope with a crisis so serious as I felt this one to be. A moment later, however, he surprised us with this comment:

"Just let her lie quietly. I think I know what her trouble is, so I will be leaving."

With this he stepped quietly out of sight into the next room and the patient, thinking he had departed, immediately became quiet. I quickly followed him and soon discovered that he had no intention of leaving, as he had opened his case and was sorting out several items of equipment. The change that had come over him was remarkable. He was no longer a hesitating, awkward, undecided youngster, but a man of action who evidently knew exactly what his course of operation was to be. He drew me well beyond range of hearing of the patient and gave me a few specific instructions as to what my part was to be in assisting him, and then with plans organized we returned to the sickroom. This time there was no hesitation. We walked quickly to the bed in spite of the child's protests, where I held her gently but firmly as he had instructed me to do. From a gauze-wrapped roll he drew forth a hypodermic needle and quickly locating a spot well down on the patient's side, he inserted the long needle full length between two of her ribs. Then using the instrument in reverse of its customary use by slowly withdrawing the plunger, he formed a suction which drew within its hollow chamber whatever fluid happened to be at the end of the hollow needle.

A few moments later, before our astonished eyes, he ejected the liquid thus drawn, upon a piece of gauze, where its color and odor immediately identified its nature.

"It is a case of empyema, or more simply, pus in the pleural cavity," he said. "She is so full of it that the pressure has closed her lungs almost completely; it has crowded her heart until the beat is obtainable just above her hip. She might live a day or two longer in this condition or she may die any moment. If you wish me to take the case I will accept it only upon one condition—that we operate at once—today if we can possibly make arrangements."

And this attitude was typical of the Dr. Peterson I knew from that

moment on: frank and honest in his convictions, painfully blunt and to the point, thorough, accurate and convincing in his diagnosis, and energetic, vigorous and efficient in carrying his plans to a successful completion. While the truth and accuracy of his diagnosis were verified conclusively in the visible evidence he laid before us, yet it fell far short of solving the problem for us. Hospitals in those days were few throughout this section of the country and comfortable ambulances capable of transferring patients for treatment in a few minutes' time were unknown; and while we pondered some of these problems and thought of them as impossible to solve, the young doctor gave them little concern as he busied himself with necessary arrangements. Taking the patient to a hospital was out of the question from many angles, but this was no discouragement to him. He would do the operating in the home—upon the dining room table.

And this he did, although not until next morning, with the assistance of Amy Hall, then a registered nurse and as rare and precious a jewel as ever administered to the needs of suffering humanity. The story of that operation and the battle to save a life which followed is a story sacred in the annals of our family history, and through it all the prominent figure was Dr. O. H. Peterson, or "Doc Pete," as we soon learned to know him. Through all his efforts during this period we were greatly impressed by his sincerity, which emphasized another outstanding trait of his character and portrayed the bigness of the man and the respect in which he held his profession.

On the evening before the operation I was naturally quite worried over the whole thing and along with the many other details was deeply concerned with the financial angle involved. As occasion presented I made mention of my concern over this phase to the doctor, who countered thus: "My first duty is to save life. When that has been accomplished I am sure we will have plenty of time to make any arrangements of a financial nature that will prove satisfactory to both." And though the battle to save this precious life proved to be of long standing—almost a year—we had ample opportunity to realize that his statement was no idle play upon words. He had undertaken in all sincerity the task of saving a life, and at all times his actions toward this end dwarfed any mercenary consideration which might have been involved.

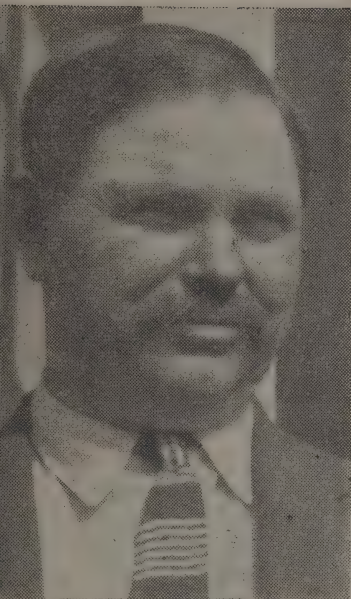
During this long period of drainage from the incision, there were many dressings to provide and other care to be given, all of which he endeavored to teach us how to care for. "If I have to come and do it, I will charge you for it," he said bluntly, "and you might as well learn to do it and save yourselves all that money." And we did learn to do much of it, but there was also a lot of it we could not do; when it was necessary to call him he came, and there were plenty of these calls that were never listed on the bill. Had he placed a charge upon every item of service rendered it could not have been paid by one in ordinary circumstances in an ordinary lifetime.



While a prolonged season of this kind is filled with worry and care, it also has its lighter moments. Doc Pete played the mandolin quite well and he and I often passed occasional spare minutes playing together. And there was the evening when things looked really encouraging, when we celebrated with a supper of liver and onions. It was a lot of fun but I have never really cared a great deal for liver since that evening. And there was the morning he called after he had been out all night upon another case, when the thermometer stood below zero; he was cold and hungry, and we insisted that he sit down to buckwheat cakes fresh from the griddle. He ate practically all the cakes intended for the entire family . . . but who cared? There were plenty of other things to eat and it was really an honor to us that he efit sufficiently at home with us to eat until he was satisfied.

Ordinarily it is difficult to make friends with doctors because most of them are overly concerned about professional ethics. Not so with Doc Pete. Ethics were right and proper in their place, but with him they could never prove a barrier to friendship; and for this reason memories of our associations were strikingly similar, whether the occasion was emphasized by the playing of a mandolin duet or whiling away the hours of a long, anxious night, as we did a few years later awaiting the arrival of a heavily laden stork, due to arrive at our home with a pair of twins; and being the only attendants, the variety and number of duties we performed when they did arrive . . . all these memories are cherished and unforgettable.

The services rendered in the Anthony home by O. H. Peterson were not so different from those he rendered in hundreds of homes during his residence in Lamoni. Many stories of his efficient ministrations are still repeated by those in whose homes he rendered outstanding service, and while Lamoni can well be proud of its roster of efficient and consecrated physicians whose names are associated with the events of the past, it seems only fitting that the name of Dr. O. H. Peterson receive a prominent place among them. As a physician, a man, a veteran and a citizen he is entitled to just and honorable recognition for the part he played in Lamoni's passing parade.



## CHARLES H. ANWAY

IT WAS during the year 1912 that we had a college girl staying in our home helping with the housework. Her name was Fern Anway, and she frequently mentioned her Uncle Charlie and his family who had recently moved to Lamoni. In many respects Fern was very similar to most of us who like to tell about our relatives, so that by the time Uncle Charlie found time to make us a visit we felt we had the members of the family pretty well pictured in our minds. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Anway there were the five boys: George, Paul, Harold, Joseph—and the pride of the family and the center of attraction at that time, a roly-poly baby boy of two years they all referred to a little Mark.

The father, a short, rather heavy-set man who wore a small sandy mustache, was one of those congenial men who adjust themselves readily to new environments and who form acquaintances with ease; and he had been in the house but a short time when we were all talking and laughing as freely as though we had known each other for years. From the first it was noticeable, however, that his especial interest seemed to center with the youngsters present, and in no time he had attracted the attention of our two older children with many clever little tricks which were so natural to his make-up and so much a part of him that they merely entered as interesting by-play to the general conversation.

He could perform all manner of tricks with strings or matches, and from his pockets he brought forth many clever little gadgets. He could make many interesting and easily recognized figures in shadows upon the wall by manipulating his fingers into different positions, all of which were a delight to the children; and when finally he started tearing paper into all kinds of shapes and intricate designs he had all of us interested. From then on, for the balance of the evening he was the center of attention and he gave us an entertainment that was unusual as well as interesting and educational.

In the years which followed, Charles Anway and I became very closely associated in our work at the public schools, and during these years I was impressed by his originality, which was a continual source of wonder to all, for no matter what demands were made of him he

came forth with a happy solution to practically every problem. His love of youngsters, I think, was the dominating note of his make-up. When their welfare was concerned no undertaking was too great, and no pains spared in making its accomplishment a success.

In those days the Saints' reunion held here each summer was in its infancy and was pretty much a continuance of the old camp meeting idea. The older people attended the reunion because the services were planned to interest them, but very little thought was given to the children—few services were planned especially for them, and handwork and recreation were given but little, if any, attention. Charlie Anway attended these services along with the other adults but all the while he was thinking especially of the children, as he felt they were being neglected. He approached those in charge of the reunion and volunteered to take a class of boys, in the hope that a few lessons in handwork would add to their interest and help them to make better use of their spare time and thus reduce discipline problems on the grounds.

Having gained permission to try the experiment he called his class together, but he was greatly handicapped by the lack of equipment and materials. He checked to see how many of the boys possessed pocket-knives and found the number proportionately small. Then from numerous sources he salvaged enough knives to equip each lad in the class and started them on numerous whittling projects, using bits of lumber he had picked out of scrap piles or wherever it was accessible. From that time until the end of the reunion his class met regularly and completed many small projects which considering their lack of equipment were a credit to their efforts. On the whole this effort was a success and definitely showed the need for work of this kind in connection with the reunion work, but he was somewhat nonplused when at the close of the reunion a member of the reunion committee informed him that it would not be permitted another year, as some of the shavings which had filtered to other parts of the grounds were unsightly, and too, church reunions were for religious services—not the place to learn to whittle.

I wonder what that particular member of the committee would think if he were alive today and could see the emphasis that is placed upon this type of activity, where it is accepted as one of the essentials in gatherings of this kind. This attitude did not discourage Charles Anway in his interests in young people. Upon several occasions following this, he conducted upon his own initiative and at his own expense, numerous classes during the summer months, where he offered the boys of the community opportunity to participate in an activity which is a vital part of every youngster's life—to learn to make things with his hands.

About the school where he served many years as custodian, Charles Anway was noted most for his versatility. No matter what the prob-



lem or how difficult its solution might seem, every teacher and every pupil in the system had confidence that he could provide the answer, and the more ingenuity its solution demanded the more he enjoyed it. At one time we were planning a carnival to raise funds for a certain activity and as the committee in charge searched every possible avenue for ideas, Mr. Anway volunteered to sponsor a menagerie, which he thought would add interest as well as provide a worth-while project.

Some members of the committee were loath to accept his proposal, as it was difficult to visualize a display of local animals which could create more than passing interest; but when the big night arrived it was plainly evident that Charlie Anway's menagerie had stolen the show. Cages and stalls filled the manual training room and these cages and stalls were filled with the most unusual array of animals imaginable—domestic animals, wild animals of several varieties, birds, a den of live snakes and even a beautiful snake charmer whose familiarity and apparent affection for a large and dangerous-looking reptile brought gasps of apprehension from the onlookers. Where and how he had acquired this unique display was a mystery to everyone but Charlie, and to him it was just one of his little tricks of "know-how" that he demonstrated his value to the institution, but every day of the little high-school girl twined about her body and fondled as it squirmed and twisted so realistically was not a live snake at all, but the product of his ingenuity which startled everyone, and the many comments and exclamations of amazement concerning it were a source of keen satisfaction to him. He loved people and he loved to do things which helped to make them happy.

It was not only around carnivals and the lighter side of school life that he demonstrated his value to the institution, but every day of the week and every week of the year he was as dependable as the seasons. On cold winter days he had the building warm and comfortable by the time the children arrived in the morning and if any of them were unfortunate enough to be suffering from frostbitten ears or noses, or any other discomforts or injuries, he gave them first aid. When time came to leave the building he took pains to see that each youngster was properly clothed and prepared for the cold homeward journey. He helped them to find lost gloves and overshoes and numberless other articles, and when they were all gone he swept the rooms and tidied them up for the following day's activities. And while he was busy doing all these numberless odd jobs, he talked to the youngsters, giving them helpful suggestions about their work and object lessons concerning their daily problems. As to the effectiveness of his teaching along this line, many of those pupils today can testify, and especially those who were careless enough to scratch a desk or otherwise deface any piece of school equipment. Under his method of supervision the Lamoni school was noted far and wide for the excellent condition of its fixtures.

The spirit of helpfulness he displayed toward the pupils was also

manifested in his cooperation with the teachers. The suggestion of the need for some special piece of equipment in teaching or for some special activity was sure to find a sympathetic reaction, and in the majority of cases his handiwork produced more than satisfactory results.

We often hear of utility men, but in my experience I have never met one so versatile and so willing as Charles Anway. And in addition to the numberless tasks which naturally fall to one in his position, he was repeatedly called upon to fill unexpected vacancies in the teaching schedule, and at different times served in that capacity as a substitute for various specialized instructors. He was not an educated man, and though at times his services along this line were sought purely as an emergency measure or to entertain the youngsters until other arrangements could be made, yet whenever he entered a school-room for this purpose he gave the pupils something worth while and in a way that was not easily forgotten. No . . . by accepted standards, Charles Anway was not an educated man, and yet he knew so much about human nature and life in general that his methods and philosophies made mere text-book formulas of teaching look weak and colorless in comparison.

When he accepted an assignment there was no doubt it would be well done, and to that end he worked and lived and rendered a service that was invaluable and unforgettable as one of Lamoni's passing parade.



## A. OTIS WHITE

THE old Home Pond was the center of much of the community's activities during the late 90's. It was first constructed as a reservoir to retain drinking water for livestock, but when sometime later an ice house was built on the premises, it also contributed its share of ice to help supply the demands of the community with this commodity. In addition to these strictly practical uses, the pond had other uses which to the youngsters of that period were more significant. In the summer it was really the "old swimmin' hole" for a lot of us who spent many a hot summer day splashing about in its cool though somewhat riley water, acquiring flaming sunburned backs and arms as we endeavored to acquire a certain degree of swimming technique.

Then with the coming of winter it was more popular than ever, for when the mercury started its downward dip and the ice became of sufficient thickness to make it safe for skating, it became the most favored place in the town. With the dismissal of school in the afternoon the youngsters often seized their skates and scurried to the pond to get in an hour or two of this winter sport before going home for the evening meal. And following this many of them returned, where they were joined by the grown-up lads and lassies as well as older men and women of the village who made full use of the ice whenever the conditions were favorable. There was little in the way of commercialized entertainment for the young people in those days and whatever source of amusement they found was largely self-provided, so naturally during the skating season this was probably the most popular type of activity, and the community generally took advantage of it.

Naturally I was one of the enthusiastic participants in this sport and was on hand for these skating parties, and it was during one of them that I with a number of my pals had paused to rest beside the large bonfire we always kept burning during these evening sessions. While we sat about the fire, enjoying its welcome warmth, a young man approached; he was one of the older group who had arrived at the pond a short time previously and it was evident that he was having some trouble with his skates.

"Any of you fellows got an extra strap?" he inquired in a sociable



sort of way. As he walked into the circle of light we realized that he was a stranger, as none of the group recognized him as a resident of Lamoni. His obvious good nature and friendly attitude, however, immediately dispelled all feelings of strangeness, and a moment later we were discussing his problem and several of the boys were helpfully endeavoring to locate an extra skate strap. Finally one of them found a lad who possessed the needed article and escorted him up to where the stranger was attempting, though unsuccessfully, to adjust his skate.

"Want to sell it?" inquired the stranger as the boy approached with the strap.

"Guess so," replied the lad somewhat undecidedly.

"How much do you want for it?"

"It cost me a dime," said the lad, still a little reluctant.

"Then take this and go buy yourself another strap, and thanks a lot." With that the stranger placed a coin in the youngster's hand and the boy's eyes opened wide with amazement as he noted its size.

"Who is that guy?" inquired one of the boys a few moments later when the stranger had adjusted the strap and skate to his satisfaction and with a cheery word of parting swung out on the ice with a display of skill that gave evidence that he was not a novice at the sport.

"His name's White," volunteered a lad standing by. "He came here with his dad a day or two ago—they intend to open a store. And my gosh!" he exploded, still thinking of the size of the coin he had seen, "the way he hands out the money, he must certainly be rich."

That was my first meeting with A. Otis White, and many incidents of this meeting was definitely characteristic of his personality and were emphasized by many years of close association. Any task he chose to do or any action he deemed necessary to take was done decisively and in a big, free-hearted way. He was not one who chose to make a show or display, nor was he arrogant and conceited, but in his desire to complete the job thoroughly and completely his manner of handling it might in some cases be interpreted as such by those whose methods of procedure were not formed on so broad a gauge.

As the boy at the pond that night informed us, he had come to Lamoni to go into business; and shortly following this incident he, with his father and brother Howard, established the firm known as D. C. White & Son, which for many years was recognized as one of the leading business institutions of the town. Otis, however, remained with the new organization only until it was firmly established, and then he sought new lines of business endeavor.

He became connected with the furniture company then known as Smith & Teale, which a short time later became the White-Smith Furniture Company. He took an active interest in the buying and selling of furniture and later took the necessary training that qualified him as a licensed embalmer and undertaker. That he was successful

in handling a furniture business there is no doubt, but it was as a mortician and funeral director that he made his most outstanding contribution. And if there is one profession where tact, wisdom, consideration and skill are numbered among the prerequisites, this one should be so classified. Especially was this true in those days when all the embalming and the many other details, even down to the funeral service, were often taken care of in the home of the departed.

Having had some previous experience along this line, I often had occasion to accompany Otis upon some of his calls, and it was then I had opportunity to see and appreciate those qualifications which made him so outstandingly successful in this field. First of all he was so punctual and thorough in his preparation and had his work so thoroughly systematized that it seemed every detail, no matter how minute, had been incorporated in his planning and was taken care of with precision and dispatch. It is no easy task to step into a grief-stricken home, where consternation and confusion so often accompany a visit of the angel of death. At such times the hearts and senses of those most vitally concerned are stunned with a terrifying reaction bordering upon hysteria. Most people naturally shrink from death and its accompanying situations, but not Otis White. Here it seemed he knew instinctively just the right thing to do and the right thing to say to ease the tension and bring order out of chaos.

Upon one occasion I accompanied him upon such a call which took us far off the regular traveled highway and out to narrow country roads that led over hills and through hollows, over a course rough and uncertain. The night was dark and stormy, which added to the difficulties of the trip by creating an atmosphere of gloom and apprehension, foreboding a sense of the tragic situation we felt awaited us at the journey's end. A man, the father of a large family, had died that evening, and though we expected to find conditions unfavorable, we realized upon our arrival they were even worse than we had anticipated. The family lived upon a worn-out, rocky farm where the deceased had endeavored to eke out a living for his family. This alone would have been a difficult task under favorable conditions, but in this instance it was made doubly difficult by the effects of a lingering illness to which he finally succumbed, leaving the family in a destitute condition.

A few women of the neighborhood were present when we arrived and it was evident they had done all within their power to comfort the stricken family, but as darkness settled down about the little home so deeply shrouded in gloom, the grief of the mother and her children increased in intensity. By the time we arrived it seemed their emotions were almost uncontrollable. Personally I would have welcomed the opportunity to take immediate leave of the scene, for I felt once out in the darkness and in the confusion of the storm I might free myself of the sight and sound of all this grief and mourning, as I was utterly at a loss in knowing how to cope with the situation; but my feelings

of uncertainty and weakness rapidly gave way to admiration as I witnessed the ease with which my companion handled the situation. He spoke a few well-chosen words of comfort to the mother, and a moment later she had regained comparatively normal composure. Then he turned his attention to the children. He assured them that death was a very natural thing and that their father's passing, instead of giving them cause for fear, provided a way to prove their courage and an opportunity to develop into strong men and women through the help and comfort they would be able to render their mother.

A short time later the home which so shortly before had been a scene of confusion and chaos became quiet and orderly, as under his persuasive efforts and the assistance of a neighbor lady the children, one after another, consented to go to bed. And when at last all had become quiet he began his work of preparing the body for burial. We worked far into the night before this task was accomplished and then returned home in the wee hours of the morning, through the darkness and over roads made slick and treacherous from the effects of the rain.

The next trip we made to the farmhouse was when with casket and other necessary items for use in the funeral service loaded into the car we returned shortly ahead of the time set for it to begin. By this time the rain which had fallen previously had soaked into the ground sufficiently at numerous places to make the roads almost impassable, and consequently the day was quite far advanced when finally we reached our destination. The yard was already well filled with neighbors and friends, but within the brief period remaining until the scheduled hour we completed arrangements so that the service was conducted at the appointed time.

Following the service, as we were preparing to depart, I did not fail to note that one of Otis's last acts before leaving was to remove a large box of groceries from the trunk of his car and carry it into the house. There was little doubt in my mind as to who had bought the groceries, and knowing him as I did, I felt he had provided them just as in a situation of this kind he performed so many other tasks not ordinarily considered a part of an undertaker's duty. However, he made no mention of it to me. As we drove away from the little house he was less talkative than usual, which fact I attributed to his weariness and the strain under which he had been working the past several hours. As we neared a turn in the road, however, he slowed down the speed of the car and with a wave of his hand he indicated a certain house which stood beside the road.

In that house a man lives all by himself," he said, speaking slowly and meditatively as though giving voice to thoughts that were slowly formulating a course of action. "He is a bachelor . . . has plenty of everything . . . has never married. . . . He could marry that little woman and help to provide a home for those children."



Then I knew why he had been unusually quiet. His thoughts were still back in the little farmhouse where that little mother and her fatherless brood were preparing to spend their first night alone. And when several months later I heard indirectly that this bachelor had become the husband of the needy little widow, I wondered vaguely whether he had suddenly discovered some previously unseen trait which attracted him to this little neighbor lady or whether his attentions had been turned in that direction through the efforts of a man named Otis White, who believed in completing every job he undertook, even to the minutest detail. At any rate the marriage proved a success and the bachelor proved a faithful and dutiful husband and father, who brought encouragement and happiness into a home that otherwise would have known only hardships and actual want.

This is simply one page from a volume of experiences which filled the life of one who spent many years in this field of endeavor. As a funeral director he efficiently and adequately cared for the many details involved, whether they concerned those prominent and well-to-do or those who were alone and apparently forgotten in their hour of grief. In either instance he rendered but one type of service, the only type he knew—his very best.

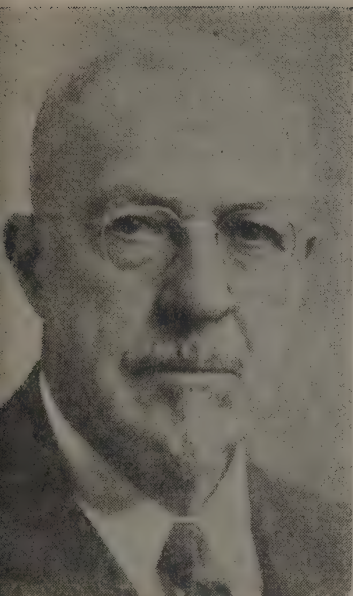
The civic activities of Otis White belong to another department of a busy life and if recorded they would fill a volume. During the years he was a resident of Lamoni no one was more active in this respect than he. In fact there was little activity of this nature in which he did not play a prominent part. His work as a member of the school board over a long period of years was typical of the service he rendered. Here he helped to promote many innovations in the public school system which at the time were new and revolutionary but which time has given the stamp of approval, so that they are considered necessities now in any well-organized school system.

Progress with him was of prime importance, and possessing a dominating personality his efforts were not entirely free of criticism. Some said he dominated the school board, a criticism which in a sense was probably true, though not in the same sense it was given. He dominated because the program he advocated was always planned for the best interests and progress of the school, and was so definite and clear-cut that after thorough consideration it seemed the only reasonable way. Never at any time did he endeavor to win a point by force, and there was never a time that the views of all members were not given just and tolerant consideration. As a matter of fact it was an acknowledged method of procedure that so long as there was a difference of opinion among the members, no action was taken. What action was taken was passed unanimously, and until debated points were smoothed out to the point wherein all could concur, no action was taken.

In matters of business as well as in his home life Otis White was

one of the most efficient and systematic men it has ever been my pleasure to know. He was also one of the most congenial and friendly, and he shared this spirit of good fellowship unreservedly with all with whom he associated, even with those whose station in life was the most lowly. At times, when he felt the occasion justified, he could be painfully severe, and the next moment as considerate and gentle as a mother with her babe. To his friends and those who really knew him these periods of sternness had little effect upon their friendship, for as a cloud temporarily hides the rays of the early spring sun, they too obscured the radiance of his character momentarily, but also carried assurance that with their passing the warmth and wealth of his smile would be more cheering than ever, and the ties of friendship strengthened thereby.

Thus A. Otis White rendered his contribution to the community. In the homes where death and grief left their mark he administered hope and courage. For the upbuilding of Lamoni and those institutions which were so essential to the community life, he gave of his time and talents without stint. And in line with the reasoning of the lad that first evening at the Home Pond, we realize now that no one can give so lavishly of those things unless he is rich in those characteristics that really stand for greatness. As a benefactor to the community and an example of integrity and honor, he occupied a place that reflects credit and the respect of all, and one difficult to fill in the progress of Lamoni's passing parade.



## F. M. SMITH

WITH my enrollment in the Star of Bethlehem Sunday School, which occurred shortly after my arrival in Lamoni, I was ushered into a class that was made up of perhaps six or eight boys about my own age who scrutinized me curiously as I took my place among them. The teacher, a young and attractive lady, graciously accepted me as a member of the group and did her best to make me feel welcome and at ease among the other members of the class. She was evidently quite successful in this as it was among this group of classmates that I number some of the most intimate of my early associates in Lamoni.

This teacher, Miss Ruth Cobb by name, must have been quite an exceptional teacher, for many of those early sessions I remember with interest to this day and I am sure other members of this class also remember them and think of her as I do. She seemed to take a keen personal interest in each individual and in her friendly and winning way impressed upon each his responsibility to the class and the importance of the place of each with relation to the group as a whole. At any rate she kept us interested in the class sessions and from my later experience with boys of this age I would say that this fact alone was enough to make her extraordinary. However, she held a great advantage over many people who attempt to work with young boys. She was young and she was also a charming and lovely lady and this does have its advantages when it comes to keeping boys interested. As I remember, we took a great deal of pride in this fact and we openly bragged to the other boys that we had the prettiest teacher in the whole Sunday school.

I think it was sometime during the following summer that the Sunday school sponsored an ice cream social in the church park which at that time was one of the favored spots for affairs of this kind; and in those days whenever gatherings were held they were participated in quite generally by the community as a whole. At any rate this particular one was very well attended by young and old alike. The youngsters of our class were there enmasse and during the course of the evening we were seated at one of the tables enjoying our portion



of the delicacies being served when our teacher, Miss Cobb, accompanied by some friends, found a place just opposite us at the same table. As was her custom she instantly joined us in conversation which made us feel that she was very much pleased to see so many of her class in attendance. We thoroughly enjoyed this bit of attention and were enjoying the conversation equally well when a young man approached the table and sat down beside her.

He was a neat-appearing young fellow, dressed in a dark blue suit. That he was an athlete was evidenced by his every movement, for while he was quite stockily built he moved about with a grace and agility that was befitting one of much lighter build. Of course the local boys were acquainted with him but as a matter of formality our teacher considered that an introduction was in order so she forthwith introduced him to the members of her class as Mr. Frederick M. Smith. In a free and friendly manner he talked and joked with us but it was not long until we realized that since his arrival the interest of our pretty Sunday school teacher, for the moment at least, was diverted from her class of boys to another source. It was not without a tinge of jealousy that we acknowledged this fact, but a short time later when they took their departure and sauntered along the path that led down the hill and over the little rustic bridge, we were forced to tacitly admit that they made a very attractive couple.

Frederick M. Smith of those days was a personality who would have attracted attention in any group of people, for in addition to his well-built, athletic figure there was always that certain something about him which bespoke dignity and intelligence. He was active in the life of the community, took a prominent part in the young people's activities and played tuba in the band; but the endeavor wherein he impressed me most strongly at that particular period was his baseball playing. Lamoni was certainly baseball minded in those days and he surely loved to play ball. As I remember, he was not so brilliant as a defensive player, but as a batter and a producer of scores he really starred. In baseball that is the really important factor as games are won on hits and runs, and when he appeared in that capacity it was to make a really determined effort to acquire his percentage of those essential elements. With his ability and strength he was usually more than ordinarily successful.

Often during games in some of the adjoining towns, when the game was hotly contested and when the opposing rooters became overly enthusiastic or sarcastic they invariably referred to our boys as "Mormons," and Fred M., being the son of the president of the church, came in for an unusual share of taunts of this type. Upon one occasion when our boys were thus participating, the fortunes of the game from the first had been decidedly against them. In spite of their most determined efforts they came into the final inning with the score in favor of the opposing club. The rooters for that group were jubilant,

and even though our boys gained some success toward the end of the game, it was not enough to turn the tide of the contest, in fact their efforts did not prove a serious threat to the outcome and the opposition was not unduly concerned as one out was all that was needed to finish the game and they were confident this could be effected without damaging their standing.

"Bring out the best batter you have," they shouted derisively. "Let's see if you have anyone who can hit a ball."

Then Fred M. selected his bat and walked to the plate.

"It's the Mormon prophet," they shouted as they saw him take his place in the batters' box. "Now we shall see what a Mormon prophet can do."

Fred was undoubtedly under a severe nervous tension but in spite of all the taunts and jeers he displayed nothing but his usual characteristic calmness while he waited for the pitched ball to come speeding over the plate. When it did he really showed them what he could do. His bat met the ball fairly and with every ounce of those well-developed muscles behind the swing of his bat he drove the ball high and far into the air, bringing home a sufficient number of runs to enable his team to win the game. This feat provided a favorite topic of conversation here at home where it was enthusiastically told and retold with a great deal of pleasure, and where to those familiar with the incident the memory of it is still a source of satisfaction.

That he kept up his interest and training in athletics after he entered the university was evident for he was a member of the track squad and participated in several events there. Upon one occasion while he was home on vacation Lamoni was holding a Fourth of July celebration. One of several events which provided more than ordinary interest among the local strong men was the hammer-throwing contest. A large post maul served as the hammer in lieu of the regulation hammer customarily used at college track meets, and the local contestants who were not trained in the technique of hammer throwing experienced considerable difficulty in tossing it any great distance. A husky blacksmith from an adjoining town who made his living by swinging a sledge seemed to be the most successful contender as his attempts had outdistanced those of his competitors by several feet.

Fred M., who had up to that time been standing with some friends as a spectator on the sidelines, stepped into the arena and asked permission to enter the contest. Upon receiving assurance that he was eligible he removed his hat and coat and rolled up his shirt sleeves just slightly. Then he stepped over and picked up the hammer, testing its weight and balance as the crowd gazed expectantly; then he surveyed and mentally calculated the size of the clearing between the lines of spectators. To the amazement of the onlookers, instead of swinging the hammer and throwing it under-hand as all the other contestants had done, he deftly lifted it from the ground and swung it

in a circle about his head, permitting his body to rotate with the momentum of the circling hammer. When it was finally released it was over his shoulder to the rear where it sailed high into the air and finally came to earth after it had covered a distance many times that of his nearest competitor.

When telephones made their entry into Lamoni, Fred M. Smith came prominently into the picture. And who will say that the advent of the telephone did not mark an important epoch in the development of the town? With one of these new devices installed in the home or that of an intimate friend one could talk at will to almost anyone in town, save steps by phoning in the grocery order or phoning the post office to learn whether or not any mail had come for us that day (this latter practice was of short duration for those at the post office found it impractical to try to take care of the number of calls received, so had their phone removed). The one item of major importance, however, which appealed strongly to the boys of our crowd was the convenience the telephone offered in calling the girl friend, for if she proved to be out of humor or some other fellow had stepped in ahead of us so that she "was busy that evening" there was no one present to witness the scarlet flush that mounted to the embarrassed brow.

And where did Frederick M. Smith fit into this picture? He was the technician who helped to install the system and who kept it in working order. All the telephone wires were suspended overhead in those days, and this in itself invited many complications. The fact was that numerous trees had been planted along the streets of early Lamoni with little or no thought given to prospective improvements such as sidewalks, telephone or electric lines, and as all the phone wires were at that time suspended from poles containing numerous crossarms this condition alone often made the continuance of the line along certain streets almost impossible. But there was no alternative—if the line was to be constructed a large portion of the branches and in some instances whole trees must of necessity be eliminated; and amid much objection of the populace Fred M. was assigned this difficult and unpleasant task. I well remember of one instance when it seemed the whole neighborhood in one part of the town had turned out to protest this procedure, but, as they voiced their emphatic objections, Fred M. in his characteristically adamant manner gave little heed and closed his ears to these protests, while with an air of nonchalance he went quietly about his work of cutting limbs as though it were perfectly agreeable to everyone.

While this incident might give the impression that he was inconsiderate, I know of no one who was really acquainted with him personally who would classify him so. In this instance the town had granted the franchise for the installation of a telephone system and that installation demanded the removal of certain trees to assure its completion, so there was no alternative; Fred M. had been assigned the





#### LAMONT'S FIRST TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Jessie Cave (Goodenough), seated at the switchboard, was the operator, and James Dillon was business manager.



task of building a telephone line and he was determined to see it through. This seemed to be an outstanding characteristic of his make-up, for in later years he demonstrated that difficulties and opposition only made him more determined when he thought his course was the right one.

That he was definitely interested in the development of the community generally I learned during some of our early associations. He was some older than I but he became very much interested in some of the musical projects I had attempted and endeavored by every means at his command to encourage their success as well as my own personal development. Although he made no great claims as to his ability as a musician, yet he possessed a keen appreciation of the worth-while things in music and was a capable critic in that line. The suggestions and criticisms he offered from time to time I found definitely helpful and of inestimable value.

Though at that time I thought him quite an extraordinary individual, it was not until several years later, when I was associated closely with him in connection with the music program of the church, that I really had opportunity to appreciate the bigness of the man and the magnitude of the program he was attempting to promote. That he was a great man and a great leader there is no doubt, though the response he gained from the membership generally was not in proportion to the degree of progress his program demanded; and when the great depression of the 30's struck and left the church along with numberless other institutions floundering in the whirlpool and grasping at the proverbial straw in an attempt to save itself from financial bankruptcy, it seemed that much of the ground gained under his administration had been lost. This was a blow to his dreams and aspirations from which he never fully recovered, although the story of the brave fight to preserve the church and how it was finally won is another interesting chapter in the life of President Frederick M. Smith which remains for others to tell—others more familiar with the details and more capable to give it proper portrayal.

Frederick M. Smith, as I knew him, never lost sight of the fact that he was a Lamoni boy and retained many memories of this community which undoubtedly held much that was of vital interest to him. He was one of the most versatile men it has been my pleasure to know, and while he was nationally known as a leading educator he was just as favorably known and equally popular with the man on the street. When he and I were together we discussed music, photography, printing or woodworking and he was perfectly at home and knew the technical details of each. He knew the weak points in my orchestra as well or better than I and we often discussed the difficulties involved in maintaining a proper balance of tonal quality in an amateur organization. Likewise in my home shop he discussed with me the functions of the several machines and their possibilities, in fact it was impos-



sible for me to mention anything in the field of music or mechanics that was not familiar ground to him, and I personally know many men in many lines of activity who have made the same comment of him. In fact, it seems that his knowledge of the technical details of trades and the everyday activities of his fellowmen was almost limitless.

In my associations with Frederick M. Smith I was repeatedly impressed by the broad field covered by his power of learning and realized that I was able to appreciate but a very small portion of it. Though in later years his activities took him far afield, yet he took a keen interest in chatting with the old friends of his boyhood, which he often did upon his visits to the old home town. He enjoyed reliving in memory those old days when as a youngster he had participated in those activities which were characteristic of the best a small town could offer. And through this spirit of friendliness and comradeship he proved his greatness.

Lamoni recognizes him as one of her most notable sons who rendered a service that was far reaching and unusual, and it is with a feeling of pride that we include him as an intimate member of our community circle and an illustrious participant in Lamoni's passing parade.



## CHARLOTTE CONDIT

ONE of my earliest recollections is of my eldest sister, Lenor, going out West to teach school. Actually I am not too sure that I remember her going. It might have been that the details incident to her trip were discussed so generally in the family that through this discussion I gained the impression that I remember the incident. However, if I actually

remember her departure, then my memory must not be so very much at fault, as I could not possibly have been much more than a mere babe at the time.

But whether or not this was but flight of childish fancy makes little difference in the details of this story. Of one thing I am certain and that is that in later years I often heard her tell of this adventure when she was but a girl in her teens and but a few months out of high school. There were many experiences she told that were very interesting and unusual—so unusual that today I at least wonder as to the wisdom of a girl her age making such a venture.

The West to which she went at that time was really the land of the wide-open spaces, and the school in which she taught was located in a typical frontier community much different from anything she had seen in her home state of Nebraska. These conditions generally were so very different from what she had expected to find that upon her arrival the wave of lonesomeness and homesickness that engulfed her was so overpowering she was completely discouraged, and she felt that it was entirely out of the question for her to remain for the duration of the school year.

In this community, however, she soon found new friends who realized the difficulty she faced, and they endeavored to help her make the adjustment. Among these were several members of the Condit family, who were among the pioneers of that region, and who proved themselves real friends in need by demonstrating that they possessed the ability to offer real encouragement in helping her to find a way to conquer what she considered an impossible problem.

"I certainly learned many things that year," Lenor said, in telling of these experiences later. "It was a new experience for me. I had never been away from home before and that western country was so large and there were so few people to live upon all those miles of open prairie—and so few people to see—that I thought I would die of lonesomeness. This for one thing made the task I had undertaken seem utterly impossible of fulfillment. But the Condits were wonderful people—the

genuine, sincere, sympathetic kind of people, who knew how to win their way into one's heart and instill strength and self-reliance; and this they did for me. As I think of it today I realize that experience was one of the most valuable of my life, for in spite of all the discouragements and heartaches, I learned the real value of friends and the courage that comes with the realization that they are standing by."

This story was still fresh in my mind when, many years later, Charlotte Condit came to Lamoni to teach in Graceland College. Yes, she was a descendant of this same family of Condits who had done so much for that immature, inexperienced little school teacher. Her father was one of the husky, mischievous western lads who had been a member of the teacher's class. Charlotte had heard him tell of some of the incidents relative to that experience. And thus it was that with the mutual knowledge of these incidents, so familiar to her family and mine, we felt from the beginning that we had something in common, and from that moment Charlotte and I became really good friends.

She was a person who at once gave the impression of genuineness and sincerity, whose smile, so gracious and assuring, was so much a part of her that everyone immediately felt at ease in her presence. Her unbounded enthusiasm, even concerning some of the more ordinary subjects, was a trait of hers which seemed to be contagious. In her teaching was this especially noticeable, and she was always so genuinely full of her subject that this enthusiasm was caught up by her pupils, and it inspired them to conscientious and determined effort.

An interesting incident occurred at one time which convinced me that such a condition really existed. I happened upon two lads, members of her English literature class, who had found a rather secluded spot in one of the upper rooms of the Ad building to work upon the next day's assignment. The class was then studying the work of Chaucer, whose quaint old English style seemed strangely at variance with the temperaments and dispositions of these particular boys. To watch them as they earnestly endeavored to prepare the lesson was amusing. At times their manner was jocular and bantering, to be followed by moments of serious endeavor as they tried to analyze the sentence structure of this particular style. The assignment involved portions of the famous Canterbury Tales, and as I became somewhat inquisitive one of the boys attempted to read aloud some of the lines in the "Monk's Tale" relative to the exploits of Samson, the noted Bible character:

"Three hundred foxes took Sampson for ire,  
And alle hir tayles he togider bond,  
And sette the foxes tayles alle on fire,  
For he on every tayl had knit a brond;  
And they brende alle the cornes in that lond,  
And alle hir oliveres and vynes eek.  
A thousand men he slow eek with his hond,  
And had no wepen but an asses cheek."



Of course it was amusing to hear this student attempt to read these lines, for the story, though familiar in content, was all but lost in the use of the words which revision since that time has made obsolete. The awkward pronunciation of other words by the inexperienced reader was also amusing. Naturally we all laughed over the interpretation as the youth hastened to consult the reference section of the volume to correct his errors. But as I left them they had sobered down perceptibly, really making a serious effort to cover the assignment as thoroughly and efficiently as it was in their power to do.

The serious side to these efforts was significant, and to this day I remember it with interest. Knowing the lads as I did I wonder as to the advisability of their participation in this particular course of study so out of line with their natural inclinations, and yet here they were, deeply engrossed and determined to bring to light whatever significance these verses written in the fourteenth century contained that was necessary to their development. Today as I recall the incident I do not think it was any hidden motive in the works of Chaucer that prompted the desire; I am confident that motive was inspired through the untiring efforts of Charlotte Condit.

Sometime following this particular incident she invited me to meet with one of her classes to discuss some points pertaining to story writing as well as methods employed in the printing trade. I gladly complied with the request, but as the appointed time arrived I found myself not a little embarrassed as she introduced me as an experienced and successful writer. I had not then, nor do I now dare to so classify myself; and for that reason I hesitated to appear before her group under such pretensions. Then she immediately followed that opening introduction with a few remarks which immediately relieved the tenseness of the situation until finally I found myself agreeing with her to a far greater extent than a few moments previously I had thought possible. We are all endowed with a certain amount of ego and I guess she located the source of whatever amount of that element is contained in my make-up, for, as she finished, all my embarrassment had disappeared, and when the time came for me to stand before the class and lead the discussion I did it with full confidence that I could bring to them just what she promised them I would. I think we all enjoyed that class period. At least there was every evidence of it on the part of the pupils, and, as for me, I will always consider it one of my outstanding experiences.

Each year, I think, as long as Miss Condit taught at Graceland we repeated this procedure and each year it was an equally enjoyable experience. I claim little of the credit for the success of those sessions, for that credit undoubtedly goes to Charlotte Condit. As I think of it I realize now that she knew how to handle people and install within them the desire to give their best, and in this instance I feel that I experienced the effects of that influence along with the members of the class. In her capacity of teacher she was undoubtedly as impartial

as it is possible for a teacher to be, and she certainly had a way of giving encouragement to even the least brilliant of her pupils by making them feel that whatever contribution they made to the recitation was just as important as that of the more capable ones. She was undoubtedly one of those people who possessed the rare gift of imparting to others the desire to seek out and to develop the best that was in them and put it to practical use.

I had opportunity to visit Charlotte a few times during her last illness. I am sure she realized the conditions were more serious than she would admit, but in spite of this bright optimism, which beamed forth through the same old cheery smile, warded off any feelings of apprehension one might have about her physical condition. Her main interest seemed to center in the things I was doing at the time and the objectives I hoped to attain, and upon these occasions these were the things she wished to talk about. As I left her room, with her gracious invitation to return reverberating in my mind and the memory of her still keenly alive in my heart, I could not help but feel that, in spite of her weakened physical condition, her morale was high, and her outlook upon life was apparently as optimistic and as cheerful as ever. Even though the purpose of my visits was to bring whatever encouragement I could to her, yet as I departed I realized that I was the one who had really been strengthened.

Thus Charlotte Condit confirmed the traditions of her family. Those incidents wherein they had played such an impressive part in the life of that young and inexperienced country school teacher—that story which had been impressed upon my mind as a mere child—were made to live again through association with this slenderly built, unassuming little woman, who met all her friends in the same gracious manner and with that same friendly smile. To consider Charlotte Condit in the light of just another teacher is to do her memory an injustice. Her methods of teaching were not the stereotyped, follow-the-book kind, and in no sense could she be classed as a hard-boiled disciplinarian. By precept and example, and with a natural love of people and a wonderful show of enthusiasm and devotion to duty, she was successful in instilling in many young people a love for the finer things in life and a desire to grow and develop under the inspiration of them . . . and what more significant achievement could be desired?

In the years Charlotte taught at Graceland she really became a loyal member of Lamoni's great family—a teacher whose teaching was emphasized in her living, whose friendship was truly a prized possession, and whose memory is an inspiration to all who walked with her in Lamoni's passing parade.

## FRANKLIN D. JONES

THOSE days at the old West Side School were days that for me have been the source of a multitude of pleasant memories, and one person around whom a large portion of these memories cluster was Franklin D. Jones. When I first knew him he was a small, slender, spindling type of youngster with wrists about the size of a man's thumb, with arms and legs to match but with a head as full of mature ideas as a country squire and an intellect developed far in advance of his age. He was also as full of life as a youngster could be; and, combining his intelligence with his love of mischief, even as a pupil in the fifth grade he gave the teachers plenty to do to keep up with him in either department.

Along with these qualities he was also endowed with an enormous amount of persistence and courage and was well prepared to take care of himself. In fact one of the first incidents which awakened my interest in him was the day the school bully, a boy twice his height who also was strong and of a muscular build, undertook to force him to gather up some items of playground equipment the other boys had strewn promiscuously about the grounds. Frank, however, did not wish to concede to his wishes, and as the bell started ringing which indicated the end of the recess period he turned with an air of indifference that bespoke his disregard for the command given and walked toward the school house. This was too much for the bully who expected the younger boys to humor him in his demands, and at this sign of what he considered unforgivable impudence upon the part of the younger lad, he rushed upon him and grasped him roughly by the collar. "You little shrimp," he shouted angrily. "You come back and take care of these bats and gloves or I'll break you in two."

Imagine his surprise when the smaller lad quickly turned on him and a bony little fist shot high up in the air, catching the big fellow squarely upon the nose with such force as to jar his senses and start the blood gushing profusely. Then while some of the other boys gathered up the equipment in question and carried it into the school house they gazed back with incomprehensive glances toward the lone figure whose only recourse was to remain upon the ball diamond humiliated beyond expression as he vigorously endeavored to quench the flow of blood caused by the force of the blow struck by a lad half his size.

About this time the Jones family purchased and moved into the dwelling that adjoined our home place and from that moment Frank



and I became almost inseparable pals. His father had always lived upon a farm, and even though he had moved his family to Lamoni with the idea of getting away from farm life, he had brought a number of his blooded horses with him. It was not uncommon for anyone living in town in those days to have a driving team for the convenience of the family, but Daniel Jones loved horses and to his way of thinking two or even three teams of horses constituted no luxury. He built a large barn on his newly acquired property to adequately house his horses, and while he was building it was simply a matter of economy to make the building large enough to accommodate a few cows to amply supply the family needs with milk, consequently this detail was also included.

No member of the family had any especial fault to find with this arrangement except the son, then the youngest of the family—and he was definitely and openly opposed to it. But the father had decided—and he also had a mind of his own as well as a definite idea of how youngsters should be raised—that all play and no work was not beneficial for growing boys, and Frank was old enough, according to this line of reasoning at least, to assume his share of the responsibility of the milking and caring for a few cows.

With such a situation existing, Frank was not long in making the discovery that I held no aversion to milking cows and that I was not burdened with a great number of chores to do; so when upon different occasions I offered to help him with his milking he tried in no way to discourage it. Thus it was that in the course of time I became, in everything but name, one of the Jones boys. The big hay mow in the new barn provided ample room for most any activity our boyish minds could invent, and there with his father's consent we fitted up what we considered a well-equipped gymnasium with trapeze, rings, horizontal bar, punching bag and a set of boxing gloves. We also converted one section into a reading room and here we spent much time reading our Tip-Top Weeklies and other literature of similar nature; and, gaining inspiration from the activities of the heroes of these publications, we donned the boxing gloves or swung from the bar and trapeze in an effort to develop our muscles and reflexes until we could match the feats of strength and dexterity displayed by the characters of our favorite fiction.

About this time we both took up the study of the mandolin and it was really an event worthy of note when we made our first public appearance some time later, playing a mandolin duet upon a school program that was given in the old Brick Church. And about this same time too, we became interested in photography. Film cameras had not then come into general use but glass-plate Kodaks were becoming quite the rage. Our advent into this field was made with two little box-type cameras, an outfit of photographic chemicals and a ruby lamp, the source of light of which was a tallow candle that often smoked so badly that the soot from it covered the glass of the lamp making

it so completely opaque that its rays were entirely invisible. A closet in the Jones' home served as a dark room and there we struggled, a menace to everyone and especially the Jones family, while we endeavored to unravel the many mysteries surrounding the recording of lights and shadows. Together we persistently read our book of instructions though not so consistently, for we failed to get the first principles first. We snapped picture after picture and spent long arduous hours in the dark room to emerge with clouded, opaque negatives that showed not the least sign of an image. After many repeated failures we finally came to the conclusion that our plates or chemicals were worthless, when one day we made an important discovery. We read upon the box which held the plates, printed in large bold letters: "Do not open to white light—open only in the dark room."

Of course we had read in our book of instructions that the dark room was the proper place to load the camera, but we had been opening the boxes of plates in a lighted room where it was convenient to see just what we were doing and then carrying the plates into the dark room to load the camera. How we ever raised the money to finance all the blunders we made during these experiments is a mystery, but we stayed with it until we both learned quite thoroughly the principles of photography and acquired a hobby from which throughout our lives we gained much enjoyment.

Thus as the days passed we established a friendship that was intimate and lasting—more so, I think, than either of us realized at the time. I called him Jones almost altogether but he was never able to find a nickname for me that suited him exactly, so none of them stuck. I think if he could have hit upon one that irritated me it would have pleased him. This gave me the impression that he did not like to be called Jones, and then, of course, I used it at every opportunity. However, two brothers could not have been closer or thought more of each other than we. We walked to school together, we worked together, we often ate our meals together, we played together, and many a night, rather than take time for either to cross the few feet of ground that separated the two houses, we slept together.

Of course we occasionally had our little tiffs, for how can one really know the other fellow unless he learns all of his various moods? I was a little older and heavier, and naturally the stronger, and sometimes handled him rather roughly; in each instance, however, he seemed to like it and came right back for more of the same kind of treatment. One day we had gone out to the pasture to drive up the cows and as we sauntered along behind the herd we kept up an intermittent scuffling such as boys are wont to do, and in time our tempers waxed more or less warm as it progressed. In the scuffle Frank's clothing became somewhat disarranged, which probably prompted the idea that popped into my head and which I instantly followed up. Just to convince him that I was his superior physically

I proceeded to prevent him from readjusting his articles of clothing that had become disarranged, and then while he struggled desperately I held him tightly to the ground and removed his trousers. Then springing up and freeing myself from his widely swinging fists I tossed them into the air far out of his reach. At that moment one of the cows happened to be loitering somewhat behind the herd and became startled by our actions. She ran past us just as I tossed the trousers into the air; the suspenders dropped over her horns and as the garment fell over her eyes she let out a frightened bawl and started at top speed for home. When Frank really sensed the seriousness of his predicament he was terribly embarrassed and in his semi-nude state his first instinct was to hide before anyone discovered him. But in an open pasture there is little to hide behind and really no one to hide from, but nevertheless he was deeply humiliated and sensing his inability to make conditions otherwise he became furious. He rushed upon me and struck viciously with a flurry of rights and lefts, and it was only by rare good fortune that I escaped similar punishment to that administered to the school bully a short time previously. The situation, however, held nothing but comedy for me and I laughed uproariously as I saw him slinking along, following the cow and trying to recover his trousers while he tried with no noticeable success to take temporary refuge behind every weed he thought of sufficient size to temporarily shield him from sight.

The situation offered anything but comedy for him and as we traversed the remainder of the distance to the gate he repeated over and over his vows of vengeance, and decreed that our friendship was forever at an end. When the cow was finally captured, however, and the recovered trousers again in their proper place, and with the prospect of five or six cows to milk, he finally forgot some of his humiliation as well as his desire to terminate our friendship for by the time the chores were completed we were on as good terms as ever and ready for the next episode whatever it might be.

With his enrollment in Graceland some few years later, these intimate boyhood relations subsided somewhat, only because we saw each other less often. But we still retained membership in the mandolin club which was very active at that time and through this activity our contacts were regular and more of the prearranged, formal order. By this time this musical group had become much more advanced and its services more in demand. This group appeared both locally and in surrounding towns, many times providing full-evening concerts of string instrumental music. By way of diversion upon these concerts, in addition to performing his part as a musician Frank also appeared as reader and impersonator. He was a natural-born speaker, and anything he did in this line was well done and a credit to himself and the organization. These ventures into concert work were never much of





THE CONCERTO MANDOLIN ORCHESTRA

Left to right: Glaud L. Smith, Ray K. Nicholson, Franklin D. Jones, Clyde Cochran, Joseph H. Anthony, Wilber D. Gaulter, Earl M. Hatcher, Joseph Salyards.

a success financially but the group took keen enjoyment in participating in them and looked forward to them with keen anticipation.

In college Frank was a leader. He was a good student and out for all forms of public speaking. He was an outstanding participant in the oratorical contests which were at that time very important extra-curricular activities of the school; he was also an enthusiastic member of the debating team. He took part in the school plays, and in fact, wherever there was any type of student activity he was usually numbered among the promoters. Even on the football field, when Graceland had but very few more men than it took to make a football squad, and where his physical make-up was anything but favorable, yet there he was, bucking and smashing the line with the bravest and heaviest of them. Football tactics of those days permitted many practices outlawed in the game today and through these practices he experienced some terrific punishment, but even down to the present day no opponent of a Graceland team has met a more courageous, determined, faster little man to contend with than Franklin D. Jones.

During this period he gave little attention to those of the opposite sex. If he ever had the impulse to go all out for any one girl I had seen no evidence of it. It was on a fishing trip some time later

that I detected a change in this direction. We had set our lines but the fish evidently were little concerned about the bait we had set for them and as time went on the mosquitoes did a much more efficient job of biting than did the fish. Later a drizzling rain set in which continued the balance of the night. We took refuge under a large tree as we had no other form of protection from the weather. And under this inefficient shelter we spent the night, occasionally running our lines and talking. The main subject of our conversation that night was music. How we happened to choose that subject is not definitely clear as the night and the conditions were anything but conducive to a musical atmosphere but strangely enough that is the way our thoughts seemed to run. The result of it all was that there in the rain and the mud with mosquitoes aggravating us continually, we agreed to write a song, he to write the words and I the music.

Surely from this expedition there was nothing to furnish inspiration for any such project, but I am sure his thoughts were then drifting toward the channel where youth naturally finds the realization of those dreams of happiness, and the real fullness of the perfect life. Though he at no time intimated the fact, I have always thought that when a few days later he handed me the verses he had written for the proposed song, the inspiration had been provided by a certain beautiful and talented young lady then attending Graceland who later became Mrs. Franklin D. Jones, and who shared with him the joys of his later achievements and of establishing a home where they and their family experienced much happiness as they entertained rich hopes in the promise of the future. The chorus of the song ran as follows:

"Good night, dear heart, good night,  
Sweet may your slumber be,  
And while you're 'way up there in dreamland,  
Just dream one dream of me.  
Just dream you see my eyes a beaming—  
Beaming with a true love light,  
Just dream I love you, oh so dearly,  
Good night, dear heart, good night."

In time the song was completed, though it was never publicized or published. Among our friends it incited some favorable comment but I think probably its strongest appeal was to me, for in its lines it tells a story of love that one of the truest and most intimate friends was hesitant to talk about in casual conversation.

Later Frank took up work at the university where he made a brilliant record. He had definitely set his course to become a lawyer and he exerted every energy toward the completion of the stipulated requirements. The course was not an easy one and in addition to its scholastic demands he worked at numerous other tasks that promised

financial help. All through his school days he had taken more than casual interest in political events and as he developed into maturity those subjects which dealt with political science and the affairs of the nation demanded a larger portion of his interests until finally he began participating actively in a number of political campaigns. As he neared the completion of his course in the study of law an unexpected opportunity presented itself. He was offered the position of secretary to the secretary of the national Democratic party during the year of a presidential election. That year also a split had occurred in the forces of the opposing party and it looked as though the psychological moment for a Democratic victory had arrived. With but a few months remaining until the time he would have completed his course he quit college and accepted the proffered position. Through his activities in this connection he assumed a definite part in placing Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate, in the White House as President of the United States.

Naturally following this election there followed numerous opportunities for political positions. He filled out an unexpired term then existing in the Federal Trade Commission and other equally important positions, and then came the urge to finish his preparation that would qualify him for the practice of law. Upon being admitted to the bar he discontinued his work for the government and then he and some friends opened a private law office in Washington, D. C. Here his efficiency was readily recognized and their practice grew steadily with the promises of the future looming brightly before them.

In the meantime he had married the girl who was the inspiration of the poem, who in turn was dreaming dreams and planning with him the future of the little family which now included a son and a daughter who had come to share with them the fullness and happiness of a perfect union. His practice continued to increase steadily and he numbered among his clientele the names of leaders in American industry as well as those of foreign governments; and this type of work was exactly suited to his qualifications and he found it thoroughly enjoyable.

Then out of a clear sky came the crash to all these hopes and ambitions. One moment he told a friend, a physician, during a routine check-up, "I'm really sitting on top of the world," and a few moments later a heart attack lowered the final curtain upon his participation in the drama of life and he entered the realm of those great adventures of which so much has been promised and so little really known.

Society can never realize the extent of its loss in the passing of Franklin D. Jones. Potentially he was a promising benefactor to mankind who had spent the greater portion of his life in preparation for that very thing. He was naturally endowed with a helpful and sympathetic nature as well as a deep interest in his fellowmen. His intimate associates were men whose names we see today prominently before the



public and holding important positions in carrying on the responsibilities of our nation. That his name also would have been among them had he been allowed to remain is but a logical conclusion where with his ability and qualifications we know he would have carried on adequately and well. For the present we content ourselves with the thought that we are still thankful for the contribution he made here during his comparatively short span, but there is little hope that the big question which arises in situations of this nature will ever be adequately answered in this life. We take pride in the thought that he was our friend and his many virtues and capabilities proclaim him one of the most brilliant and promising participants of Lamoni's passing parade.



## RICHARD C. ANDERSON

**D**URING the course of a lifetime it seems that among all the acquaintances and friendships we have formed there are certain characters whose personalities stand out more prominently in memory than do others. Probably as intimate friends we knew them better and probably we were more congenial; and then, too, the reason for this prominent place in our thoughts may be largely their strength of character which automatically entitles them to this place of prominence as naturally as water finds its own level.

Richard C. Anderson was such a character. He was just a little fellow when he began taking music lessons, in fact I think too young to know whether or not he really cared to become a musician; and some of our first experiences along that line were not overly encouraging to either of us. But what he lacked in the way of musical effort and the desire to observe a strict routine of practice he made up for in numerous other ways. He was a congenial, friendly little fellow and his mind was always so alert and active that even at this tender age he made an interesting companion, one who was perfectly capable of holding up his end of the conversation even when the subject was one which ordinarily was of most concern to the adult mind.

When he became of high school age this mature manner of thinking stood him in good stead, for as a freshman he possessed the self-confidence in his associations with others so that his mannerisms and actions bespoke more the experience of a senior rather than a freshman. This naturally gave him a great advantage in all lines of school activities of which he immediately became a leader who was immensely popular with students and teachers alike. Everyone called him Dick and wherever he went he took with him that smile which was positively so much a part of him that its meaning could not be mistaken. It was so frank and genuine and so much like a ray of sunshine which radiated even into the darkest corners of indifference that it attracted the lives of other people, drawing them toward it as naturally as a ray of sunlight attracts growing plant life. To know Dick was to value his friendship, and to work with him was one of the bright spots in many of the departments of regular routine which so often become monotonous and commonplace.

By the time he entered high school he had established himself as a regular member of the school band and orchestra, and though he had never taken music as seriously as some, he had gained considerable skill upon his instrument, enough so that he proved himself a definite asset to these organizations. It was through a related source that he proved himself indispensable. By nature he was one of those responsive personalities who are always alert and whom no one but the director of a musical organization can fully appreciate. At times even those players who rate high in musical ability will become absorbed in their own individual efforts to the extent that they become oblivious to the wishes of the conductor or the group as a whole, and with eyes glued upon their music temporarily fail to respond to the necessary moods or variations. There are other individuals who, no matter how absorbed they become, respond immediately to the slightest sign, who by look or action signify their understanding of the situation and instantly lend their cooperation toward its fulfillment. It is key people of this kind who make themselves all-important in musical organizations and who tend to leaven the efforts of the whole to help produce the unity of action so necessary to the success of a musical production. Dick Anderson was one of these key people. The slightest glance in his direction brought immediate response and his tacit expression of understanding instantly brought a complete sense of cooperation and satisfaction.

In addition to this he was a born organizer and leader, and as our associations continued he assumed responsibility for a large share of the details incident to the arrangement of certain activities in which these musical groups participated. Any task he assumed was carried out systematically and efficiently and in this capacity we came to look upon him as a capable and valuable assistant. At one time, however, we made arrangements to take the high school orchestra to the little coal mining town of Hiteman. Some of the church people had requested that we send a group capable of giving a concert and it was thought that a trip to this mining town would prove interesting and educational to these people of high school age. Quite naturally they were much enthused over the plan and looked forward to it with keen interest, and Dick Anderson was assigned the important role of assisting with several details incident to the trip. On the evening preceding this event we held a final rehearsal and there full instructions as to each one's responsibilities were given to all the participants. Then came the final word of the director relative to the time of leaving.

"We are leaving promptly at eight o'clock in the morning," he said. "We are not waiting for anyone unless his part is so essential that it will be impossible to get along without it. So, unless you really think you are good and your part absolutely indispensable, you had better plan to be on hand before that time."

Early the next morning there were unusual signs of activity about



the high school building as the cars were loaded with eager and excited youngsters who started upon the anticipated journey. A careful check of the loads revealed that all were present, and with the loading of the last car we left the school house feeling that every detail had been definitely cared for. As the last car stopped momentarily at the corner before turning on to the highway our attention was attracted by a distant shout, and looking in that direction we saw a tall, slim figure running up the hill from the west. He was waving his arms and shouting at the top of his voice and we laughed heartily as we recognized the approaching youngster to be Dick Anderson. How the checker had failed to note his absence was a mystery, but such was the case; and had he been a moment later he would have missed the last car and the group would have been short a saxophone player.

Quite naturally, for the balance of the day Dick found himself the subject of many good-natured jests. The fact that he had taken such an active part in the organization of the transportation for this trip and had been so intent upon seeing that each of the others was conscious of his responsibilities, and then at the crucial hour had allowed himself to oversleep was too good an opportunity to lose so his companions "razzed" him unmercifully. But instead of permitting this friendly joking of his friends to irritate him, it only helped to bring into prominence one of the richest traits of his character. Because the joke happened to be on him was no reason why he could not enjoy the situation as well as anyone, and the jests of his companions induced him to make confessions of additional details of his temporary laxity which added to the ludicrousness of the situation. Then he too joined in the merriment and laughed as heartily as anyone.

As time went on he steadily developed in maturity and his field of activity broadened. In the years during which he completed his high school and two years at Graceland he took an active interest in many school activities that brought from sponsors and students alike nothing but the most commendable reports of his efforts and ability. And with all the popularity thus gained, the most gratifying thing to me was that in spite of the interest and time he gave to other activities he never allowed his interest in the musical organizations to lag. He was just as loyal to them and enthusiastic over his membership in them as he had been when music was his chief activity.

Out of these associations developed a friendship between us that was quite different from the usual run. In our associations as student and teacher there was nothing in his manner especially different from that demonstrated in the class by any other member and I always endeavored to look upon him as simply another student. But when we two were alone or in some of the informal groups where we so often met, it was quite a different matter. There the difference in age seemed of no consideration and we met upon common ground—the status of our associations then was that of comrades, where

each spoke and understood the other's language, where the ties of fellowship were heartfelt and mutual. Sometimes that language was that of a couple of kids and at other times that of mature people, but in either role there was ever a feeling of perfect accord.

Upon his graduation from Graceland he laid plans for the continuation of his education. But those were difficult days. Financial reverses had struck the entire nation and there was none who had not felt the effect of the great financial depression to the extent that made it practically impossible to definitely plan for the future. This depression had invaded the Anderson household too, but the uncertainty created by this fact was apparently no discouragement to Dick. Other boys had worked their way through college and he could do it too.

With this thought in mind he turned his efforts toward any type of work he could find. He worked on a farm, he dug ditches and he took his place that summer as a member of a telephone construction crew setting poles and running telephone lines. He was never of the robust build common to most youngsters his age, and realizing that this type of work demanded much in strength and stamina I with others was not a little concerned what the physical effect upon him might be. Having opportunity one day I mentioned this concern to the foreman of the telephone crew who made light of it and laughed off my query with the remark: "Don't worry about him. He may be a little light in weight but he's made out of the right kind of stuff. For all of his inexperience in this line of work and his apparent lack of ruggedness, he is today one of the best men I have on the crew."

Instantly I knew what he meant. He was one of the best men on the crew because that was Dick Anderson's make-up—he could not have been otherwise. But little did that foreman realize what it was costing the lad to win those words of approval. None of us realized it.

That fall he entered the university but in time the strenuousness of the program he had attempted began to assert itself and the strain of it all proved more than his physical resources could meet. The days which followed were periods of hospitalization, operations and hoped-for recuperation. But as time passed it became evident that he was unable to hold his own against the affliction which the most expert medical skill seemed powerless to stay, nor could it in any way be credited to a lack of effort upon his part, for it was at this time that we had opportunity to appreciate the indescribable strength that lies in a character which acknowledges no defeat, which faces inevitable reverses with a courage and serenity that is almost beyond the comprehension of human understanding.

In situations similar to the one which occurred on the Hiteman trip we learned of his ability to relish a situation even though it was at his expense; but these were insignificant things—mere trifles—com-

pared to the situation which now faced him, for this was no joke. When he became a patient in the Oakdale Sanitarium, an institution maintained specifically for sufferers of tuberculosis, the odds were piled heavily against him. It was a fight to the death and he knew it. Yet in spite of this his courage remained unshaken and his spirit unbroken. Under orders for complete rest he was allowed one-half hour each day to engage in some light form of activity that could be participated in without leaving his bed and at these times he visited with his friends, wrote a few cards or short letters in reply to some of the many he received. This was precious time for he had so many things he wished to do and so little time in which to accomplish them; and the sand in the hour glass of life was running dreadfully near the end.

It was at this time that he chose to reply to a group letter that had been sent to him by one of the local musical organizations of which he had previously been a member. He was not content to write a brief note of acknowledgement to the group and allow it to suffice, but rather he chose to write at some length to each individual—each a miniature masterpiece in courage and optimism that bore no note of discouragement or complaint about his own misfortune. It took him a week to complete that letter; and a very few days after its completion the last few grains of sand gradually tricked from the glass and a brilliant young life had gone on to new adventures.

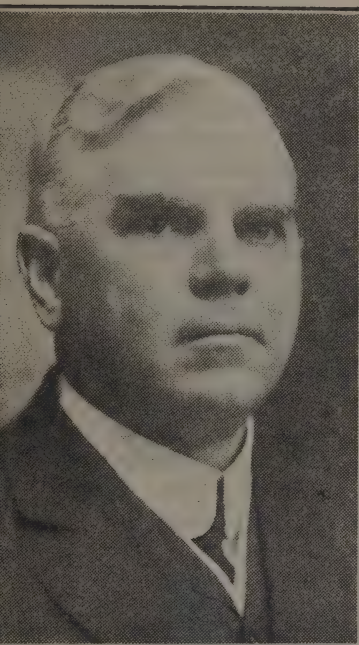
In a secluded compartment of my desk that letter remains a prized memento and a symbol of something too sacred to ever become commonplace or ordinary, for one glance at those typewritten pages immediately brings again a flood of memories. Again we share the richness of his cheery, companionable greeting and the warmth of his smile as he jokes about some of the incidents familiar to our associations—things trivial but significant. For instance the candy I attempted to make at one of our social functions. It absorbed some foreign ingredient that gave it a peculiar flavor; he called it lacquered candy and really enjoyed it as something novel . . . he mentioned the time he rang the church bell to provide background to a New Year's party . . . yes, it is easy to lose oneself as one reads those pages, for in so doing we again see that inevitable smile which always accompanies those memories as naturally as the sunbeams penetrate the thinning clouds which follow a summer storm.

So in memory Richard Anderson still lives; and during his short lifetime he was able to amass a wealth in human living that will prove an incentive and inspiration to all who came under the touch of his influence. To have known him was a privilege, to have been his friend was a wellspring of inspirational memories. Had he lived he would have undoubtedly been prominent in the business world and an important figure in its complicated activities. That thought, however, is mere speculation, as one of his ability and personality could have made a success of any type of endeavor. But the things he did accomplish



are not speculation but tangible evidences which prove invaluable in a normal program of living that cannot help but furnish incentive in helping to make a better world.

We think of him as one of the home-town boys but in a broader sense we realize that the full import of his influence extends far beyond this limited classification; in fact, his achievements among those who really knew him will automatically rank him high among those who have made a worthy contribution to Lamoni's passing parade.



## W. A. HOPKINS

**S**NOW storms have ever been a source of delight to youngsters who with the falling of the first flakes envision a season of winter sports that are really important events in their energy-filled activities. I remember well the first big snow which fell during our first winter in Lamoni. It came in the night and in the morning we looked out upon a world that had been transformed while we slept from one which bore evidence of the drab and dark ravages of fall frosts and rains to the white wonderland of winter; and while the more seasoned and mature heads pondered over problems of snow-bound sidewalks and impassable highways, the youngsters of the town found keen enjoyment upon the old

town hill where the heavy blanket of snow made it an ideal place for coasting. Probably every sled in town was brought into use, and there every evening after school and until long into the night this was the scene of this ever-popular exhilarating winter sport.

As my parents, in making the long move from Salt Lake City to Lamoni, had disposed of everything but the most important essentials about the home, I found myself in the midst of this first coasting season minus a sled, and after hearing my persistent protests over this existing situation the family soon realized that something would have to be done about it. I had heard that the furniture store had recently received a shipment of hand sleds and I lost no time in making my way there to see about procuring one of them.

A pleasant, congenial young man, the proprietor of the store, greeted me cordially and seemed pleased to show me the articles in which I was so much interested. I experienced no trouble in selecting one that suited my desires perfectly but the price of it was somewhat more than the amount at my disposal, and for the moment this seemed to provide an insurmountable barrier. Evidently I was unable to conceal my disappointment as I explained the situation, for the young man instantly reassured me with an understanding smile and with a friendly, pleasing twinkle of his eye he said:

"Oh, that is all right. You may give the money you have and pay

me the balance later. Every boy needs a sled, especially at a time like this, and you will probably have the remaining twenty-five cents before too long."

That young man was W. A. Hopkins and he certainly knew the direct route to a boy's heart, for by that act he created an impression that immediately won my admiration and made me a ready convert to his philosophy of life and my mind wholly receptive to the many favorable impressions and the wealth of encouragement I received from him in later years.

Some months later he was the mortician in charge at the funeral of my father where the same gracious, kindly manner and courteous consideration of the needs of the family during this trying hour developed those first impressions to a point strongly bordering upon affection.

A short time after this he gave up the furniture and undertaking business and with others organized the State Savings Bank of Lamoni which became one of the prominent and influential business organizations of the community and remained as such for many years. Of this new organization Mr. Hopkins became one of the motivating personalities and acted as its cashier, and it was then I engaged in some of my first mature contacts with him. In his younger days he had been a member of the town band, and though business interests had forced their demands upon his time to the extent that he was compelled to forego these musical activities, yet he was definitely interested in them and stood ready at all times to give encouragement to others who were endeavoring to maintain these musical organizations in the community. Through this spirit of understanding and his sympathetic interest I was not slow to recognize in him a logical and favorable medium of contact between the musical and business interests of the town.

As the conductor of the local band and orchestra over a period of many years I can vouch as to the value of an individual of this type, for the cause of community musical organizations is, to say the least, an uphill battle. Their existence demands financial aid, and without the cooperation of the business interests their cause is hopeless. In spite of the splendid cooperation we invariably received there were plenty of occasions when these relations were noticeably strained, and at these times it required a person who possessed wisdom and tact to help in ironing out the differences that existed and clearing the way for progressive action. It was in such instances as this that W. A. Hopkins made his major contribution to this cause.

Upon one occasion a difference had developed between the officers of the local band and the band committee which represented the business interests. At first these differences were only trivial but as negotiations went on other factors entered into the picture which tended to widen the breach until the meeting finally ended in com-



plete disagreement. When later attempts were unsuccessful in restoring amicable relations between the two groups, the band officials called a meeting and there decided that in the light of existing conditions and the failure to complete a compromise upon the issues at stake, the only effective solution of the problem was the disorganization of the band; and this they voted to do. This decision was undoubtedly hasty and tinged with some feeling of revenge as they realized then that the annual fall festival was a few weeks in the offing and there would undoubtedly be a need for the services of the band. Nevertheless they felt that such action was expedient and forthwith took steps to discontinue the band as an organization.

When sometime later the committee in charge of music for the festival approached certain members of the band relative to playing for this coming event they were informed of the action taken by the membership of the band and were told that Lamoni no longer possessed such an organization. Consequently when the advertising for the festival appeared a few days later, it stated that the Leon band would furnish music for the occasion. When the first day of the celebration arrived, however, and the time of the opening session approached and no musicians appeared to open the festivities, those in charge of the program started a hurried investigation which resulted in the calling of a meeting of the local band committee and the executive committee of the disorganized Lamoni band.

We walked into that meeting where the band committee had already assembled, and as we took our seats we glanced somewhat defiantly in their direction for we felt that we were in for a session where an attempt would be made to high-pressure us into something we did not care to do. For this reason we definitely resented the idea. W. A. Hopkins took charge of that meeting; in fact he had called it, and though he was not a member of the band committee he was chairman of the festival committee. He explained to both factions why he had called the meeting.

"This reminds me of my own experiences in the days when I played in the band," he said, and he smiled pleasantly even though it was plainly obvious that he was not a little embarrassed in being forced into this role of mediator in an attempt to endeavor to appease both factions in what by this time had developed into a very awkward situation. Undoubtedly the members of the committee as well as those of the band were in doubt as to just what the trend of his remarks was to be, and it was not cleared even as he continued: "Whenever a musician takes a stand for something he thinks is right those who happen to think differently say he is temperamental. If that mood is properly named, then let me say that in my time I have seen just as many band committee members who have showed similar signs of temperament."

He paused, and the band committee members present winced per-

ceptibly following this thrust, but like good sports they joined in the general laugh that followed, and W. A. continued:

"Let me tell you of an incident that occurred during my band experience." He was speaking freely and good-naturedly and we all listened with interest. "The situation was very similar to the one we are now experiencing. The band propositioned the committee to play for a Fourth of July celebration a number of years back. The committee made a counter proposition which the band members rejected, then these same temperamental inclinations began to show on both sides and the breach widened to the extent that Lamoni finally hired the Davis City band to play for our celebration while Davis City, evidently experiencing some of the same brand of temperament, hired our band to play for the celebration they were holding the same day. The two bands passed each other on their way to play for the rival celebrations and they, taking the situation as more or less of a lark, stopped as they met on the rock quarry hill, got out their instruments and serenaded each other before proceeding on their journey. In doing this they at least demonstrated that they had a sense of humor and provided something that future generations could laugh about. So far this present situation hasn't turned out nearly so entertaining and certainly not so constructive. Could it be that there is some display of that temperament? As you people look back upon this incident, I hope each of you will be able to discern wherein your actions here have been constructive."

That his listeners were not slow to catch the significance of the point brought out in the telling of this little story was made evident when at its conclusion the disputed points of difference were discussed and settled in an amicable and friendly manner, and under the tactful guidance of our self-appointed mediator the tenseness of the situation rapidly diminished and a satisfactory understanding was readily attained.

In the course of a few hours' time a sufficient number of musicians were recruited to form a musical unit and the celebration went off without further difficulty. The members of the committee proved themselves good sports and swell fellows, and if anything went more than halfway in effecting this reconciliation. In my associations with similar committees covering a period of over one-third of a century I have found them generally that way. . . . If they followed the pattern set by W. A. Hopkins and his associates of those days they simply could not be otherwise.

While my associations with W. A. Hopkins were chiefly incidents relative to his interest in the development of local musical organizations, yet this should not be construed to mean that these were his major concern. His interests were so many and so diversified that it would be difficult to enumerate them all. In fact, to write a complete story of his life would demand much beyond my power of com-

prehension and description. Nevertheless there is a striking resemblance between the ideals I with many others know that he strove for and the material development displayed in the life and progress of Lamoni. A glance at the historical records regarding any or all of these developments will reveal the name of W. A. Hopkins prominent among those who were the pioneers and builders of this community. He not only donated land for the original Graceland College plot but all his life he was recognized as one of that institution's most loyal supporters. His contribution to the business interests of the town was extensive and of inestimable value. In civic affairs he was recognized as a leader and one of the main spark plugs in the drive to raise funds and in perfecting the organization which built the Coliseum.

It would indeed be difficult to simply enumerate the worth-while community activities in which he played so prominent a part, not mentioning the many details involved or the far-reaching benefits derived from his unstinted labor and untiring effort. And while these incidents mentioned are but a few of the many worthy projects in which he participated, the outstanding challenge to his genius in the accomplishment of such endeavor was born with the first rumors of an organized effort to improve the highways of this section of the country and thus help to get the State of Iowa out of the mud. From that moment he became an ardent good-roads booster and his reputation as such spread far beyond the confines of his home community, causing him to become generally recognized as such throughout the state and even throughout the central section of the nation.

With the laying of the first hard-surfaced highway which crossed Iowa from east to west there came rumors of other similar roads to be constructed. At Shenandoah a group of good-roads boosters organized the Waubonsie Trail Association which incorporated in its program the construction of a hard-surfaced highway to cross the state, passing through the southern tier of counties. Naturally this brought more than passing interest from local good-roads enthusiasts as it seemed that Lamoni was located favorably to be included on the route of such a project. Here was something worth working for, so W. A. Hopkins and his corps of assistants organized a plan which called for a special train to carry a large group of good-roads boosters from Lamoni as well as other towns in this vicinity to Shenandoah to press their claim to be included with the towns and cities through which the proposed highway was to pass. Of course the band was included with this delegation and a big parade was planned once the destination was reached.

In order to increase Lamoni's chance of being named among the chosen towns a group of these local good-roads men, on the evening before the proposed trip, went into a session which lasted well into the wee hours of the morning; and there they organized the Inter-State Trail Association, the main purpose of which was the promoting of a highway running north and south across the state and at the same



time these men secretly entertained the hope that it would eventually extend completely across the nation. Thus, being a junction point at the intersection of these two great highways, it was hoped that this fact would place Lamoni in a strategic position so far as transportation was concerned.

The trip to Shenandoah was carried out according to schedule; we paraded the streets with bands playing and banners flying, and we simply swamped the hall in which the Waubonsie Trail Association was holding its meeting, filling it to overflowing with a noisy and enthusiastic good-roads delegation. The officers and members of this association, however, arose to the occasion and greeted us enthusiastically and entertained us royally during our stay in the city, and when our train pulled out of Shenandoah late that evening W. A. Hopkins and the promoters of the expedition carried with them the assurance of the association that the Waubonsie Trail would be routed through Lamoni. Some years later, however, when these trails gave way to the Federal Highway system, the highway which in the main followed the route laid out by the organizers of the Waubonsie Trail missed Lamoni by a few miles; but the Inter-State Trail—the one planned and organized by that small group of men in the middle of the night—became the route chosen for Highway 69 and placed Lamoni directly upon a main line of travel more important than even these enthusiasts had dared dream.

The surfacing of the roads of the highway system as we know it today was a slow, tedious process and called for many years of effort before it reached a noticeable state of perfection. No one person watched the progress of this work with greater interest than did W. A. Hopkins, and when the surfacing of this route was completed and the road officially opened for traffic the event was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on the Iowa-Minnesota line; and W. A. Hopkins as one of the officials of the Iowa good roads commission had a prominent part in this celebration. To him this was no ordinary occasion. It was something he had hoped and worked for through many discouraging years, and now that his dream of an Iowa that was finally "out of the mud" had been realized he determined that his attendance at that meeting would be accomplished in an appropriate and extraordinary manner.

With a select party of co-workers he started with the dawn from the Missouri line on the trip across the state of Iowa. For the driver of the expedition he had chosen a strip of a lad, Ralph Derry by name, who was of that generation first raised behind the wheel of an automobile and who knew cars from bumper to bumper, sensed their individual possibilities and appreciated them as a racing jockey appreciates the capabilities of his mount; and as they sped away from the Missouri line through the crisp morning air his orders were to "give it all it will take."

Although automobiles in those days were not capable of attaining the speeds they do today, the record made on this run across the state from its southern border to its northern line was one which had not been duplicated up to that time and even today would be considered exceptionally good time, and naturally brought forth much comment and some criticism. W. A. Hopkins, however, in making this run entertained no desire to set a speed record nor of encouraging the practice of using the public highway as a speedway; but in the spirit of exhilaration that he sensed as he realized the project for which he and others had worked and sacrificed for so many years had finally been accomplished, he felt that something unusual should be done to celebrate the occasion; and this was the means he chose. Iowa was at last "out of the mud" and he effectively demonstrated that under reasonably normal conditions the highways of the state were now open to travel three hundred and sixty-five days a year and that the crossing of the state involved only the consumption of a few hours' time.

Thus the life activities and interests of W. A. Hopkins centered around the things which were of practical interest and benefit to the development of this community, and those things which are so much a part of the advantages Lamoni has to offer today are a lasting monument to his memory. As a man he was in every way an exemplary citizen and his friends were legion. He was a natural leader of men and one of the most energetic in his efforts to accomplish those things which stood for the elevation of mankind. Even today his works speak more forcibly than any eulogy that could be written, and in the development of this community his position is unquestioned, where he maintains a prominent place among the leaders of Lamoni's passing parade.

## R. A. HAMMER

SO many things happened on my first day of school in Lamoni that as I think of them now it does not seem possible that so many events could have taken place on any one day. Their importance has been verified by a half century of evaluation so that now I realize that many of the associations of a lifetime had their beginning there. When I think also of the influence many of these associations have had upon my life I realize that it was really a big day in my experience.

But that was a trying day for me, for I was rather backward and shy among strangers, and with so many of the boys definitely showing a spirit of antagonism it placed me very much in the position of the proverbial "cat in the strange garret." There were, however, several boys who demonstrated a certain inclination toward friendliness and among these I especially remember a strip of a lad who was probably a few years my junior. He sat beside me on the sidewalk during that first recess period and drew short word sketches of a number of the boys who were at the moment giving their efforts in a game of baseball which was then in progress.

This new acquaintance, who gave his name as Ray Hammer, evidently was not much interested in baseball. Really the things I remember from that first conversation bear out the fact that at that particular time his first interest centered around his flock of pigeons housed in the loft of his father's barn and from which he hoped to realize a substantial income once he had developed the flock to the size he desired. That spring, too, he had planted a crop of peanuts which he hoped would net him a nice profit.

These impressions I formed of Ray Hammer during this first conversation have been borne out and verified by many years of close association and friendship. Even as a youngster his mind seemed to run to matters of business, and while the other boys were seeking enjoyment and recreation in their games and other pastimes he spent his time contriving ways of devoting his time and energy into avenues that would reward him with monetary remuneration. As I remember, his crop of peanuts did not turn out too well, and as the season advanced he thought they were a complete failure. However, when finally he cleared away the dead vines he was surprised to find that he did have some peanuts, but that they grew under the ground instead of upon the vines above the ground where he naturally supposed they would be.





# LAMONI CONCERT BAND

First row—left to right: Ether Krucker, Ray K. Nicholson.

Second row—left to right: Roy Truman, Harry E. Gelatt, Ray A. Hammer, Victor W. Gunsolley, Joseph H. Anthony, Arthur Tilton, Herbert R. Hammer.

Standing—left to right: Ralph Tilton, Charles Sweeley, Chester Chandler, Leslie S. Wight, Victor L. Krucker, Forrest Hammer, Loren Truman, James Thomas.





### SHEETS DOG AND PONY CIRCUS

Traveling shows of this type were characteristic of those days. Several Lamoni boys spent a number of seasons as members of the band with this particular organization.

Left to right: Victor L. Krucker, Forrest Hammer, and fifth from left, Ray A. Hammer.

But this misconception or one failure was not altogether indicative of his many other financial ventures of which his flock of pigeons was a typical example. Many of the boys at that time were interested in raising pigeons and kept a few merely as pets, but with Ray this was a more serious matter. His flock was of the common barn-pigeon variety, and though they brought but a comparatively small price when a market could be found for them, yet he shipped consignments regularly. When he could not fill the necessary quota from his own flock he went out and purchased birds from the other boys to keep the shipments going on schedule.

He attempted raising ginseng, a medicinal plant which at that time was highly advertised as a money-making proposition, and about this time, too, he started a mail-order seed company; all of which he did before he had finished grade school. Then to make sure that his schedule of activities did not lag he occasionally added other business adventures of a similar nature. At one time one of the neighbors gave him a newborn male calf which they did not care to raise. He sized up the situation and concluded it would be impracticable for him to attempt to raise it as this necessitated the purchase of some sweet milk to form a normal diet; so he walked out into the country and traded the calf to a farmer for a pig. This he brought home and fed it the sour skimmed milk which he procured free of charge from the creamery located but a few steps from his home, and that fall he had a fine porker to sell on the market which netted him a neat return for his effort.

This was the Ray Hammer of those days: a quiet, sober, industrious



lad who cared little for the sports and activities which appealed most strongly to youngsters his age. His whole philosophy of life seemed to be built upon a theory which called for a full program of business ventures out of which he someday expected to reap a rich financial harvest.

Then, one day it seemed he found a new form of activity which threatened to supersede his natural inclination toward those things of a business nature, and it promised at the time to become his predominating interest. That was when he took up the study of music. For a time he played upon an old dilapidated alto horn in the town band but later changed over to cornet; and though at that time he was one of the younger members of that musical organization he soon became recognized as one of its most efficient performers. His enthusiasm was contagious, and encouraged in his efforts by an enthusiastic mother, he induced others of his friends to become interested in this activity which resulted in a definite benefit to this struggling local musical organization. The Hammer home became the practice center for many of this group of embryo musicians who almost daily gathered there to develop their technique; and as these impromptu rehearsals often extended far into the evening hours they often proved more or less discomfiting to a long suffering though patient neighborhood.

This situation, however, was relieved sometime later when Ray and his older brother accepted a position in a band which spent the summer season traveling with a small dog and pony circus. With this group they, along with some other local boys, spent several seasons traveling in horse-drawn vehicles from town to town where they played one-night stands until the boys began to feel that they were really seasoned troupers. This was in the old gaslight days when a group of eight or ten musicians were supposed to go out and create a ballyhoo that could be heard for miles to arouse the sleepy villagers from their lethargy and make them aware that the circus had really come to town. This was hard work and really a test of endurance, as the regular schedule called for a street parade and two complete performances daily, with the band really the main part of the show; and though sometimes ill or indisposed they learned by experience what is demanded to maintain the slogan "the show must go on."

Among showmen and troupers of this sort it is quite a generally accepted theory that as one becomes inoculated with the show business, with the virus of the wanderlust once penetrating to the bloodstream, from that time on the victim of the malady becomes a hardened and confirmed trouper who is satisfied with nothing but the show business and a life beneath the big top. For a time it looked as though the interest of these boys had reached this stage; and then, all of a sudden all the ambitions they might have had concerning the circus business bursted like the proverbial soap bubble when the com-

pany became stranded and the boys were left penniless hundreds of miles from home.

It was not in harmony with Ray Hammer's make-up to be downed by any unfavorable turn of circumstances and this trait was definitely demonstrated in this instance. Somehow he managed to get back to Lamoni and a short time later he joined the ranks of Lamoni businessmen when he opened a coal and feed business on west Main street. Here he developed into a progressive and alert young businessman who was very accommodating and who possessed a cheery disposition; and under such an environment his business rapidly developed into a growing and really successful institution.

The collapse and disorganization of the circus band in no way dampened his intense interest in music and once he had his business firmly established he again sought the local band as an outlet for musical expression. With the return of his comrades of these trouper days with the increased ability and experience gained from the circus venture, the local band at once gained new impetus and showed a marked gain in the interest of the performers as well as in the efficiency of performance.

It was about this time that I became interested and began to participate in this organization composed of wind instruments, and it was but a short time later, when the one who up to that time had acted as the leader of the group resigned his position, that I finally consented to endeavor to fill the position made vacant. Although I had had some previous experience as the leader of musical groups I finally consented to attempt this new venture only because Ray Hammer along with some of the other members of the band insisted that I do so.

"If Lamoni is to have a permanent band," Ray explained one day when we were discussing the matter, "first of all we need a permanent leader who will take over the musical phase of the work and who will stay on the job long enough to help it through the necessary stages of development. Then we need to form a definite organization with a system of financing and methods of procedure that will enable it to function in a way so that it can become successful from a financial as well as a musical standpoint. If you are willing to take over the musical part of such a program I will do what I can toward working out the financial end of the organization."

So it was on this sort of basis that I undertook the task of directing the local band, and with the cooperation of an interested group of musicians and the efficient assistance of Ray Hammer, who acted as business manager, we made rapid progress. We increased the membership until it included from fifteen to twenty pieces, which was a large band in those days, and had it fully uniformed. Good bands were in demand and the engagements filled in adjoining towns in playing for celebrations, reunions and fairs were numerous enough to keep

the members interested and active. Included in this program of activities were some indoor winter concerts which in addition to a schedule of regular weekly rehearsals kept the group busy the year around. From this schedule of paid engagements the band was able to maintain its own hall for rehearsals, pay its current expenses and accumulate enough in excess of these that it was able to declare a dividend among the players twice a year. Though the amount of these dividends was not large enough to adequately reimburse the players for the number of hours spent in this activity, yet it was adequate to furnish incentive and maintain interest in musical development and active participation.

This was the system of municipal band maintenance first instituted in Lamoni by Ray A. Hammer, and under this type of organization it grew and thrived over a period of many years. It was from the results thus obtained that the local college and high school received the inspiration to incorporate instrumental departments in their curriculums; and if Lamoni in the future is fortunate enough to again boast a permanent municipal band it will, in the opinion of this writer, be accomplished only upon a pattern similar to this one devised largely by Ray Hammer.

Musical activity in a small town, however, was not sufficient incentive to hold Ray's interest for long. The old longing for increased business adventure simply would not down, and a short time later he promoted and organized the O. K. Steam Laundry, which he managed and supervised. Sometime later he opened a portable roller skating rink that operated locally and was also transported to near-by fairs and reunions. This last project was not received too well by some of the overzealous older heads of this community, though the youngsters were enthusiastic about it and greeted its return after each out-of-town expedition with wholehearted participation and enjoyment. But the criticism of the project voiced by some was discouraging to Ray. He had it disassembled and shipped it out on a tour, which if it proved financially profitable would keep it on the road indefinitely. After several months on the road, however, it failed to prove a paying proposition and the project was finally discontinued.

About this time some of the local mechanics had discovered what proved to be a serious weakness in the model T Ford car, which they improved to quite an extent by the addition of a supplementary radius rod to give the strength they considered necessary in order to correct this deficiency. Ray Hammer observed the installation of this improvement upon a number of local cars and then he proposed to its makers that with proper distribution and salesmanship it could be sold wherever Fords were sold. The outcome of this reasoning was the organization of the Radius Rod Company with Ray in charge of the sales department; and a short time later Lamoni residents awakened to the fact



that a real factory had developed in the community which, judging by the number of incoming carloads of steel and the outgoing shipment of radius rods, was no small concern. At the peak of the success of this organization Ray sold out his interest in the venture as well as other business interests in Lamoni and sought other avenues of endeavor.

As a small-town boy with little capital and limited backing he had promoted a small-town business which had developed to the point where the proceeds from it enabled him to enter the ranks of big business. In his opinion automobiles were the coming thing and a lot of money was being spent for them and their accessories. He found opportunity to enter the tire business, which he did, with Omaha as his headquarters and serving a number of branch stores in several cities of the Middle West. Business was good, and his organization benefited accordingly, increasing in value from year to year. He was planning an extended program of expansion when the great financial crash came. Prices of tires tumbled overnight. His institution was overstocked and in a few weeks the value of his enormous stock shrunk to a mere fraction of its inventory value. He was not alone in his dilemma, for financial panic and bankruptcy were everywhere.

Ray Hammer returned to Lamoni, back to the scenes of his boyhood where he had met his first financial success. The results of this last venture had left him terribly discouraged and somewhat embittered though he bravely endeavored to keep these feelings hidden behind the old attitude of industrious determination which he ever kept conspicuously in the foreground. He spent long hours at painting and other arduous tasks and then worked far into the night studying and planning some marketable project that he hoped would prove successful and start him again on the road to a prosperous career. These efforts were not altogether unsuccessful but through these depression years it was extremely difficult to make even the firmly established business show a profit, and with his numerous projects only in the embryo stage and with insufficient capital to properly promote them, he saw little but discouragement ahead, and being subject to the frailties which beset humanity generally, he gave way to excesses which could only result in catastrophe.

But why dwell upon his one weakness? There was not the slightest trace of hypocrisy in his make-up, and he made no effort to cover his mistakes; neither did he ever make an open display of his many good qualities. Upon this one point at least his early training in the show business was of little avail, for he demonstrated but few qualities of showmanship in making a display of his many virtues. His philosophy of life was of the unpretentious and practical variety and his outlook on the future similar in the main to that of the unnamed poet who said:

"My struggling soul may never win the prize it covets so;  
I may not reach the gates of paradise at sunset's glow  
But I have faith that in the ages blue at set of sun,  
I shall be judged by what I have tried to do, not what I have done."

During his lifetime Ray sought few favors, but through many years of intimate association I learned first-hand of his many worth-while characteristics and these, in my opinion at least, would guarantee him that type of judgment. His reputation for honesty was generally acknowledged as was his golden-rule practice of conducting his business dealings, to say nothing of his generosity and a score of other qualities which were so outstandingly worth while that they provide a challenge to the best among us. Yes, Ray Hammer's life should provide a valuable object lesson to all of us and help us to attain a better sense of the true values of the advantages life has to offer. Under normal conditions one of his ability and disposition would be entitled to a reasonable share of success and happiness, but it seems that from the brimming cup of happiness Ray's allotment was an excessive portion of the dregs, and that fate deliberately planned that he should be one of the tragic victims of circumstance in Lamoni's passing 'parade.



### THE PASSING PARADE

Down the road of life they pass, each day we see them go  
Along the way—a column vast—with measured step and slow.  
No trumpet sounds its lusty call, no gaudy streamers flung,  
No pomp or show adorns their march toward the setting sun.

Their way the common way of life, they form life's great parade,  
Living, loving, toiling, dying, marching unafraid.  
In youth we glance but turn away, no sign foreboding see,  
This constant tread of marching feet concerns not you or me.

But years roll on with quickened pace, and ere the time seems long  
We find ourselves unconsciously included with the throng.  
Then down this time-worn trail we tread, caught in the vast parade,  
And silently accept our place with stoic mien and staid.

Tho' our part is commonplace with virtues oft unsung,  
Along this course we carry on and toil till life is done;  
And while we journey on our way the years speed on apace,  
God grant we leave some token rare to those who take our place.

As we gained inspiration when we followed others' lead,  
May we in turn give worth-while aid to those we find in need;  
For strength is gained when once we share the treasures we have panned  
From out life's stream and passed them on to other worthy hands.

We take the place of others who have gone this way before,  
May those to come lend wisdom vast and prestige to the corps,  
That all may nurture tolerance and work in unity  
And thus complete the cycle planned for all humanity.

That from its dim beginning e'en until the end of time  
The course of human effort form a firm, unbroken line:  
That the spirit of true brotherhood the Great Creator made  
May glorify this heritage—the passing world parade.





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